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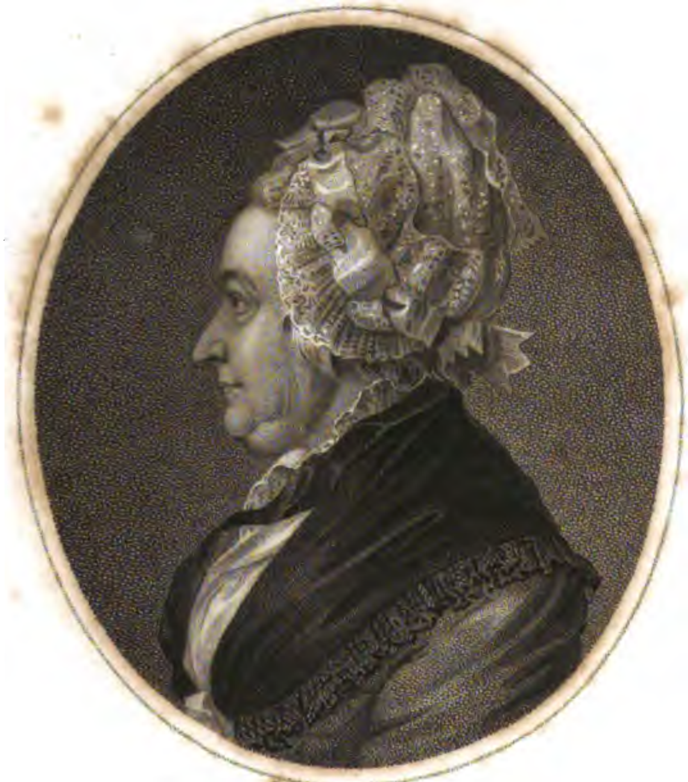

Engraved by Mackenzie.

Eliz. Carter.

Born Dec.r 10th 1717.

Died Feby 19th 1806.

From an original Cameo in the possession
of Lady Charlotte Finch.

UNIV. OF MICH.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE

OF

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER,

WITH

A NEW EDITION OF HER

POEMS,

SOME OF WHICH HAVE NEVER APPEARED BEFORE;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, SOME

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS IN PROSE,

TOGETHER WITH HER

Notes on the Bible,

AND

ANSWERS TO OBJECTIONS CONCERNING THE
CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

BY THE REV.

MONTAGU PENNINGTON, M.A.

VICAR OF NORTHBOURN, IN KENT, HER NEPHEW AND EXECUTOR.

——— Quid virtus et quid sapientia poſsit
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar. HOR.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,
NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1807.

Printed by Law and Gilbert, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

TO

PHILADELPHIA VISCOUNTESS CREMORNE,

BARONESS DARTREY, &c.

MADAM,

IN dedicating these Memoirs to your Ladyship, one of the dearest as well as the most affectionate friends of the subject of them, whose society was her delight in health, and whose kind attentions were the comfort of her declining years, I am persuaded that I am fulfilling what would have been her own wish. It gives me also much pleasure to have an opportunity of shewing with what higl esteem and respect I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

And most faithful humble servant,

MONTAGU PENNINGTON.

NORTHBOURN,
May 12, 1807.

Director
Hammond
6-12-47
58535

PREFACE.

IT can hardly be deemed necessary to say much by way of apology for offering to the Public the Memoirs of so high and excellent a character as that of Mrs. CARTER, though her life was so little diversified by incident, or marked by any events but such as happen to all. The great end of biography is not so much to amuse the fancy, as to instruct and improve the mind. Very useless will be that volume, and very ill will the author of it have executed his important office, unless it leaves some other traces on the reader's heart than the recollection of a bare narrative of facts, or a diary of trite and uninteresting occurrences.

Biography ought to be made subservient to nobler purposes. The good, the wise, the learned, the patriot statesman, and the patriot hero; they whose improvements in science and the arts have added to the comforts and innocent enjoyments of life;

> Quique pii vates, & Phæbo digna locuti,
> Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo,

these, and these only, should be the subjects of it. And the annals of their lives, though often perhaps "short and simple," should be written in such a manner as may serve for an example to others, as well as for their instruction and amusement.

In

The Author's distance from the Press, and his bad health during most part of the last winter, will be considered, he hopes, as an apology for some inaccuracies in the Work itself, as well as in the Printing. The following are the principal

ERRATA.

Page 23, l. 19, *for* sent *read* went
—— 48, l. 1, note, *for* de *read* D.
—— 62, l. 3 from bottom, *for* le *read* la.
—— 86, l. 26, *for* Mrs. *read* Mr.
—— 93, l. 2, *for* 15l. *read* 15s.
—— 139, l. 11, *after* situated *insert* opposite
—— 144, l. 5, *for* Lord George Lyttelton *read* George Lord Lyttelton
—— 197, l. 22, *for* seat *read* seal
—— 299, l. 2, note, *for the second* that *read* the
—— 373, *for* on Midnight *read* at Midnight
—— 386, l. 13, *for* her *read* here
—— 432, l. 8, *after* every *insert* painful
—— 538, l. 7, *for* illusion *read* allusion
—— 566, l. 20, *after* saying *insert* &c.
—— 567, l. 2, *after* of *insert* αυτο τȣτο
———— l. 22, *after* besides *insert* μενει
—— 626, l. 24, *for* indentity *read* identity

The Reader is also requested to correct an error in the Date of Mrs. Carter's Birth on the Portrait, and to read born December 16th, instead of the 10th.

MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE
OF
MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

BY THE REV. MONTAGU PENNINGTON,
VICAR OF NORTHBOURN, KENT.

THE great difficulty of rendering the memoirs of a life, wholly devoted to letters, interesting, has already been often observed. Very different from those of Statesmen, Heroes, and Monarchs, concerning which the author may often say, *inopem me copia fecit*, and of which the most arduous task is to know what events he should select. In the lives of many of the good and learned, there are no events from which to choose, no remarkable circumstances to engage the attention, and no adventures to amuse. Nothing, probably, happens to them, but what is common to all men; their hours passed in the "cool sequestered vale of life," the *secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ*, afford but little to relate, and not much to observe; and even that little will generally fail to interest those who are engaged in either the gaieties or the business of worldly pursuits. An author of genius may indeed extract amusement and instruction from annals the most barren of event: he may find, like the moralist of Shakespeare, *sermons in stones, and good in every thing*. But few are possessed of such fascinating powers; and of the many writers who have endeavoured to follow the footsteps of Johnson, not one has caught his mantle; nothing has yet appeared in that line, *aut simile aut secundum.* Indeed to imitate his sonorous periods, his manly and nervous style, though not easy, is yet far less difficult than to attain to his unvarying[*] piety and morality, his deep sense, his almost unbounded knowledge, and his entertaining, though singular, manner of conveying his ideas, which so forcibly engages the attention.

Yet though these circumstances may well cause fear in the writer, the accounts of such persons are not wholly void of either interest or usefulness. It is not uninteresting to view their progress in literary pursuits, nor the manner in which they have acquired their knowledge, and formed their mind. It may be useful, as well as amusing, to be made acquainted with the private lives of those who are publicly known only by their writings; and though they may even be devoid of incident, to see how far their writings and their lives agree with each other; to correct our own conduct by theirs; to copy their virtues, and avoid their errors. For in this point of view, the history of those in distinguished or elevated stations is of little use. They are so far removed from the greater part of mankind, as to be seen only at a distance: and their example cannot be very profitable to those who are wholly unacquainted with the scenes and situations in which they are placed; who in general can neither know the motives of their actions, nor the temptations to which they are exposed.

But in order to make the humble records of private life really useful or interesting, above all things the strictest adherence to truth is absolutely requisite. Biographers generally feel an interest in their subject, which makes them wholly sink, or at least soften, the defects, while they dwell too long on the merits of the character which they are describing; and this often prevents the good effects which might otherwise be derived from the perusal of such writings.

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[*] His writings are here meant; not those conversations *in which he only argued for victory, so imprudently given to the public.*

In the present case, whatever other faults there may be in this publication, and however great, the author will at least strictly attend to veracity; and will affirm nothing concerning the subject of these Memoirs, but what he either knows, or has reason to believe, to be true. However nearly connected by consanguinity, and still more by long and intimate affection, having been in some degree educated by her, and having resided great part of his life with her, he will not be swayed by any consideration either to exceed or to conceal the truth.

◆

ELIZABETH CARTER was born (reckoning by the New Style) on the 16th of December, 1717, at Deal in Kent. She was eldest daughter to the Rev. Nicolas Carter, D. D. Perpetual Curate of the Chapel in that town, and afterwards Rector of Woodchurch and of Ham, both in that county, and one of the six preachers in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury. Her mother was Margaret, only daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne[*], of Bere, in the county of Dorset, Esq. (a younger branch of those of Gunville, in the same county) by a daughter of Thomas Trenchard, of Wolverton, and Lychet Maltravers, Esq[†]. Dr. Carter's father was a very considerable farmer and grazier, in the vale of Aileſbury, where his family had been settled for some generations: but probably it was originally from Cornwall, since in the old ruined Chapel of St. Laurence near Bodmin, among the arms of the neighbouring families who had been benefactors to it, are those of Carter, the same as borne by those of Bucks, viz. azure, two lions rampant or, which were also borne by the Carters of St. Cullumbe in Cornwall.

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[*] His arms were azure, a chevron between three pheons, or, within a border ermine.

[†] Dr. Carter was twice married. By his first wife, above-named, he left surviving three children, Elizabeth; John Carter, Esq. of Deal, still living; and has issue three daughters: and Margaret, wife of the Rev. Thomas Pennington, D.D. Rector of Tunstal in Kent, &c. since deceased. She died in 1798, leaving two sons; Thomas, Rector

Dr. Carter was originally designed for his father's business, and did not begin to study the learned languages till he was nineteen years of age; and very uncommon was the progress he made in them, since he became a very deep and critical scholar in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; and also acquired a very considerable degree of knowledge of the sciences. He was of Emanuel College in Cambridge. His children all agreed, that few men equalled him in the clearness of his understanding, the accuracy of his knowledge, the calmness of his temper, and the unsullied purity of his life. It is not therefore surprising that they should have the highest opinion of him, and the warmest attachment to him. He died at Deal in 1774, in the 87th year of his age*. He published some tracts of controversial divinity, and a volume of sermons, written in a plain, but nervous style; more remarkable for the knowledge which they shew him to have possessed of the Scriptures, than for any display of learning, or attempt at elegance of diction.

Rector of Thorley, Herts, and of Kingsdown in Kent, and Montagu, the author of this account. Dr. Carter had also by his first wife two other sons, Nicolas and James, who both died young on foreign service, Lieutenants in the Royal Navy. By his second wife, Dr. Carter left Mary, since deceased, wife of Andrew Douglas, afterwards of Portland Place, Esq. and Henry, still living, Rector of Little Wittenham, Berks.

* There is a portrait of him by Highmore, esteemed a very good likeness, in the possession of his eldest son, Mr. Carter of Deal. There was a very striking resemblance between him and his three eldest surviving children.

He gave all his children, daughters as well as sons, a learned education. Of those who are still living, it is needless, and would be improper, to say much. John, the eldest son, as a magistrate, a gentleman, and a scholar, is sufficiently known in the county where he resides*. Henry the youngest, by another mother, is a respectable clergyman in Berkshire. Though it may not be deemed strictly pertinent to the subject of these Memoirs, yet let the author of them be pardoned if he ventures to pay a tribute in them to the memory of one of the best of mothers. She was the younger own sister of Elizabeth and John, above mentioned. Greatly inferior to her sister in learning, she was more than her equal in wit, and quickness of parts. In learning, however, she was far from being deficient†, being a very good Latin and French, and a tolerable Greek and Italian scholar, with some knowledge also of Hebrew. In judgment she was excelled by very few; in goodness of heart, warmth of affection to her family and friends, and piety constant and unfeigned, perhaps by none. Her eyes were closed by the hand that traces these lines, and the writer of them had the mournful satisfaction of attending her in her last illness, and of seeing a Christian life closed by a Christian death. Very early in life Mrs. Carter seems to have formed a resolution, which she was enabled to keep, of devoting herself to study, and living a single life; and she wished this sister, Margaret, to live always with her, and share her fortunes. This she declined; but through life they continued the dearest of friends, in the most intimate and confidential intercourse.

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* This gentleman had the distinguished honour of being appointed Chairman of the most important and remarkable County Meeting which has been known for many years. It was holden at Maidstone, upon occasion of the memorable contest between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox; when the former first assumed the reins of government. And Mr. Carter's conduct in the chair was such, as to acquire the respect and esteem of all parties.

† In a letter to Miss Talbot, dated in December, 1752, Mrs. Carter says:—"My sister Margaret is studying, or rather seizing, upon Greek. She did not know the letters till after Michaelmas, and already construes it so well as is really surprising. But she always had, and still retains, a quickness of understanding almost beyond any thing I ever met with."

She was eight years younger than Mrs. Carter.

When Mrs. Carter was about ten years of age she had the misfortune to lose her mother. She died of a decline; partly, as is supposed, occasioned by vexation. She brought her husband a handsome fortune of several thousand pounds, which they hoped to encrease, for a family, then likely to be large, by buying South Sea stock. They had not, however, the prudence to sell in time; and the bursting of that bubble in the memorable year 1720 swept the greatest part of it away. From this stroke she never recovered, and Dr. Carter himself was so much affected by it, that he never willingly mentioned it, nor chose to say how large a sum he had thus lost.

The infancy and early youth of Mrs. Carter afforded no promise of the attainments which she afterwards acquired. Yet even then it was her most eager desire to be a scholar, though nature seemed to forbid it. She gained the rudiments of knowledge with great labour and difficulty; and her perseverance was put to a most severe trial. The slowness with which she conquered the impediments, that always oppose the beginning of the study of the dead languages, was such as wearied even the patience of her father; and he repeatedly entreated her to give up all thoughts of becoming a scholar. But she was determined to overcome the difficulty, and her unwearied application injured her health, and probably laid the foundation of those frequent and severe head-achs, from which she was never afterwards wholly free. Hence also she contracted the habit of taking snuff. This she did at first in order to keep herself awake during her studies, which she frequently

quently protracted during great part of the night, and was afterwards unable to give up the custom, though it was very disagreeable to her father. This ardent thirst after knowledge was, however, at length crowned with complete success; and her acquirements became, even very early in life, such as are rarely met with. What she had once gained she never afterwards lost; an effect indeed to be expected from the intense application by which she acquired her learning, and which is often by no means the case with respect to those, the quickness of whose faculties renders labour almost needless.

Amidst her severer studies, however, more feminine accomplishments were not neglected. Her father sent her for a year to board in the house of Mr. Le Sueur, a French refugee minister at Canterbury. There she learnt to speak the French language, which she continued to do to the close of her life, better than most persons who have not lived abroad. She learnt also the common branches of needle-work, which she practised to the very last; and music, in which, though very fond of it, she never seems to have made any considerable progress. She played both on the spinnet and German flute; and certainly took some pains to acquire this accomplishment, as there is a great deal of music for both instruments in her own hand writing. Her father was very intimately acquainted with Dr. Lynch, the Dean of Canterbury, and his brother, a physician of some note. In those respectable families she spent great part of her time; and her friendship for the remaining branches of them continued as long as she lived.

She seems very early to have cultivated a taste for poetry; for in the year 1738, she published a very small collection of poems, written before she was twenty years of age. They were printed by Cave, the original editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, and St. John's Gate appears in the title-page.

The motto to them is from Euripides, ταδ᾿ ȣδὲν[*]. This edition is now very scarce, and hardly to be met with. It contains only twenty-four quarto pages. None of the poems contained in it appear in the edition generally called the first, which was not published till the year 1762, except the first, on her birthday, and the translation of the 30th Ode of Anacreon. In the present edition they are restored, more as literary curiosities than from their merit, in which they are certainly very inferior to the others.

Mrs. Carter's progress in learning very soon occasioned her to be noticed by some of the most respectable families in Kent; among these was the Honourable Mrs. Rooke, widow of George Rooke, Esq. (son to Admiral Sir G. Rooke) and sister to John, first Viscount Dudley and Ward, who resided at the mansion-house of St. Laurence, near Canterbury[†]. She had also a house in London, where Miss Carter, as she was then called, passed a winter with her, and was introduced by her to many persons of distinction in rank, as well as letters; and this first gave her a taste for such society, as out of London can hardly be met with. She also spent a good deal of her time with a brother of her father, a silk merchant, who was partner with Mr. Vere, of Bishopsgate street, who was his wife's brother, and uncle to the present Banker of that name. So that from the age of 18 or 19 years, Mrs. Carter generally passed great part of the winter in London, where her acquaintance was much courted, and estimated as it deserved. The summer she chiefly spent with her father at Deal, or with her friends at Canterbury.

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[*] "These things however are nothing."—As indeed the piety of her mind led her to consider all things but such as could promote and further the great ends of our existence.

[†] This lady and her sister, Miss Ward, were warmly attached to Mrs. Carter; and both of them kept up a constant correspondence with her for many years.

It is not easy, at this distance of time, to relate exactly her progress in learning, in its proper order. She began with the Latin and Greek languages, and after some time added to them the Hebrew. Of her proficiency in this last, the writer of this is not a competent judge, though he has every reason to believe it to be considerable, and she never neglected reading it every day when in health; but with the two former she was thoroughly and intimately acquainted, especially with Greek, to which noble language she was particularly partial. She used to relate with much pleasure in her own family (for no person spoke less of herself, and of her own acquirements, in company) that Dr. Johnson had said, speaking of some celebrated scholar, that he understood Greek better than any one whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter. Yet with the Greek and Latin grammars she was almost wholly unacquainted, and used to say of them, with some degree of unmerited contempt, that she had never learnt them. As a general science, however, she understood grammar well, but not as taught in schools, and rather thought it ought to be a consequence of understanding the language, than a handmaid to that knowledge. But her ignorance of it was never perceptible except in regard to Prosodia, of which she knew but little, and in which therefore she sometimes, though very rarely, made mistakes *.

The French language, as has been observed before, she learnt (to speak at least) of a native, and understood it thoroughly: so she did Italian, Spanish, and German, which languages she taught herself without any assistance. Of this last

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* Of the knowledge of Greek construction, which she had acquired by study, she gave a striking proof in her detection of an error, into which every translator of Homer has fallen, in making the verb λίσσομαι govern a dative case, which it never does. See Iliad i. v. 284. There are some interesting letters on this subject between her, Archbishop Secker, and Dr. Salter, of the Charter-house; and his Grace was convinced by her arguments.

language she was particularly fond, and took great delight in reading it. She began to study German when she was about twenty years of age, by desire of her father, in order to qualify herself for some place at court. Sir George Oxenden, a very intimate friend of her father, proposed this scheme, and offered to use his interest for that purpose. This her father made known to her in a very elegant as well as sensible Latin epistle, dated from Bath, November 1, 1737; in which he tells her, that virtue may be preserved in every place, at court as well as in the country [*]. The language, indeed, was soon and completely attained; but whether she disliked the confinement of a court, or whether Sir George's interest [†] could not procure her a desirable situation there, certain it is, that the German language was of no use to her with respect to her advancement in life.

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[*] Quo facilior sit aditus (says Dr. Carter) ad principis aulam. Ibi honos, divitiæque: Virtus est quid cuique proprium in omnibus locis: virtus igitur non minus propria atque integra est in aulis, quam in rure.

[†] Sir George Oxenden, Bart. father of the late, and grandfather of the present Sir Henry Oxenden, was one of the Lords of the Admiralty in 1725, and the following year; and one of the Lords of the Treasury from July 1727 to June 1737. He was an intimate friend of Sir Robert Walpole, and was a gentleman of considerable talents and learning, as well as a politician, and man of the world. He had, however, sometimes a proper sense of the vanity of mere worldly pursuits, as appears by the following extract of a letter from Dr. Carter to his daughter in 1739. "I had more than one whole sheet-full from Sir George, in Latin and English, on Saturday night. He concluded thus:—Vale. Ignosces mihi de me ipso aliquid prædicanti: Itaque, ut mones, quantum potero, ab omnibus molestiis et angoribus me abducam, transferamque animum ad ea quibus secundæ res ornantur, adversæ juvantur." Another of Dr. Carter's letters also, dated in January 1738-9, shews Sir George to have been a better scholar than could have been expected from a man who had lived so much in the gay as well as great world. "I made a shift to remember, and write down on Sunday night the epigram εις Βιεκιον. Mr. Oxenden construed it, and so did Sir George, and Kingsley, (*afterwards General Kingsley*) with their *joint* force. Sir George, as he sat at supper, turned it into four Latin verses very prettily. 'Now, Harry,' says he, ''tis your turn.' He only smiled; but slid away, and in a moment outdid Sir George: at which Sir George was much pleased. The next morning Sir George, booted, and just going a hunting, gave us another translation, quite different, and I think the best of all."

Later in life she learned Portuguese; in which, for want of books, she probably made no great progress. Last of all, she taught herself Arabick; but this very difficult language she never professed to understand well, but was just able to read it with the constant assistance of a dictionary. She made indeed an Arabick dictionary for herself, containing various meanings of words, and their combinations, which she found, from her own reading, to have been improperly translated, or misunderstood.

Meantime the sciences were not neglected, though they were far from being her *forte*, or from giving her the pleasure which she received from classic and historic learning. However, she bestowed a great deal of attention upon astronomy; which she thought a noble science, and in which she made a very considerable progress.

In the course of her Greek studies, especially in reading the Greek historians, to whom she was very partial, Mrs. Carter took great delight in ancient geography, and made many MS. corrections and alterations in the maps which she used to consult. With this indeed she was much more conversant than with modern geography, or even that of her own country, of which she had only a general, and, in some cases, merely a superficial knowledge; so that she was literally better acquainted with the meanderings of the Peneus, and the course of the Ilyssus, than she was with those of the Thames or Loire; and could give a better account of the wanderings of Ulysses and Æneas, than she could of the voyages and discoveries of Cook or Bougainville.

But among her studies there was one which she never neglected; one which was always dear to her from her earliest infancy to the latest period of her life, and which she made a continual progress. This was that of Religion, which was her constant care and greatest delight. Her acquaintance with the Bible, some part of which she never failed to read every day, was as complete, as her belief in it was sincere. And no person ever endeavoured more, and few with greater success, to regulate the whole of their conduct by that unerring guide. She assisted her devotion also by assiduously reading the best sermons, and other works upon that most interesting subject. Her piety was never varying; constant, fervent, but not enthusiastic; and the author of this sketch twice assisted her, in his professional capacity, in the most solemn exercise of religion, when she was supposed by others, and thought herself, to be dying; and she received the Sacrament with the same calm and grateful devotion, the same Christian hope expressed in all humility; the same composure of mind, as in the time of her highest health. It was impossible to witness a scene of such sublime and rational piety, without mentally applying to the occasion the affecting prayer of a true prophet though a wicked man, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like* her's.

To controversial divinity, however, she had a great dislike, and thought it productive of more harm than good; and she advised her friends never to read books adverse to the Scriptures, or raising objections to them. And she gave this reason for it; that the objection, though futile, might strike the mind, and perhaps unsettle the faith; and the answer to it, however good, might fail to carry conviction, so that much might be lost while nothing could be gained. And perhaps with regard to a great part of the world this reasoning may be just; but with respect to herself, her faith was too well founded to be shaken; and her notes on the Scriptures, as well as answers to objections made to their truth, which are intended to be made public, will shew that she needed not to have any fear on her own account of reading all that could be urged against them.

As her piety began early, so it travelled with her through life. It was at all times the most distinguishing feature of her character. It was indeed the very piety of the Gospel, shewn not by enthusiasm, or depreciating that of others, but by a calm, rational, and constant devotion, and the most unwearied attention to acquire the temper, and practise the duties of a Christian life. She never thanked God, like the proud Pharisee, that she was not like others, but rather, like the publican, besought him to be merciful to her a sinner.

But though such was her turn of mind from her earliest youth, she was, when a young woman, not only lively but gay. Her cheerfulness and innocent playfulness of mind, indeed, never forsook her to the very last; but those who have been long accustomed to contemplate with respect, and even reverence, the deep scholar and pious moralist, will perhaps be surprised when they are told, that Mrs. Carter loved dancing, was somewhat, when very young, of a romp, and subscribed to assemblies; nay, once at least, she took a part in a play, in which the other performers were her brother and sister, some few of their young companions, and even the grave Doctor, her father, who condescended to appear on their little stage, and *read* the part of Cato. She herself, it seems, from the following note* to a young friend at Canterbury, was to enact the part of a king, probably (unless it refers to a different play) that of Juba. "I should be greatly obliged to you to assist me a little in furnishing out my regal attire, for which purpose I beg the favour of you to send me all the fine trumpery tinsel things you can rummage up. If you have any gold or silver lace, or any thing that might serve me for a red sash, &c. If you have a smart looking sword, pray send that or any thing else. Whether you will understand all what I want I know not, but this is certain, I do not understand it myself. Send the things immediately if you can find them, for I want them now, for we are to rehearse to-day, and act some time this week." There is no date to the note, but Mrs. Carter was probably then about fourteen years of age *.

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* Mrs. Carter expressed a wish to her executor, that her letters should not be published. And in two letters to friends now deceased, she gives the following reasons for it:—" I do not deem any opinion of mine of consequence enough to be brought as an authority, and you have more than once heard me declare my great aversion to being quoted, or having any part of my letters seen by any body." This was in 1766; the other was four years before that time, and is as follows:—" I am perfectly easy in regard to your promise about my letters at present. You may perhaps think it a foolish solicitude about a thing of very little consequence, that I should make a point of their not

It is indeed a matter of some surprize, how she could make her laborious studies compatible with such amusements. But the fact is, that she was never idle. She rose very early, generally between four and five o'clock, and this custom she continued

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not being shewn now. Indeed I cannot very well explain my own feeling about it. I only know that I could no more write freely to you, with a view to my letters being seen, than I could talk freely when I knew a third person overheard me." Another reason which she frequently gave in conversation, was the want of judgment and delicacy, so apparent in many collections of letters, with respect to opinions expressed in them of persons living, or of their deceased relatives, or even of moral and religious subjects. Of this there have been, in the present age, some striking instances, in which the fame of persons, thought respectable in their life-time, has been grievously injured by the injudicious publication of their opinions in letters to their friends after their decease. Not that this could here be the case, for Mrs. Carter was incapable of disguise. As she thought she spoke, and as she spoke she wrote. Some few of her letters, therefore, either explanatory of her opinions, or illustrative of her life, the Author of these Memoirs thinks he may be allowed to insert; and in doing this, he will be solely guided by what he believes would have been permitted or forbidden by herself.

* Surely no one will suppose, from this family amusement, that Mrs. Carter was a friend to ladies publicly acting on what are called private theatres; on the contrary, she always thought such exhibitions highly improper. She considered them as having a natural tendency to make women bold, as always bordering on indelicacy, and sometimes leading to immorality.

through life; her latest time of rising, when in tolerable health, being between six and seven o'clock, even to the very close of life. When young, she also sat up very late, so that her father, in one of his letters, commends her for having formed a resolution of going to bed not later than twelve o'clock, and desires her to adhere to it. Hence she was accustomed to use various means to keep herself awake *, to the great injury of her health, for she was always very inclinable to sleep, slept soon, and very soundly, even in her chair. On this subject she sent to a young friend the following lines, which were certainly never meant to be published, and are to be considered as a mere youthful jeu d'esprit; in which point of view, they will be no disgrace to her poetical character, though unworthy of a place among her poems.

"To MISS BLOMER †, CANTERBURY.

OF the many queer trifles my brains often hatch,
I've inclosed you a paper to put in your watch:
'Tis design'd for a true equinoctial projection,
Tho' belike 'tis not done to the greatest perfection;
But 'twill shew you (with many more curious devices)
When the sun goes to bed, and eke when he rises.
A thing of prodigious importance you'll say,
To folks who ne'er see him except at mid-day.
Now I wonder, dear Hetty, a person of reason,
Should not choose to enjoy each good thing in its season;
And believe me, who commonly rise pretty soon,
There are many fine shows to be seen before noon.

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* Besides the taking snuff, she owned that she used to bind a wet towel round her head, put a wet cloth to the pit of her stomach, and chew green tea and coffee. To oblige her father, she endeavoured to conquer the habit of taking snuff, and would not resume it without his consent. This he at length reluctantly gave, finding how much she suffered from the want of it.

† Daughter to a Prebendary of Canterbury.

The poets will tell you a deal of Aurora,
And how much she improves all the beauties of Flora;
Tho' you need believe neither the poets nor me,
But convince your own senses, and get up and see:
I've considered your doubts of the ways and means how,
And will give you the very best counsel I know,
Even purchase a 'larum as loud as e'er squall'd
And set but your hour, and you're sure to be call'd."

In this advice she alluded to her own practice, having always a 'larum in her own chamber, which she used occasionally. To this poetical epistle there is no date, but from the handwriting, and the prose part of the letter, it is evident that she was very young when she wrote it. She was then studying astronomy, as appears by the first lines, and even mathematics, as far at least as connected with that science. And unwearied pains she seems to have taken in both, from the quantity of problems, diagrams, and projections, which she left in her own hand-writing. Most of these are executed with uncommon neatness and accuracy. In this study she was assisted by Mr. Wright *, a well-known, though somewhat visionary, astronomer of that day; and with him she corresponded, and used to send to him her schemes and solutions to be corrected.

So much indeed was she engrossed by this favourite pursuit, that in a letter from one of her own family, she is humourously rallied upon its making her forgetful of her friends. "You have lately been so taken up with your honest friends, the stars, that you forget there are such persons as us poor mortals here below. Though I wrote to you last, you, it seems, wonder you never hear from me. Your mind and your body, I understand, have quarrelled lately, and are separated, which I suppose is, in plain English, your wits are gone a wool gathering. Build no castles in the air. Forsake your imaginary palace in

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* For a memoir of Mr. Wright, see Censura Literaria, III. p. 99.

the milky way, and think of blessing us, your quondam friends, again with your pleasant conversation. Cum sis mortalis, quæ sunt mortalia cures. P. S. A great many people here run mad." This letter is not dated, but Mrs. Carter was then probably about twenty or twenty-one years of age.

However, long previous even to this early date, her character began to be well known both for poetry and learning. The translation of the 30th Ode of Anacreon was written in 1734, when she was not seventeen, and that on her birth-day was composed soon after she completed that year. Hence it was that her brother, when at Canterbury school, wrote her word that he had translated one of the Odes of Horace into verse so well, that it was supposed to have been done by her.

So various indeed were her studies and employments, that it is more astonishing that she excelled in any, than that she fell short of excellence in some. This was the case with the arts of drawing and painting, which she learnt and practised for some time, but without much success; while on the other hand she gained a knowledge of history, both ancient and modern, such as is very rarely acquired, and her taste for that engaging, as well as useful branch of science she never lost. Yet she found time to work a great deal at her needle, not only for herself, but also for the family; and this even when in London, for it appears from one of her father's letters, that when one of her brothers had some new shirts, some of them were sent to her to make there.

That she was fond of dancing has been before mentioned. Extracts from two or three of her juvenile letters to a friend will shew this, while they seem to prove, at the same time, that she had a certain indolence and timidity about her which make it extraordinary.

LETTER I.

"The last account I heard about you was by a person who saw your Gravitiship in a company of ninety-nine people, skipping about with as much activity as any laughing mortal of us all. I have played the rake most enormously for these two days, and sat up till near three in the morning. I walked three miles yesterday in a wind that I thought would have blown me out of this planet, and afterwards danced nine hours, and then walked back again. Did you ever see or hear of any thing half so wonderful? And what is still more so, I am not dead, which I thought proper to tell you, for fear you should think this letter no sufficient proof of my being alive."

LETTER II.

"I do not know whether I have told you that I am a subscriber to the Sandwich Assembly, with which I am greatly delighted. It was with some reluctance I went at first, but now I am so well pleased with it that I shall go as often as I can. You may imagine I find something very engaging in it, that I can overcome my indolence so far as to go five miles, and lie a whole night out of my own dear chamber. I think it quite necessary to inform you, that I am not so much devoted to these earthly entertainments of assemblies, &c. but that I still retain a very great regard to the stars. Does not Venus make a fine appearance? You cannot think how I long for a telescope."

LETTER III.

"Your interpretation on my dancing is not conclusive, for it is not an argument of my being either well or happy. However,

ever, I thank God, my health is better at present than it has been for some time past. I believe I am grown *quott* of assemblies, &c. for I do not propose going to-morrow, nor do I know when I shall. I was lately dancing in a company of all people, nations, and languages, which put me a little in mind of the Red Lion expedition, only that there were one or two of our own town with whom I had the good luck to dance, much to my comfort, for I should have been glad even of a dog, among so many strangers, if he had been my neighbour."

With so much innocent cheerfulness, some share of beauty, and so many accomplishments, it is not surprising that Miss Carter should have offers of marriage, and some of them even advantageous ones. But flattered, courted, caressed as she was, still she took no step without her father's advice; nor even, whatever her own wishes were, refused to marry without his permission to do so. It may perhaps be thought that this was carrying a sense of duty too far; but it should be considered, that at this time her father's preferment was small; and his fortune, before his brother's death, still less. His family too was large; and, by his second wife, increasing. And she, with all her learning and merit, had no support but from him. His constant wish therefore was, that she should marry; because, as he said, though he was able and willing to maintain her while he lived, should he die and leave her unprovided for, her situation would have been very painful and distressing. To this way of providing for herself, however, she never could bring her mind; and her father gave her his advice, and then left her to follow her own inclinations. This was the manner in which this exemplary father expressed his opinion of her in a letter to her, concerning one of these proposals before she became of age. "I must do you the justice to say, that I think you are an exception. I am extremely unwilling to cross your inclinations in any thing, because your behaviour to me is more than unexceptionable. I leave you, therefore, to act agreeably to your own judgment. My exceeding fondness of you must necessarily make me anxious and fearful; but it does not prevent me from being convinced that I may safely leave a great deal to your own judgment."

Some years after this, however, there was a gentleman every way unexceptionable, who offered to her; and to whom she appears so far to have formed an attachment, as to induce her at least to hesitate for some time before she gave her final answer. His name is omitted, as some of his family may perhaps be living. This gentleman she might possibly have accepted, had he not published some verses, which, though not absolutely indecent, yet seemed to shew too light and licentious a turn of mind: and of these he was afterwards sincerely ashamed himself. Concerning this proposal, her father wrote to her in these words.

"I am informed that Mr. ——— is very desirous of seeing me; and things are so circumstanced, that I fear I shall be much censured if I do not go to London. However, I will wait till I hear from you, and then determine accordingly. You had my sentiments in a letter wrote to you yesterday. I have since received an extremely advantageous account of Mr. ———, in circumstances, person, character, &c. These are valuable things; and you cannot think it strange that I wish you could make them agreeable to you in the person of that Gentleman. I will lay no commands upon you, because it is more immediately your own affair, and for life: but you ought certainly to consider with great attention, before you reject an offer, far more advantageous in appearance than any other you can ever expect. You may always depend upon my indulgence; but do not let my indulgence mislead you. If you cannot bring your mind to a compliance, I, and all your friends will be sorry for your missing so good a prospect;

but I will give you no uneasiness. Consult calmly what you think will be for your own good; and may God direct you to come to that final resolution which will prove best for you."

In this letter Dr. Carter seems to have written in stronger terms than usual, in order to comply with the wishes of her other friends; for in a letter immediately preceding, on the same subject, he says, after some general advice, "I have said all this to discharge the duty of a parent, but not to influence you against your own judgment. You may have reasons which can justify a refusal in the eye of Providence, and these ought to make you easy. I have that dependance upon your prudence, that I do by no means desire to know what they are; and then, I think, others have no right to that explication. I end, as I began, in leaving you to your own inclinations, and in assuring you of my indulgence and affection in whatever part you take. I recommend you in this, and in all concerns of life, to the kind direction of Providence."

In this respect, however, the wishes of her friends failed to produce the desired effect, and the offer was finally, though with much civility, rejected. Mrs. Carter was then near thirty years of age; and four years afterwards Miss Talbot, in a letter pressing her friend to come to London, thus alludes to it. "Your Strephon has found a Delia long ago, and in him you would only find an agreeable friend, full of respect and regard, and who always expresses a strong sense of your obliging and handsome behaviour to him during that stormy February. No other stormy February can come. For it is impossible, were the world full of Strephons, that those friends to whom you have more and more endeared yourself by all your conduct since, can ever think of putting you upon new difficulties, when they reflect how ready you are to sacrifice every other wish of your heart. May you but be indulged in that one, for which you have the most generous and noble motives, of not being obliged to give a hand without a heart. But you cannot be afraid of my persuasions (and, after all, Strephons are not so plenty) because you have experienced that I can forbear them."

These letters and events are mentioned here together, though later than the time of which we were speaking, in order to finish the subject together; for it seems probable that very early in life she resolved not to marry, unless her father's earnest solicitations should prevail on her so to do *. With her usual prudence, however, she never spoke of such a determination, and would sometimes say to her friends, even within a short time of her death, when they were joking with her on the subject, " Nobody knows what *may* happen ; I never said I would not marry." Her father, however, suspected this to be her intention, and accordingly, as early as the year 1738, when she was not quite of age, he said to her in a letter, " If you intend never to marry, as I think you plainly intimate in one of your letters, then you certainly ought to live retired, and not appear in the world with an expence which is reasonable upon the prospect of getting an husband, but not otherwise."

One of Mrs. Carter's elder female friends, a single lady also, about the same time gave her some advice in a letter on this subject, which, though not needed by her, shews good sense, as well as some degree of humour. " I desire," says she, " when you mention an old maid, you would always speak with reverence; and twenty years hence (if I live so long) I'll tell you if you have philosophy enough to pretend to that title. I assure you it is not to be acquired without great resolution,

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* It is rather a singular circumstance, that when Mrs. Carter was about twenty-five years of age, her sister said to her in a letter, " The people here enquire much after you, and upon a strange Gentleman's asking Dr. Pearse if you were married, his answer was, " No, nor never will, only to God." I know not who Dr. Pearse was, but he seems to have understood her character well.

lution, and much presence of mind; and please to take notice, there are times and seasons when *leaving the company* will be of more service than the best argument that can be made use of."

Many years after this, when Mr. Hayley published his Essay on Old Maids, in 1785, he thought proper to dedicate it to Mrs. Carter, in her triple capacity of "Poet, Philosopher, and Old Maid." He sent her also, but anonymously, a copy of the work elegantly bound. She was neither pleased, however, nor flattered by the compliment. Had that Gentleman known her personally, he would have been assured that all the wit, learning, and genius, displayed so abundantly in that performance, could never compensate, in her opinion, for the improprieties contained in it; and that no compliment to herself could induce her to excuse the ridicule thrown upon others.

It has been observed before, that Mrs. Carter was, when young, rather handsome than otherwise. Her figure was not good, but her complexion was fair and clear, and her features expressive. In a letter from her father to her when she was about twenty-two years of age, he says, "I sent yesterday to Mrs. ——— to know how she did, and she talked much in your praise. She expatiated upon your curled hair, and white teeth, and other such like perfections of a fine lady." This "curled hair," in the latter part of her life, became quite white, and was as soft as silk.

In the year 1758, when Mrs. Carter was upwards of forty years of age, a singular enquiry was made about her, which she mentions in a letter to Miss Talbot in these words:—"My father has received a marvellous odd letter from Yorkshire, in which the writer desires to be informed, with all possible speed, whether I have made any resolutions against marrying, and whether, if I have not, I am engaged. Surely this poor man must have lived in a wood, or he never could have thought that any body whatever had a right to ask the first question, or that the curiosity of a stranger would be gratified as to the last. What his reasons were for asking either of them, he has been hard-hearted enough to keep to himself." What answer her father gave, she does not say; but no explanation seems to have been received from the Yorkshireman.

High as Mrs. Carter's character was in a literary view, still she entered into all the innocent amusements proper for her station and time of life. Her presence never threw a damp over the juvenile amusements and gaieties of her young friends*. She brought with her into company no ill-timed morality, or misplaced gravity; but danced, sung, played cards, and laughed, like any other young girl. She wrote about this time to an intimate friend an account of her falling in love, which I am tempted to transcribe, both to shew the playful liveliness of her disposition, and in order to recommend the cure of which she made use to young ladies afflicted with the same disorder.

" Learn from me, dear ——, a useful lesson, not to be too confident of your own strength, when I tell you that my heart, which I thought so secure and so uninvadable, was yesterday in one half hour intirely given up to a ——; would you believe it? to a *Dutchman*. To be sure the reason of my being thus taken by surprise, was because I had not provided myself with my usual guard, as I never suspected there could be the least danger from an amphibious inhabitant of the bogs of Holland. Now I know you are such a hard-hearted wretch to people in love, that I shall find no compassion from you;

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* However it was only *innocent* gaiety that she ever countenanced; and the strictness of her principles was soon well known. She went once to a puppet-show at Deal, with some respectable friends, and Punch was uncommonly dull and serious, who was usually more jocose than delicate. " Why Punch," says the Showman, " what makes you so stupid."—" I can't talk my own talk," answers Punch, " the famous Miss Carter is here."

but, however, it luckily happens I do not want it; for I this morning took a dose of algebra, fasting, which has entirely cured me."

Before this time, and at a very early period of her life, Mrs. Carter became acquainted with Mr. Cave, who was a friend of her father. Cave, as was mentioned before, was the original editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, and inserted in it, with her consent, several of her early poetical attempts, which are for the most part signed Eliza, and which occur as soon as 1734, in her 17th year*. Some other person, however, occasionally used that signature in the Gentleman's Magazine; for Dr. Carter wrote to his daughter concerning this circumstance in these terms. "It is generally believed by all who know Eliza, that that riddle was wrote by you, because signed *Eliza*. An advertisement in the Magazine asserting only a matter of fact (that the Eliza in the Magazine is not the Eliza in that Almanack) I think would not savour of ostentation, but be very right and prudent."

The publication of these poems, and her character now beginning to be known, produced her many compliments in the same Magazine†. One of the most elegant of these was occasioned by her having plucked a branch of laurel in Mr. Pope's garden in the year 1738.

AD ELISAM POPI HORTO LAUROS CARPENTEM.

Elysios Popi dum ludit læta per hortos,
  En avidâ lauros carpit Elisa manu.
Nil opus est furto; lauros tibi dulcis Elisa,
  Si neget optatas *Popus*, Apollo dabit.

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* See Gent. Mag. Vol. IV. p. 623.

† For a Greek and Latin epigram on her, said to be Johnson's, see Gent. Mag. Vol. VIII. p. 210. See also Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 100.

This epigram produced the following answer, and the translation of it; both which are signed Eliza, and were written by her, as it appears by a letter from one of her correspondents in my possession.

En marcet Laurus, nec quicquam juvit Elisam
  Furtim sacrilegâ diripuisse manu:
Illa petit sedem magis aptam, tempora Popi;
  Et florere negat pauperiore solo.

In vain Eliza's daring hand
  Usurp'd the laurel bough;
Remov'd from Pope's the wreath must fade
  On ev'ry meaner brow.

Thus gay exotics when transferr'd
  To climates not their own,
Lose all their lively bloom, and droop
  Beneath a paler sun.

Mr. Cave was much connected with the literary world, and his friendship for Mrs. Carter was the means of introducing her to many authors and scholars of note: among these was Mr., afterwards Dr., Johnson. This was early in his life, and his name was then but beginning to be known, having just published his celebrated Imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal, under the name of *London*. Neither this work nor his general character were as yet much known in the country; for Dr. Carter, in a letter to his daughter, dated June 25, 1738, says:—"You mention Johnson; but that is a name with which I am utterly unacquainted. Neither his scholastic, critical, or poetical character ever reached my ears. I a little suspect his judgment *, if he is very fond of Martial." This was evidently in answer to what his daughter had said of him; and it shews her high opinion of him before the judgment of the world could have had any considerable influence upon it. Their friendship continued as long as Johnson lived, and he always expressed the greatest esteem and regard for her. Notwithstanding the rudeness of his manners occasionally, even to women, I have frequently heard her say, that he never treated her but with civility, attention, and respect. Nor indeed is this surprising; for the winning gentleness and politeness of her conversation and address were such, as to disarm even brutality itself. Nothing indeed can prove his value for her more than the following letter, which alludes to the commencement of their acquaintance, though written many years afterwards.

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* Possibly Dr. Johnson might have returned the compliment, had he known that Dr. Carter was as partial to Ovid, as he himself was to Martial.

DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. CARTER.

Madam,

From the liberty of writing to you, if I have hitherto been deterred by the fear of your understanding, I am now encouraged to it by the confidence of your goodness.

I am soliciting a benefit for Miss Williams, and beg that if you can by letters influence any in her favour, and who is there whom you cannot influence? you will be pleased to patronize her on this occasion. Yet for the time is short, and as you were not in town, I did not till this day remember that you might help us, and recollect how widely and how rapidly light is diffused.

To every joy is appended a sorrow. The name of Miss Carter introduces the memory of Cave. Poor dear Cave! I owed him much; for to him I owe that I have known you. He died, I am afraid, unexpectedly to himself, yet surely unburthened with any great crime; and for the positive duties of religion, I have yet no right to condemn him for neglect.

I am, with respect, which I neither owe nor pay to any other,

Madam,

Your most obedient and most humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

Gough Square,
Jan. 14, 1756.

For Dr. Johnson Mrs. Carter had to the last a very great esteem, and always spoke in high terms of his constant attention to religious duties, and the soundness of his moral principles. In one of their latest conversations she was expressing this opinion of him to himself; he took her by the hand, and said with much eagerness, "You know this to be true, and testify it to the world when I am gone." She lost no opportunity of complying with this request; and always reprobated severely the conduct of some of his biographers, who published, as the genuine dictates of his heart, opinions broached in the warmth of argument, and maintained for the sake of victory in it. If such conversations indeed were to be supposed to convey his real sentiments, the rigid moralist, and the pious Christian, would in vain be sought for in the apologist of duelling, of drinking, and of many other offences both against religion and society. But it is in his own works that his real opinions are to be found, and by them he is to be justified or condemned.

One of the most excellent indeed of these, his "Lives of the Poets," a book which it is difficult either to admire or censure too much, though it lost him the friendship of many persons, eminent both in rank and letters, made no alteration in Mrs. Carter's steady regard for him. She blamed it indeed in many respects; but, with her usual charity, attributed all that is good in it to his virtuous principles; and all that seems to be envy and ill nature, to a morbid irritability of the nerves, brought on by, or else the cause of, bodily suffering.

To return from this digression to Mrs. Carter's early life. The year 1739 first introduced her to the world as a writer in prose, as well as in verse. Her first work of this kind was a translation from the French, of the Critique of Crousaz on Pope's Essay on Man. This was finished in 1738, but not published till the following year. It is in one small volume duodecimo, and called in the title-page "An Examination of Mr. Pope's Essay on Man: translated from the French of M. Crousaz, M.R.A. of Sciences at Paris and Bourdeaux; and Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics at Lausanne." No translator's name is mentioned, nor is there any preface but from the author. There are a few notes by the translator, but not of any great importance. This work is now extremely scarce, and long since out of print.

Crousaz was a man of piety, as well as of genius; and was strongly impressed with the idea, that the Essay on Man was deeply tinctured with fatalism, and hostile to revealed religion. Of this indeed, notwithstanding Warburton's elaborate explanation, few persons have now any doubt; but there is great reason to believe that Pope himself was innocent of any such intention; and, deceived by his friend Bolingbroke, did not know the tendency of his own work.

This opinion, however, was not then at least general; and Mrs. Carter's notes rather tend to moderate the severity of her author's criticism. This was perhaps the reason why Sir George Oxenden seemed to think this translation might bring on an acquaintance between his young friend and Mr. Pope; for in a letter on this subject to her father, he says:—"I dare say Miss Carter knows what she does. I could write a volume upon the subject of her launching into the world. You may be assured nobody has more respect or concern for her, who is not related to her, than myself; and nobody loves you more. One thing, however, I may add, which is this; that there is hardly an instance of a woman of letters entering into an intimacy of acquaintance with men of wit and parts, particularly poets, who were not thoroughly abused and maltreated by them, in print, after some time; and Mr. Pope has done it more than once."

Whether this caution produced any effect, or whether from some other cause, there never was any intimacy between Mrs. Carter and Mr. Pope, nor indeed much acquaintance. This translation induced many persons to examine the philosophical tendency of the poem, who had before been misled or blinded by its many beauties. Perhaps too it had some effect on Mr. Pope's public character; for Dr. Carter says in a letter to his daughter in this year, "Mr. Pope's reputation seems to be on the decline. It has had its run, and it is no wonder that (as is the condition of all sublunary things) it is out of breath."

Yet both the Doctor and his friend thought very highly of Pope's genius. "Sir George," says he in another letter, "asked me whether I had seen the new Dunciad. This occasioned me to show him your quotation. His opinion is, that nobody but Mr. Pope could write it. He imagined that the line *Exile, Penalties, and Pains*, has an indirect look towards the late Bishop of Rochester *."

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* Sir George's conjecture is at least probable; and it seems strange, that neither Warburton nor Warton were struck with the allusion. Pope was certainly very much attached to Atterbury, who was here meant. See Dunciad, B. 4 246, and Epilogue to the Satires, Dial. 2. v. 82.

At the time the translation itself was much praised and approved of. *Johnson* (as her father expressed it) " gave it his suffrage free from bias" before it was printed; and Dr. Birch sent her a Latin Epistle upon it in these words:

ELISÆ CARTERÆ S. P. D. THOMAS BIRCH *.

Versionem tuam Examinis Crousaziani jam perlegi. Summam styli et elegantiam et in re difficillimâ proprietatem admiratus †.

Dabam, *Nov.* 27, 1738 ‡.

Her father also, in one of his letters at this time, sent her this Latin distich; but it is not specified whether written by himself or not. It seems, however, more complimentary to the translation than to the original.

Popius ecce cadit; Crousazi, parce triumphis,
Excudit Cyclops fulmina, Pallas agit.

Before Mrs. Carter had finished this translation, she began another, from the Italian of Algarotti's Newtonianismo per le Dame. The English title to this work was, " Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy explained, for the use of the Ladies, in six Dialogues, on Light and Colours." This was printed by Cave, in the same year, 1739, in two volumes duodecimo, and was thought to be very well done. This book also is very scarce.

When further advanced, however, in life and reputation, Mrs. Carter never willingly spoke of either of these translations,

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* Dr. Birch was a writer of History and Biography, sufficiently known. He died Jan. 9, 1766, aged sixty. See Biog. Dict. II. 367.

† I have now perused your translation of Crousaz's Examination; and admire the great propriety and elegance of the style in a subject attended with so much difficulty.

‡ See Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 116.

tions, and seemed to wish that they should be wholly forgotten. Though not ill written, they were indeed in other respects unworthy of her powers; and the time of the future translator of, and commentator upon Epictetus, was surely ill bestowed on versions from modern and familiar languages, which might have been rendered as well by any common Grub-street writer. This was probably her own opinion; yet in some respects they were useful to her. They contributed to make her more generally known, and more highly esteemed, both in town and country *.

In the country indeed, her frequent residence in London, and the fame of her learning, then so rare among women, occasioned some ridiculous mistakes about her situation; and her neighbours there were inclined to give her credit for distinctions even incompatible with her sex. Thus one of her sisters, several years younger than herself, wrote to her about this time, when she was in London, to enquire whether she was really going to be *a Member of Parliament.* "Here's all Deal," says she, "is in amazement that you want to be a Member of the Parliament House; and Mrs. —— was told it, but so strongly affirmed that it was no such thing, that she came to our house quite hot to ask; and was quite amazed to hear 'twas so. Let me know in your next whether 'tis a jest, or that you really want to go." How a report so absurd first arose, it is now difficult to determine: but certainly it was not from herself; for cheerful and lively as her disposition was, she always utterly abhorred that species of false wit which is now called *quizzing*, and was formerly known by the equally barbarous term of *humming*. She was indeed in every period of her life so averse to all kinds of deceit and falsehood, that it might well be said of her, as it was of the virtuous Theban, "ut ne quidem joco mentiretur."

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* See some not inelegant verses on her translation of Algarotti, in Gent. Mag. Vol. IX. p. 322, signed J. Swan; and reprinted in Censura Literaria, Vol. II. p. 362.

Yet notwithstanding this great love of, and constant adherence to, truth, Mrs. Carter was by no means of a dull matter of fact disposition. On the contrary she possessed a great deal of humour, which she shewed as well in her letters, as in her conversation; but it never was such as to give pain to others, which she always held to be inexcusable. One of her most intimate and early friends was accustomed to address her with a kind of respect which was troublesome to her, and prevented their intercourse from being so easy as she wished. In order to shew her the absurdity of it, she sent her the following letter, which, in some measure at least, had the desired effect.

TO MISS ——.

Nov. 29, 1742.

"It is with the utmost diffidence, dear Miss ——, that I venture to do myself the high honour of writing to you, when I consider my own nothingness, and utter incapacity of doing any one thing upon earth. Indeed I cannot help wondering at my own assurance in daring to expose my unworthy performance to your accurate criticisms, which to be sure I should never have presumed to do if I had not thought it necessary to pay my duty to you, which, with the greatest humility, I beg you to accept. Unless I had as many tongues in my head as there are grains of dust betwixt this place and Canterbury, it is impossible for me to express the millionth part of the obligations I have to you; but people can do no more than they can, and therefore I must content myself with assuring you that I am, with the sublimest veneration, and most profound humility,

Your most devoted,
Obsequious,
Respectful,
Obedient,
Obliged,
And dutiful,
Humble Servant,
E. CARTER.

I know you have an extreme good knack at writing respectful letters; but I shall die with envy if you outdo this."

The translations before mentioned, however little they may now be supposed to add to Mrs. Carter's fame, had a considerable influence upon it then; and one of them was the means of introducing her to the celebrated Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset*. To this lady Mrs. Carter wished to dedicate one of these translations; but which of them does not clearly appear, though it was probably that from Algarotti. Lady Hertford chose to decline the compliment; but the offer of it brought on a correspondence, as well as a personal acquaintance. As Lady Hertford's letters have been so much admired, these to Mrs. Carter may perhaps be considered as objects of curiosity, and are therefore here inserted.

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* This lady was daughter of the Honourable H. Thynne, only son of Thomas, first Viscount Weymouth; and wife of Algernon Seymour, Earl of Hertford, and afterwards Duke of Somerset. To her Thomson dedicated his Spring. Her correspondence with the Countess of Pomfret has lately been given to the public, and she mentions Mrs. Carter in it in terms of high approbation.

LETTER I.

FROM LADY HERTFORD TO MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

" Madam,

" I could not resolve to return my thanks for the favour you intended me, by any other hand than my own; I feel too sincere a regard for you, both from your character and writings, to omit any opportunity of assuring you of my esteem. Judge then if I do not sacrifice a real foundation of vanity, when I find myself under the necessity of declining a mark of your good opinion, which I can only deserve by the value I know so well how to set upon it. But I have been obliged to refuse the same honour both from Dr. Watts and Mr. Rowe, within these twelve months, for reasons which (if they were not too long to trouble you with) I am sure you would not disapprove: and as both these gentlemen are people I have had a long acquaintance and friendship with, I should not know how to excuse myself to them if ever my name should appear in print in that manner. I have received so much pleasure from the few Poems I have seen of yours, that if I were not afraid of asking too great a favour, I would tell you that I should (when you have a leisure hour) take it for a great obligation if you would communicate a copy to me sometimes; and let me have the satisfaction of knowing that you are so just as to believe my denying myself the honour you offer me, does not proceed from a want of a real regard to your merit, which will always make me, with the utmost sincerity,

Madam,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

Windsor Forest,
April 15, 1739.

This handsome manner of declining the offered compliment was considered as so flattering both by Mrs. Carter and her father, that she not only complied with Lady Hertford's request in sending her the small printed collection of her Poems before mentioned, but also added to it a copy of her translation from Algarotti, as soon as it was published. This attention immediately produced from her Ladyship a

II^{D} LETTER.

"Madam,

"I should very little deserve the favour of the agreeable present I received from you last night, if I deferred returning you my thanks for it by the first opportunity. The subject it treats of I found so difficult in the French, that I laid the book away before I got to the end of the first volume; but your translation is so clear, and the stile so elegant, that I find it a very agreeable entertainment. Signor Algarotti is now in England, and I dare say will be pleased to find a book which he wrote for one lady's improvement, receive such an advantage from the language of another. I am ashamed that I did not sooner express my gratitude in writing for the collection of your own Poems, but my Lord was at that time laid up with a very painful fit of the gout, and my attendance upon him did not allow me time for any thing else. I was extremely pleased with them all; but that on the death of the late Queen touched me particularly; and I felt a melancholy joy, that a person of your merit was not insensible to her's, which was far greater than the envy and calumny of the world would allow them to perceive: but however that has treated her, her memory must always be loved and honoured by me. Your verses to Mr. Duck give a true picture of the man, and of the goodness of your own heart, which can find a beauty in a virtuous and honest mind equally worthy of esteem, with the more dazzling ornaments of learning and wit. The good opinion you have conceived of me would raise my vanity extremely, if I had not a too faithful monitor within, that tells me I owe it much more to your benevolence than to any merit of my own.

I cannot conclude my letter without telling you that I think I found out your riddle, which I take to be a dream.

I am, Madam, with a very sincere regard,
Your most obliged humble servant,
F. HARTFORD.

Windsor Forest,
May the 13*th*, (same year.)

LETTER III.

Madam,

Nothing but my Lord Hartford's being confined to his bed, with a violent and painful fit of the gout, should have hindered my writing by the last post, to thank you for the fine poem you sent me. I do assure you, without the least compliment, I have not read any thing this long time which has given me more pleasure, since it proves that you are endowed with something even preferable to the brightness of your genius—a well turned heart. You could not have obliged me more than by communicating these verses to me, and I shall own it as an addition to the favour, if you will continue the same goodness towards me,

Your most faithful humble servant,
FRANCES HARTFORD.

December 13, 1739.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Marlborough, June 11.

Madam,

I am ashamed that I have not sooner returned you my thanks for your present of Dr. Carter's Sermons [*], which are such as afford a clear demonstration that there was no reason for Dr. Whitefield to be followed with so much joy at Deal, as he intimated in the first part of his Journal. The occasion of my silence has been my having removed since I received them from Windsor Forest to this place; though I fear that is not a sufficient excuse. I am quite ashamed to think of the trouble you have given yourself on my account. I have read your translation twice over with great pleasure, for which I must repeat my thanks, and assure you that I am, with a sincere regard,

Your most obliged humble servant,

FRANCES HARTFORD.

Mrs. Carter's intimacy with Cave, or perhaps her own character, now so generally known, brought her acquainted with, and made her company be sought by, many persons of genius as well as of distinction. Young as she was at this time in 1739, not twenty-two years of age, her approbation was thought of consequence, and her acquaintance courted by many persons

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[*] The occasion of Dr. Carter's publishing his volume of Sermons, was an impertinent as well as false insinuation of Whitfield's, that the inhabitants of Deal had need of his assistance, as their minister did not preach to them the Gospel of Christ. Dr. Carter therefore printed a few Sermons, not composed for the press, but of those which he was in the habit of preaching in the Chapel of that town.

sons of established reputation. The following letter from Mr. Walter Harte to her, must have been very flattering to so young a woman, from a clergyman already of some celebrity. What figure the historian of Gustavus Adolphus made in the pulpit does not appear, but certainly he was not likely to find a severe critic in Mrs. Carter, who was never known to find any fault in a sermon of which the doctrines were those of the Gospel, and in which the moral and religious duties were properly enforced. The author thinks he has heard her say, that Mr. Harte was a very good, but rather a dull man; and his history certainly gives some countenance to that idea.

MR. HARTE TO MRS. CARTER.

" Sunday Morning.

" Madam,

" If you intend me the honour, or the severity rather, of hearing a Sermon which I proposed to give my country parishioners (my stay in town any one Sunday being accidental) I will take the liberty to call on you at two, and if you are not otherwise engaged, will take you and Mr. S. in the coach with me.

" I found Mr. N. much hurt, and have great difficulty to get away from him to-day.

Madam,

Your very sincere servant,

W. HARTE [*]."

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[*] Walter Harte, Canon of Windsor, died 1774. See a Memoir of him in Gent. Mag. lxix. p. 827, 1018.

About the same time Mrs. Carter was introduced to a very different character, either by her intimate friend Johnson, or by Cave. This was the celebrated, but unfortunate and imprudent Savage. He wrote her two letters, which, it is presumed, must be peculiarly acceptable to the public, considering how much he has always been the object of curiosity, and that in one of them he gives so particular an account of his early life.

LETTER I.

FROM MR. SAVAGE TO MRS. CARTER.

"May 10, 1739.

"Dear Madam,

"I would not have taken the liberty of sending the enclosed, had I not first obtained the honour of your permission for so doing. As to the matters of fact contained, there are not above two or three that are false or mistaken ones. As for that of the mean nurse, she is quite a fictitious character. The person who took care of me, and as tenderly as the *apple of her eye*, (this expression is in a letter of her's, a copy of which I found many years after her decease among her papers) was one Mrs. Lloyd, a lady that kept her chariot, and lived accordingly. But alas! I lost her when I was but seven years of age. That I did pass under another name till I was seventeen years of age is truth, but not the name of any person with whom I lived. The certain knight, mentioned page 11, was Sir Richard Steele; but that account of what passed between me and him is partly true, and partly not so. That there was a slander raised against me, which caused a difference between us, which lasted a long while, is truth, and the worthy Mr. Curll, the bookseller, was the person who raised it; but we were afterwards reconciled, he being fully convinced of my innocence. As for the constant allowance I received from him, the author is quite mistaken; I never had any such, not even a single present from Sir Richard Steele; and how can he be said to have withheld a bounty which he never bestowed? As to the proposal of my marrying his natural daughter, the reasons why, and the terms on which, he proposed it, the author has not erred in; but as to the reason why the match did not go on, he is again mistaken. The truth is this: I quite declined the proposal, and never could be induced to see the lady, though he frequently and warmly pressed me to an interview, nor have I to this day ever seen her. As for the obligations he talks of from me to Mr. Wilks, he is again in an error; I did subsist at that time on such obligations as he mentions, but they came from Mrs. Oldfield, not from Mr. Wilks. As to the rest of his materials, they are collected from some things I accidentally said in mixed company, and others scattered about at different times in my writings, and these are truths. The speech of mine, pages 23 and 24, is genuine and exact. As to the many humane expressions and obliging commendations which the author has been pleased to bestow on different parts of my character, whether his warm attachment, at that unhappy juncture, to my interest, has not misled him into great partiality, must be left to those who know me better than I do myself to determine. As to the compliments he is pleased to pay the poetical part of my character, I have too great reason to apprehend he is mistaken; as to what he says on my moral character, though he may have embellished even that a little too much, I hope at least that in some measure he may be thought authentic.

" Now dear Miss Carter, will you be so good to pardon me for troubling you with so inaccurate a letter, where so much is said to so little purpose on so insignificant a subject, as the person whose life you are going to peruse? All the merit I can discern he may pretend to, is that of being fully sensible of your transcendent perfections, of desiring eagerly to copy them where he can, and of being allowed to admire them where he cannot; of ardently wishing that as the finest parts of learning seem to have been selected by Providence itself to enrich your mind, that as the graces ever wait on your person and conversation, that as wisdom never fails to conduct your actions, and that as all the virtues conspire to form you one finished masterpiece of nature, I say, of ardently wishing that all unsullied happiness may attend on such shining unsullied excellence; which is the sincere wish of all who have the honour of knowing, and particularly and zealously so of him, who is, Madam, with the utmost value and veneration,

Your most faithful and devoted servant,

R. SAVAGE."

LETTER II.

" Dear Madam,

" Be pleased to accept my thanks for your pious intention of making me a saint. I am truly desirous of becoming so, because, as saints, they say, are allowed the happiness of conversing with angels, I may by that means be so blest as in some measure to become worthy of the conversation of Miss Carter.

" I entreat you would not be so unkind as to accuse me of hyperbolical compliments. I never used one expression to you, but I always thought it fell short of your accomplished beauty, genius, learning, and virtue; nay, I farther believe, that the strongest hyperbole, in any dead or living language whatsoever, would give but a faint resemblance of those ideas which I have formed of your perfections.

"Believe me to be, with the sincerest veneration, dear Madam,

Your most affectionate and devoted servant,

R. SAVAGE."

May 10, 1739.

These letters seem to reflect more honour on the person to whom they are addressed than they do on the writer of them. The extravagance of the praise would almost lead to a supposition that it was not meant seriously, did not the other parts of the first letter contradict that idea. To what life, or account of himself, Savage refers in his first letter, cannot well be ascertained; but it probably served as a foundation for the Memoirs of him in Cibber's Lives of the Poets, as those very errors are repeated in that publication which Savage in this letter to Mrs. Carter contradicts. Perhaps indeed Cibber is less to blame than Dr. Johnson, for he frequently refers to the life of Savage, published separately by Johnson in 1744, where these same errors are to be found, which Johnson's intimacy with the unhappy subject of it made less excusable. No better authority however can be obtained than Savage's own words; and though the adulation contained in these letters is disgraceful to his memory, (as indeed all his dedications are for the same reason) there could be no cause for his disguising the truth to Mrs. Carter, in the particular circumstances there contradicted, or related.

Notwithstanding all this flattery, there never was much acquaintance between Savage and Mrs. Carter. She never spoke of him with any regard, nor indeed with much pity. She thought very ill of his moral character, and was not greatly delighted with his poetry. Perhaps it was natural for Johnson, who had been both a witness and partaker of his distresses, to think more highly of his genius than it really deserved, but Mrs. Carter had no such bias, and there was nothing to make Savage particularly interesting but his misfortunes. Johnson's life of him, and character of his poetry, are now pretty generally numbered among the proofs of his prejudices; though in the present case they may be considered as more excusable than in many others, as these were the errors of friendship.

Since the year 1737, the world had been deprived of a very ingenious writer, as well as excellent woman, by the death of the celebrated Mrs. Rowe. Her character, as well as her writings, were much admired by Mrs. Carter; so much so, indeed, that her father was somewhat afraid, lest that admiration should lead her into a little of the enthusiasm which was so distinguishing a feature of that excellent lady's mind*. There was however, I believe, no personal acquaintance between them, to which indeed the distance of their residences presented a greater obstacle than that between their ages. Mrs. Rowe died, where she chiefly resided after her husband's death, at Froome, in Somersetshire, where, about forty years afterwards, Mrs. Carter visited the house in which she had lived with anxious curiosity, and not without some portion of her own enthusiasm.

Upon the occasion of Mrs. Rowe's death, Mrs. Carter wrote an Elegy, which was published in the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1737, and signed Eliza. It is a striking proof of the attention which she bestowed on the polish of her compositions, that two years afterwards she reprinted this poem in the same publication for April 1739, with such alterations and additions as to make it a much more finished, and almost a new performance,

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* "I think your verses on Mrs. Rowe," says he, in a letter, "very good. You seem extremely fond of her writings. I have seen some that have in them a tincture of enthusiasm. 'Tis proper to caution you not to read them with too much pleasure. Enthusiasm grows upon us insensibly. Take care to guard against it."

ance, and signed it with her name at length. In this last state, but with the omission of the first four lines, and several changes and corrections in the subsequent ones, it was introduced into the first edition of her poems, in their present state, in 1762.

This Elegy was also prefixed to the posthumous collection of Mrs. Rowe's Works, published in 1739 by her husband's younger brother, who wrote her the following letter upon the subject:—

" Hampstead, Jan. 22, 1738-9.

" Madam,

" I received last night the favour of your letter, and the enclosed beautiful Elegy, and return you the sincerest thanks for allowing me to adorn my collection with such an elegant piece of poetry. It will, I doubt not, be admired as it ought. If I might presume on your goodness so far, (as an addition to the honour you have done my sister) I would intreat the liberty to publish it under your own name at length instead of Eliza. Be pleased, if you think fit to grant my request, to let Mr. Hett or me know in a very short time.

" As soon as Mrs. Rowe's posthumous pieces are published, a set of them will wait your acceptance *. I persuade myself you will find something to admire and imitate in Mrs. Rowe's character, as well as much to forgive in the writer of the latter part of her life.

I am, Madam,

With the justest esteem and respect,

Your most obliged humble servant,

THE. ROWE."

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* Mr. Rowe sent them accordingly as soon as published.

In consequence of this obliging communication, Mrs. Carter sent Mr. Rowe a copy of her translation from Algarotti, which produced a second letter, here inserted, to shew his opinion both of that work, and of her person and character in general.

LETTER II.

FROM MR. ROWE.

"Hampstead, May 22, 1739.

"Madam,

"My ill state of health will, I hope, excuse me from ingratitude, in no sooner acknowledging the receipt of the perfectly agreeable present you obliged me with, for which I now return you my humblest thanks. I have not yet been able to read more than the preface, which appears to me to have all the beauty and spirit of an original. I doubt not but the entire work has the same distinguished merit, and equally deserves the praise of exactness and fidelity to the sense of the author. This I venture to add implicitly, without having either an opportunity, or sufficient skill in the Italian language, to form a judgment of this kind. The public, and particularly the fair sex, are inexpressibly indebted to the translator, and will, I am persuaded, be sensible of their obligations. For myself, I have been long convinced of the injustice of custom, in restraining the ladies from the improvements of knowledge and learning, in consequence of which they have been forced to employ the faculty of thought and reason in the little arts of dress, or to endeavour to quite lose it by play, and such like polite and fashionable diversions of the age, with great propriety called amusements. But I hope, Madam, the example you give, with how much grace and ease, wisdom and philosophy sit on a lady, even in the bloom of youth and beauty, will allure your own charming part of the creation to imitate, as well as to admire you, and cure ours of the prevailing prejudice, that an acquaintance with the sciences inspires the fair with vanity, and an unhappy neglect of the decent offices of the sex. I wish you every blessing, and particularly those which result from knowledge and virtue, and am, with the most perfect veneration and gratitude,

Madam,

Your most humble and most obliged servant,

THE. ROWE."

"P. S. I beg your acceptance of Mr. Grove's Miscellaneous Pieces. If my relation and friendship to the author do not deceive me, you may possibly receive some pleasure in looking them over."

At this time, when Mrs. Carter was thus courted, and her good opinion thus anxiously cultivated, it should be recollected, that she was only twenty-two years of age, without fortune, or high connections, and (except when visiting at Canterbury, or at Mrs. Rooke's) living in the private retired family of a country clergyman. The best even of her poems were not then published; for the Ode to Melancholy did not make its appearance till it was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1739, and even then without any signature subjoined, though it was soon known to have been written by her.

But extraordinary as it may seem, even at this early period, Mrs. Carter's fame was not confined to her native island. It spread over several parts of the Continent, and that wonderful prodigy of early learning, John Philip Baratier, expressed a wish of commencing an epistolary correspondence with her.

She was then in London, and Baratier being a young man about her own age, before she would consent to this proposal, she asked her father's advice concerning the propriety of her entering into such a correspondence. It is indeed not unworthy of remark, and, I fear, in this age, will be considered as an uncommon circumstance, though greatly to the honour both of father and daughter, that Mrs. Carter took no step of any consequence, undertook no work, engaged in no correspondence, without consulting her father, and asking his advice. This he always gave her; and after mentioning his opinion, and his reasons for it, left the matter to her own prudence and judgment, on which he had firm reliance. Thus he writes to her upon one of these occasions just before she became of age: "You will, I am sure, take my advice in good part, though you should be of a different opinion. I recommend you always to the direction of Heaven, and have no doubt but you will act discreetly in all occurrences."

To the matter now proposed for his consideration, Dr. Carter made no objection, and willingly gave it his sanction [*], as thinking a correspondence between two young persons of great, and somewhat similar, acquirements, both innocent and useful. Baratier was born January the 19th, 1721. His father had left France on account of his religion, being a Calvinist, and settled in Brandenburg Anspach, when he became Pastor of Schwobach, where young Baratier was born; but his mother was a Prussian [†]; and this mixture of ancestry explains a passage in one of his letters, which would otherwise be unintelligible.

The commencement of his correspondence with Mrs. Carter was brought about by a Gentleman then resident at Canterbury, who was acquainted with her, of the name of Lavalade. He was probably a French refugee, of whom many were then living in that city; for some of his letters to Mrs. Carter are in French, and those which are in English are written like those of a man not perfectly master of the language.

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[*] This was in a Latin letter. "Non est cur de Baratier consuetudinem timeas. Ecqua res est de qua Puella Juveni respondere nequeat? Docto doctâ ecquid aptius?"

[†] Biographical Dictionary.

As every thing relating to so extraordinary a character as Baratier must be interesting to the world, it may not be improper to give some extracts from Mr. Lavalade's letters upon this subject, before we proceed to those which were written by Baratier himself.

"Madam,

"Enclosed I send you by the way you directed me the share you had in my letter from Germany. I shall make no remarks on it any farther than there is a formal chalenge which I dont doubt you will generously answer but if you will allow me to wish, I could wish you to let me see it afore it goes. However you resolve, I offer you my way of conveyance, which shall be with the Capts's* and my own letter: write yours upon fine paper, and send it me in a roll your own way.

"What you have already printed being made public by yourself, I did not question but I might dispose of it at pleasure; therefore I have transcribed your birth-day with a design to send it in my next letter. That piece I have chose because of the great value I have for it. That's to say, for the piety, zeal, judgement, and style of it.

"If you had any of your books left, and were willing to make Mr. B. a present of it, I believe I could find means to convey it by a merchant of my acquaintance. Any thing you'll please at any time to favour me with, will always be thankfully accepted by,

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* Captain Lanalve, who had married Baratier's aunt.

Madam,

Your most Obedient Servant,

LAVALADE."

Canterbury,
March 10, 1738-9.

"N. B. Mr. B. tells me he does not very well understand English, but can make shift."

"I'aurois dû vous dire que lorsque j'écrivis à Mr. B. la lettre à laquelle il vient de me répondre, comme on m'avoit assuré que vous vouliez lui répondre s'il vous écrivoit, je lui donnai votre charactere tel que je crus le devoir pour une correspondence d'Esprit, et lui envoiai dans ma lettre copie de l'Epigramme qui vous surprend à voler les lauriers de P *. pendant que vous pouviez les avoir d'Apollon meme, et votre réponse †."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Lavalade tells her, that Baratier complains of his not having mentioned whether she was a fair or brown beauty, when he gave him the description of her person. But poor Baratier's health began very early to decline; and he never lived to see her, about whom he was so anxious. In Mr. Lavalade's next letter he speaks of his friend's long illness, which ended in his death. Considering the high character and extraordinary worth and endowments of this amiable young man, such an account can hardly be perused without emotion. It is as follows.

* Pope. † The answer to that Epigram, in Latin and English, mentioned before.

We

"Madam,

"We have at last heard from our German friend, and too much to upbraid his long silence: a violent cold, which has kept him all the winter, and does still, though not so bad, has been the only cause of it; and he has been hardly able to write a few lines to the Captain, to thank him for some favours he acknowledges: his father has supplied the rest. I must, however, in justice to him add, that one of his greatest concerns in his bad state of health is, that he could not apply himself to the English enough to understand thoroughly your composures, which he has received, and read as much as his weakness permitted him, and understood enough to judge most favourably of them. He has also heard of your translation of the Newtonian Philosophy, and judges that the original will be a gainer by it: he hopes you will excuse his not writing at present; and I beg you will not blush at the coming out of truth; you know she is a sly girl, and you must either use yourself to less wit and sense, or to face her without a blush: chuse, but if you want advice, I advise you to learn to face your own due. We shall not answer so soon; but whenever we do, you shall know, and then you may command,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

LAVALADE."

Canterbury,
June 19, 1740.

In the October following the youthful scholar sunk into his early grave. About a year afterwards Mr. Lavalade wrote to Mrs. Carter in these words concerning him.

"Madam,

"Inclosed with this letter you'll find a present, which, I dare say, will be very acceptable to you. 'Tis a print done by order of the Queen of Prussia, from a picture she had in her closet of our deceased; but to live for ever, friend and virtuoso, worthy Mr. Baratier, which his father desires you to accept as a token of the value he has for you, and some sort of gratitude, for the esteem you had for his son. He has sent the packet jointly to Captain Lanalve and me, and it contains besides the cuts, the deceased's life in Latin, and several Epitaphs in Latin and German, which, being in loose sheets, I dare not venture; but shall take care to give you the reading the first time you favour us with your company; and you'll see that the learned of the University have vied for the poor youth's glory. Please to accept of the season's compliments, which I heartily make to yourself, and beg you'll make acceptable to your father from,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

LAVALADE."

Canterbury,
Dec. 24, 1741.

"P. S. If you think proper to write to Mr. Baratier, please to send me your letter."

This intimation Mrs. Carter complied with; and wrote to the afflicted parent, whose reply to her closes the correspondence. It is much to be lamented that no copies were kept of Mrs. Carter's own letters upon this interesting occasion. From Baratier himself there are only two, and one from his father; the first of them is as follows.

"POUR MADEMOISELLE CARTER.

Halle, du 24 Fevr. 1739.

"Mademoiselle,

"Si j'entendois l'Anglois comme vous entendez le François, ou si j'osois mesurer mon Latin avec une Personne que les Romains, je dis les Romains du tems d'Auguste, auroient pris pour etre du Cigne de Mantoue & pour l'ouvrage d'une Sappho Latine, si dis je, j'avois toutes ces perfections, vous ne me verriez pas vous ecrire tout simplement en la langue de ma Patrie. Vous devez sçavoir par les Livres (& personne n'auroit plus de sujet de le sçavoir par l'experience) ce que c'est que l'amour propre. C'est cette passion qui m'a fait faire ce choix, ou je pretends conserver toujours un petit air de superiorité. Car vous auriez beau ecrire en François mieux que personne je ferois toujours semblant d'y trouver à redire; & comme je suis moi meme de cette nation, vous n'oseriez pas en appeller de ma decision. Je vois bien, Mademoiselle, que vous ne m'entendez pas encore. Vous allez apprendre mon intention. N'est il pas vrai que vous auriez raison de vous imaginer que ma lettre va etre pleine de sentiments d'Admiration? Point du tout. Un autre vous diroit qu'il est tout hors de lui meme, tout extasié de votre merite. Que sçai je? Peut etre vous diroit il pis; Car de l'estime la chute est facile à un autre sentiment qui passoit pour la souveraine vertu dans l'Ecole de Platon. Mais moi je vous dis gravement, & avec quelque depit que je suis jaloux de vous, mais jaloux plus qu'un Italien ou si vous voulez un Turc ne peut l'etre de sa femme.

Et Dieu sçait si je n'en viendrai pas bientot à vous hair formellement. Eh! n'en ai je pas raison, & doit il etre bien agreable pour moi de m'humilier en votre presence & de reconnoitre toute votre superiorité sur moi? Sçavez vous bien, Mademoiselle, ce qui m'a le plus picqué? Indubitablement vous ne vous l'imaginez pas, & si je vous le dis vous vous mocquerez de ma simplicité. N'importe, c'est une decharge pour ma colere."

" Je me mele quelquefois de faire des vers François, mais je n'ai pas l'Esprit d'en faire des Latins, & un homme qui me fait l'honneur d'etre de mes amis mais qui a été peu charitable dans cette occasion (c'est un Monsieur de votre pays) m'a envoié quelques vers Latins de votre façon *. Comme je n'ai pas d'abord lu toute sa lettre mais que j'ai commencé par jetter les yeux sur cette Epigramme, je n'ai pas manqué de les prendre pour un ouvrage de Catulle non encore imprimé qui avoit sans doute été decouvert dans quelque manuscrit d'Angleterre. J'en eus un grand plaisir, car on n'est pas envieux des grands hommes du temps passé. Mais quand j'eus lu la Lettre et que j'appris que ces vers etoient l'ouvrage de la Nymphe Elize que je connoissois tres bien par renommée j'en pensai devenir fou de depit. D'abord je me consolai en faisant reflexion que si ces vers etoient beaux du moins vous n'en seriez pas estimer pour cela parceque ce n'etoit pas votre fait que d'ecrire en Latin. Le beau sexe, disois je, doit borner sa science à tourner les yeux languissamment à propos, à bien ajuster une fontange, & d'autres choses de cette importance. Mais des vers Latins! C'est bien à lui d'en faire! Cependant j'ai bientot remarqué que tous ces raisonnemens

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* Probably this refers to her Epigram in answer to that which was made on her plucking the laurel in Pope's garden already mentioned, beginning " En marcet Laurus," &c.; for Mr. Lavalade, the correspondent alluded to, mentions his having sent those lines to Baratier, in his first letter.

sont bons pour des Françoises. Mais le peuple Anglois a le droit d'etre extraordinaire en tout; & par consequent il est permis aux Angloises d'etre sçavantes impunement. Cette pensée renouvella ma douleur. Ma resolution fut bientot prise; Ce fut d'aller trouver ma Muse, & de me plaindre de ce qu'une jeune Angloise etoit plus favorisée que moi qui l'avois servie toujours avec un devoûment sans pareil."

"Je vole vers ces lieux ou demeure la Muse
Assise sur les bords d'un aimable ruisseau
Elle unissoit sa voix au murmure de l'eau
Et repandit des dons que sa main me refuse.

"Je vous epargnerai le recit des hymnes qu'elle chantoit, je dirai seulement en gros que j'interrompis ses chants furieux.

"Plus qu'un homme de cœur, qui reçoit un outrage
Plus qu'un Tigre enchainé qui languit dans sa cage
Plus qu'un grand General qui se trouve vaincu
Plus qu'un Poete enfin soit sifflé soit bâtu.
J'avance & ma douleur eclate en cent murmures
Reproches & mepris, plaintes & meme injures
Tout ressent ma colere & montre ma douleur.
Surprise de l'exces d'une telle fureur
La Muse jusqu'alors en ignoroit la cause:
Je la dis, Elle rit & jure son honneur
Qu'elle ne vous fournit jamais ni vers ni prose.
Tant pis, lui dis je alors, Entre nous donc ma foi:
Allez plier bagage & quittez votre emploi.
Si l'on fait malgré vous des pieces aussi belles
Il faudra recourir à des Muses nouvelles
Et votre credit tombe avec votre pouvoir.
Mais ces beaux vers encore faites les moi donc voir,
Ces vers faits malgré moi; Les voici: Sur mon ame
Vous n'eussiez pas fait un ouvrage aussi bon
Avec tout votre Esprit & toute votre flamme.
Ah! m'y voila, dit elle, & ce chien d'Apollon
A voulu me jouer un tour de sa façon.

Ne soiez plus jaloux, votre erreur est extreme
Ces vers en verité viennent de ce fripon:
C'est son gout, c'est son stile, il les a fait lui meme."

" N'est il pas vrai, Mademoiselle, que vous voila decontenancée, surprise, confuse. Voila comme vous nous trompez. Vous recevez des vers d'Apollon, & vous venez nous les donner pour votres. Ah! je publierai cela en tous lieux. Toute la terre le sçaura & personne ne sera plus la dupe de votre stratageme. Depuis le Craftsman jusques à la Bibliotheque Britannique il n'y aura ni feuille volante ni journal ou je ne ſasse inserer un avertissement sur ce sujet. Croiez m'en, Mademoiselle, prevenez ce malheur, tachez de me gagner par des bonnes paroles, & je serai plus secret qu'un Franc Maçon. Il faut avouer que vous etes heureuse! Parceque vous avez jusqu'à ce point les bonnes graces d'Apollon, votre reputation s'etend au long & au large. La terre en est pleine, & je crains que les habitans de l'Isle de Borneo qui n'obeissent qu'a des Reines, ne dethronent leur famille regnante pour vous offrir la couronne de leur royaume. Serieusement, Mademoiselle, vous pourrez faire bien des malheurs, & une Nymphe de votre merite est une des plus dangereuses creatures du Ciel. Un Basilic n'empoisonne que de ses regards, mais vous pourriez par un Enchantement de quatre lignes en guise de paroles magiques blesser un homme jusqu'à Nankin. Je crois meme que votre renommée auroit deja passé jusques aux Planetes les plus reculées si le chemin en etoit praticable, depuis que votre Newton s'est avisé de faire main basse sur les tourbillons et de vuider de matiere le Systeme Solaire."

" Je suis mortifié de n'avoir pas vu votre Portrait au defaut de votre personne dont la presence auroit pu etre trop dangereuse. Car je suis etrangement embarrassé de l'idee que je me fais de vous. J'ai pourtant à peu pres une representation que je m'en suis faite à fond de raisonnemens. Par exemple je parie que vous n'etes pas grande. En voici la raison. Je vous dirai en confidence que ma stature est un peu au dessous de la mediocre, et comme je voudrois aimer tous ceux que j'estime, & que je voudrois que ceux que j'aime me ressemblassent un peu, je suis assez porté à m'imaginer petits ceux d'entre mes connoissances que je n'ai point vus, d'autant plus que je trouve bien des perfections dans la petitesse. Et de tous ceux que j'ai entretenus qui ont lu l'exact & sincere voyageur Gulliver, il n'y en a point qui n'aime infiniment plus les habitants du vaste émpire de Lilliput que ceux de Brobdingnab. Je suis persuadé que c'est aussi le gout des Anglois."

"Voici ce me semble une preface assez grande. Il est temps que je commence ma lettre. Car je m'apperçois que je n'ai pas encore fait d'entrée legitime. Je devois vous dire Mademoiselle que je suis infiniment sensible à la bonté que vous avez eue de me permettre d'entamer une Correspondance avec vous. Je devois vous dire que quoique je ne me sente pas ni tout le courage, ni tout le fonds necessaire pour cela, je l'entreprends pourtant non pas pour dire les bagatelles que je dis, mais pour vous donner lieu de dire bien des jolies choses que vous n'auriez pas dites sans cela, puisque j'ose me flatter que vous me ferez la grace de me repondre, comme vous avez eu celle de le promettre à ce que l'on m'a marqué. Et j'espere d'en retirer un grand profit. Vous m'animerez à vous suivre de loin dans la belle carriere ou vous courez, et Dieu sçait si je ne m'appliquerai pas à la Poesie Latine uniquement pour vous faire un compliment fut il digne de Bavius dont Horace se moqua si cruellement."

"Je ne sçai si vous etes deja ennuiée de ma prolixité, mais je suis bien aise d'etre ample dans l'esperance que cela vous obligera à me rendre la pareille. Vous ne sçauriez croire la

fete que je m'en fais d'avance, ni comme quoi j'en serai glorieux. C'est dans une attente aussi agreable que celle là que je vivrai, & que les jours me paroitront durer un temps infini jusques à ce que j'aie reçu l'honneur de votre reponse, & que je puisse avoir celui de vous repliquer, & de vous assurer alors de nouveau, comme je le fais à present avec toute la sincerité possible, et toute l'admiration dont je suis capable, du parfait devoûment & du zele avec lequel je me ferai toujours gloire de me dire,

Mademoiselle,

Votre très humble & très obeissant serviteur,

J. P. BARATIER."

A Halle le 24 Fevr. 1739.

In this letter, especially in the first part of it, there are but few traces to be observed of the Scholar, the Philosopher, or the Theologian; and it resembles more the production of a French Petit-Maitre, with just as much knowledge as might be gathered from a school-boy's common place book. Probably Baratier had then formed no just opinion either of the extent of Mrs. Carter's learning, or of the modesty by which it was accompanied. Her taste was certainly too just, and her dislike to flattery too sincere to allow her to be pleased with such a letter, though the attention from a man of so much eminence must have been gratifying to her. Of her reply to it there are no traces remaining, but such as may be gathered from Baratier's next letter in answer to it, which is partly in Latin, and partly in French. And the last part of this contains some curious particulars of his studies and ways of thinking.

“ A' MADEMOISELLE CARTER.

*VIRGINI NOBILISSIMÆ & SUPRA FIDEM ERUDITÆ ELISÆ CARTER, JOH. PH. BARATIER, S.

Fidem quam primitus Famæ de te referenti denegare rei prodigium suadebat, Epistolæ certe tuæ aliisque tuæ Eruditionis testimoniis denegari non posse mirabundus agnosco.

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* “To the most noble, and beyond belief learned, Virgin, Eliza Carter, John Philip Baratier wisheth health.”

“ With admiration I must confess that the report concerning you, which was so wonderful as to tempt me at first to doubt the truth of it, is proved to be undeniable, both by your letter, and by other testimonies of your learning. Before this time, indeed, Eliza had been celebrated as the Star of England, the ornament of the literary world; but, as generally happens in unusual events, the distance was supposed to have increased the fame, and the prodigy did not altogether obtain credit. But who can doubt after having seen Eliza's own writing? This happiness has been mine, not only to have received a letter from her, but, O Heavens! with what learning, wit, and elegance is it indited!”

“ Receive, therefore, O Eliza, most noble Virgin, this inconsiderable, but sincere, testimony of my admiration and gratitude. Admiration, because I know the wonderful extent of your genius; gratitude, because you have been pleased not to conceal it from me. How great delight I received from the sight and reading of your epistle I shall not say, because no words are able to express it. And although your studies are wholly dedicated to the more sublime parts of erudition, and you cultivate the friendship of the highest class of the learned; yet such has been your indulgence towards me, as to consider my trifling letter as of some value, and even think it deserving of an answer.”

“ Too much modesty is generally the companion of true learning. I have no right, therefore, to complain of your refusing my offered praise, and expostulating with me concerning it. You might indeed blame me with reason, inasmuch as I acknowledge it to be inferior to your deserts. But who can bear, however, that it should seem to you too great? Do not, I beseech you, accustom yourself to this modesty, unless you wish to be perpetually made uneasy. It is safer for you to learn to bear, and even to love praise; for no other sound will ever reach your ears; and it is evidently a troublesome thing to hate that which you must always hear, or to be for ever hearing that which you hate.”

Pridem sane celebris Elisa, Angliæ sidus, orbis litterati decus; At, ut in rebus insolitis fit, rumor terrarum distantiâ augeri credebatur, portentoque non integer assensus adhibebatur. Quem tamen quis non tribueret visis Elisæ scriptis? Ea mihi felicitas contigit, ab ipsâ litteras accipere, sed proh Deum immortalem! quam lepidas illas, quam doctas, quam elegantes!"

"Accipe igitur in hac pagellâ, Elisa, virgo nobilissima, et admirationis meæ, & gratitudinis sincerum testimonium. Admirationis, quod ingenii tui dotes noscam; Gratitudinis, quod haud negaveris eas mihi detegere. Quantum enim in me gaudium excitaverit visa lectaque tua Epistola, id ideo non dicam, quia nullis verbis dicere possum. Et quum tota sublimiori Eruditioni tradita sis, primique ordinis doctorum amicitiam colas, ea tamen erga me indulgentia fuisti, ut meas nugas aliquid putaveris esse, easque responsione dignas credideris."

"Solet esse veræ Eruditionis socia nimia Modestia. Non est ergo quod querar de expostulatione tuâ, quâ laudes rejicis tibi a me tributas. Esset sane quod objurgares, quum eas intra meritum esse facile agnoscam: At enimvero nimias tibi videri quis pateretur? Noli, quæso, huic modestiæ assuescere nisi semper male te haberi velis. Tutius est discas laudes ferre & amare, nihil enim aliud aures tuas circumsonabit, molestumque plane est id odio prosequi quod semper audias, vel id semper audire quod odio prosequaris."

"En verité, Mademoiselle, vous me faites bien tort de me mettre dans le rang illustre des Sçavants, ou plutot vous me faites bien trop d'honneur. Je n'en veux point d'autre preuve que la proposition que vous enonçez clairement, que je dois en vertu de ce titre avoir plus d'affection pour les Langues anciennes que pour les miennes propres. (Je m'exprime en nombre pluriel, vu mes deux Patries, la France, & l'Allemagne.) Si c'est lá une marque d'un Sçavant, que je suis eloigné de

pretendre à ce nom! Vous l'avouerai je, Mademoiselle? C'est à ma honte, mais je vous l'avouerai, je prefere ma noble & bien-aimée Langue Françoise à toutes les Langues anciennes depuis, & y compris celle du bon Pere Adam. Ce n'est pas peut-etre jugement, mais c'est gout, c'est affection naturelle. Et je vous proteste en conscience que je ne changerois pas mon François pour tout le Latin de Ciceron, m'eut on donné une charge de Licteur de retour. N'est ce pas etre bien obstiné? Mais je vous ferai part d'un trait d'impertinence bien plus grand; Croiriez vous que j'aime mieux le Chinois que le Latin, & que je consentirois à oublier mon Hebreu pour qui voudroit m'apprendre la Langue Mogole? Sçavez vous meme qu'un beau jour passé j'ai tout quitté pour lire du Chinois, et que j'en ai fait une provision raisonnable qui n'a été interrompue que faute de secours pour continuer? Que direz vous de tout cela, Mademoiselle? Je vous conseille de m'abandonner à ma barbarie & à ma stupidité."

"Mais non: Quartier s'il vous plait. Si je donne des preuves d'extravagance du coté de certaines langues, vous m'avouerez sans hesiter que j'en ai donné une d'ésprit dans la resolution que j'ai prise il y a quelques dix jours d'apprendre la Langue Angloise. N'est ce pas une marque de bon gout? Et voiez, Mademoiselle, avec quelle ardeur j'ai executé mon dessein. Depuis ce peu de jours je suis parvenu à entendre assez couramment un livre Anglois, sans avoir besoin que rarement de recourir au Dictionnaire; j'ai déja presque expedié mon second Livre Anglois."

"Il faut tout vous dire, mon amour propre m'y pousse. Vous penserez, Mademoiselle, sur cette relation que je suis en humeur, & en etat de travailler comme un Cheval, ou comme un auteur qui fait une table des matieres. Il n'en est pourtant rien. Je donne ces marques de mon zele pour la Langue Angloise dans un tems ou je suis malade, et c'est dans ce meme temps que je vous ecrits. Ne soiez donc pas surprise de trouver un air malade dans ma lettre, & si elle ne contient rien fort solide, pouvez vous attendre mieux d'un homme qui depuis plusieurs jours se nourrit d'air, ou du moins qui ne mange gueres au delá du rien."

"Autre nouvelle qui me concerne, & par consequent qu'il vous faut essuier. C'est que l'on m'imprime par devers le meridien d'Utrecht. C'est à present une bagatelle pour moi que d'etre imprimé. J'y suis tout accoutumé, mais je deteste cette coutume. Pourquoi? Oh! s'il vous plait je n'entrerai pas ici dans une longue discussion de morale sur ce sujet. Suffit que je le pense. Et si vous l'ignorez je vous dis nettement que je me pique d'être Philosophe, Philosophe un peu bourru & bizarre, Pyrrhonien, &c. Au fait. C'est un ouvrage de chronologie que je publie sur les années des premiers Eveques de Rome, & autres points de l'Histoire de ce temps là. Aussitot que l'ouvrage sera sorti de presse j'aurai l'honneur de vous faire presenter un Exemplaire. Mais n'allez pas me jouer le tour de le lire! Vous y trouveriez des defauts que vous pourriez bien faire retomber sur la personne de l'auteur, qui est d'ailleurs bon enfant, si non qu'il a eu la marotte d'imprimer un livre assez mauvais. Cependant croiez-vous que je parle bien sericusement? N'est il pas vrai que si j'avois trouvé le livre si mauvais je ne l'aurois pas donné au public? Je crois qu'on y trouvera diverses choses nouvelles, peut etre quelques unes de bonnes, & je souhaitte de ne me pas tromper. Voila la vanité d'un Auteur!"

"Au reste, comme vous auriez, Mademoiselle, grande raison de me faire la guerre sur ce que j'ai tardé si long temps à vous repondre, & que je veux vivre en paix avec vous, par la raison que j'aime le paix, et que je vous estime infiniment, je dois me justifier sur cette accusation, & je le ferai dans la periode suivante, puisqu'il me semble que celle ci est trop longue, trop embrouillée, & presque Angloise. Car par Parenthese, vous faites des affreuses Periodes vous autres Anglois; je m'y perds, j'y suffoque, & quel tourment pour un François! Vous voiez par lá que j'ai deja profité depuis que je lis l'Anglois. Je reviens à mon discours."

"Comme il y a quelque temps deja que mon ouvrage est fait, & qu'il traine entre les mains du Libraire, j'ai attendu que je sçusse certainement quand il seroit mis sous la presse pour pouvoir vous en parler surement. Il y a aussi du temps que j'ai voulu m'appliquer à l'Anglois, et j'ai voulu differer ma reponse jusqu'à ce que j'eus commencé ma Campagne en Angleterre. Enfin j'ai été malade d'une autre maladie encore que celle que j'ai à present. Voilá de quoi m'excuser. Si cela vous suffit j'en suis charmé. Mais il me semble que vous ne trouvez les excuses bonnes, & que vous me condamnez. Oh! vous etes trop difficile, & quand je serois condamnable il faut user d'indulgence. Mais on dit que les Sçavantes ne pardonnent jamais. Eh bien! Si vous etes si cruelle, je me depiterai à mon tour, & je m'en vais finir par vous dire que j'ai l'honneur d'etre tout à la mode ordinaire,

Mademoiselle,

Votre très humble et très obeissant serviteur,

J. P. BARATIER.

A Hallé en Saxe le
12^e^ *Aoust,* 1739."

This extraordinary and exemplary young man recovered his health no more; and in less than two months from the date of this last letter, his studies were finally closed by the hand of death. Whether in consequence of this event the work mentioned in this letter was never sent to Mrs. Carter, or whether it was afterwards mislaid or lost, is not known; but certain it is, that neither this book, nor the print of Baratier, sent her by Mr. Lavalade, were found in her library after her decease. Mrs. Carter wrote, as has been mentioned, to his father, and received from him the following answer, which closed the correspondence:—

"Mademoiselle,

"Il me suffit de savoir que vous entendez parfaitement notre langue, pour m'engager à m'en servir dans la reponse que je dois à votre docte et charmante lettre de 10 Janvier passé. Je ne me pique pas d'une aussi belle Latinité que vous, et peut-être ne vous piquerez vous pas moins d'entendre le François aussi bien que le Latin. C'est d'ailleur assez la mode des savans de votre nation, de preférer leur langue national & maternelle à la langue Latine dans les doctes écrits, dont ils enrichissent tous les jours la Republique des lettres. Il est vrai que vous m'attraperiez bien si vous me rendiez la pareille, et que vous m'ecrivissiez en Anglois, car je vous avoue que j'y suis tout-à-fait étranger.

"Aprés cela, Mademoiselle, j'aurai l'honneur de vous dire que nous sommes très sensibles ma femme et moi à la part que vous prenez à notre deuil, et à l'honneur que vous faites à la memoire de notre fils, et bien heureux défunt. Si dans la bienheureuse immortalité dont il jouït à present, il pouvoit être sensible à ce que se passe ici bas, je ne doute point qu'il ne le fut beaucoup à l'honneur que vous faites à son portrait, veu l'estime parfaite qu'il avoit conçue pour vous; il nous est au moins fort glorieux de le voir regretté par une personne de votre mérite. Mais à quoi servent nos regrets, ni ceux de tous ses amis, qu'à renouveller une douleur qu'il faut sacrifier au bonheur dont il jouït, et à une sage résignation Chretienne? C'est

le parti que nous prenons, et la disposition dans laquelle Dieu nous a fait la grace de nous mettre.

"Au reste, Mademoiselle, j'envoye par commodité à Messrs. Lanalve et Lavalade un exemplaire de la vie de mon fils, que je prie ces Messieurs de vous communiquer. J'espere que vous ne ferez pas moins d'accueil à son histoire que vous en avez fait à son portrait. Ma femme joint ses vœux, et ses très humble complimens aux miens pour vous Mademoiselle, et pour tous ceux qui vous sont chers, et en nous recommandant à l'honneur de votre amitié, et souvenir; j'ai celui d'être avec une parfaite estime et consideration,

Mademoiselle,

Votre très humble et très obeïssant serviteur,

FRANCOIS BARATIER."

A Halle en Saxe,
***Mars* 10, 1742.**

It was thought better to insert the whole of this correspondence together, though it took place, as may be seen by the dates, at some distance of time. Before the close of it, an event occurred which had probably a great influence upon Mrs. Carter's success in life, as well as upon her literary fame; for to it was owing, in a great measure, her most considerable work, the translation of Epictetus. This event was her acquaintance with Miss Talbot, which commenced in February, 1741. Indeed this was an era in her life of no small importance, for this acquaintance very soon ripened into intimacy, which continued uninterrupted to the end of that excellent and accomplished lady's life; and she was the means of introducing Mrs. Carter to many of her friends of great eminence both in rank and learning. In the same year they commenced a most unreserved and confidential epistolary correspondence, which, as long as Miss Talbot survived, met with no interruption,

tion, nor was ever checked by even the most transient coldness or estrangement.

It was at the house of Mrs. Rooke, near Canterbury, that these future friends first met. Miss Talbot had even then been for some time known in the world, and highly esteemed. One of Mrs. Carter's correspondents at that time expressed herself to her on this subject in the following manner:—"I heartily congratulate you upon your happy interview with the celebrated Miss Catherine Talbot. I do not wonder that your charming physician more and more engages you. A person who is possessed of such fine accomplishments as I hear she is, must certainly give pleasure to you who have a taste to relish them." It was by means of Mr. Wright, the astronomer, who was a friend of both ladies, that their meeting at Mrs. Rooke's took place.

Miss Talbot was only daughter of Edward, second son to Dr. William Talbot, Bishop of Durham, and next brother to Charles, the first Lord Talbot, and Lord High Chancellor. Her mother was a daughter of the Rev. G. Martyn, Prebendary of Lincoln *. Mr. Talbot died in 1720, leaving his widow pregnant of a daughter, afterwards so well known by the name of Catherine Talbot, who was born five months after the decease of her father. To Mr. Talbot's recommendation of him to his father, the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Secker, at this time Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, owed his first preferments; and this obligation he repayed by the most constant and affectionate regard to Mr. Talbot's widow and daughter. After Dr. Secker's marriage in 1725 to Mrs. Catharine Benson (sister to the good and amiable Bishop of that name) who resided with Mrs. Talbot, they all became one family; and from that time till his decease, Mrs.

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* Her arms on a silver coffee-pot, bequeathed by her to Mrs. Carter, are an eagle displayed (the colours not visible) impaled with Talbot.

and Miss Talbot had no other home than Dr. Secker's house. He died before them, and left them for their joint lives an easy income[*]. Mrs. Secker died in the year 1748.

To Dr. Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, Mrs. Carter was of course soon introduced by her friend Miss Talbot; and that eminent divine and scholar, whose character, though every day gaining ground, has hardly been appreciated even yet so highly as it ought to be, shewed her much kindness and esteem to the day of his death. For her sake, when he became Archbishop of Canterbury, he preferred her brother-in-law, Dr. Pennington, to the rectory of Tunstal in that diocese. The Bishop's attention and regard were not thrown away on one insensible to, or ungrateful for them. Mrs. Carter had the highest veneration for his talents and learning, and a great opinion of the sincerity and integrity of his character; for which last qualities there were some persons who were not inclined to give him credit. But she who knew him so well, and had indeed better opportunities of judging of him, from their long intimacy, than most other persons could have, was fully convinced as well of the soundness of his religious principles, as of the excellence of his moral character[†]. In both these respects, those who were most acquainted with Dr. Secker agreed with her, especially that eminent Prelate, and well known ornament of the Christian Church, who published the account before-mentioned of his friend and patron *.

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[*] 13,000l. stock 3 per cent. For many of these particulars, the author is indebted to the excellent Review of the Archbishop's Life and Character, by Dr. Porteus, once his Chaplain, and now Bishop of London, first printed in 1770.

[†] When he was promoted to the see of Canterbury in 1758, Dr. Carter wrote to his daughter in these terms:—"I congratulate you on the promotion of his Lordship of Oxford to the see of Canterbury. If this was effected by Mr. Pitt, it is a good token that he has a greater regard to things serious than usually ministers of state are possessed of. No one of the bench can pretend to so constant and full a regard to the pastoral care as his Lordship justly can; and I hope his example, as well as prudent government, will do much service to religion."

Such indeed was Dr. Secker's attention to Mrs. Carter, and so high his opinion of her seemed to be, that it was supposed by many of their friends, after he became a widower, that he wished to marry her. This, however, she always positively denied to be the case, and was fully convinced that he felt for her nothing more than friendship and esteem. She always seemed indeed to be hurt at the idea, and never liked to have it mentioned or alluded to even by her relations. The same thing was also affirmed with regard to that good and amiable prelate, Dr. Hayter (first Bishop of Norwich, and then of London) with whom she was much acquainted; and some of their cotemporaries are not clear that in this case the rumour was equally unfounded. Mrs. Carter, however, never allowed it to be true, and it is pretty certain that whatever the Bishop's inclinations might be, they never led him so far as to make her an offer of marriage. Once, indeed, when the two Bishops and Mrs. Carter were together, Dr. Secker jocularly alluded to this subject, and said, "Brother Hayter, the world says that one of us two is to marry Madam Carter, (by which name he was accustomed to address her, and speak of her) now I have no such intention, and therefore resign her to you." Dr. Hayter, with more gallantry, bowed to her, and replied, "that he would not pay his Grace the same compliment, and that the world did him great honour by the report."

These circumstances, however, occurred many years after the time of which we are now speaking, that of her introduction to Miss Talbot by which they were occasioned. That lady's

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* There is a paper in Mrs. Carter's hand-writing, indorsed, "Copied from a MS. of A. B. P. Secker," which well deserves to be made public; and as it is not inserted in the Bishop of London's life of him, it will be printed in the Appendix to this volume.

friendship brought Mrs. Carter more into the world than ever, though she had never lived a life of seclusion even in the country. It is indeed surprising how she could find time to prosecute her studies, considering how much she was caressed, and that her company was courted by all the principal families in the eastern part of the county.

After the publication of the small collection of poems in 1739, mentioned before, which was the only authorised one * till

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* In a letter to William Duncombe, Esq. in August, 1750, Mrs. Carter says, "Mr. Cave is the only person who ever had any poetry, with leave to print it, from me, and he not for some years. All the rest, which you have seen in other collections, were without my consent or knowledge. The Odes in Mr. Dodsley's Miscellany I was surprised to meet there, for he had them not from me." Mr. Richardson too had inserted in his Clarissa her Ode to Wisdom. She wrote to him to complain of it, and he sent her the following handsome and satisfactory apology. They were ever afterwards very good friends, and Mrs. Carter had much respect and esteem for him.

To Mrs. CARTER.

"Be pleased, Madam, to receive a faithful relation of the occasion of the trespass I have made, for which you call me to severe, however just, account in your favour of the 13th. I have a worthy kinswoman, Miss Elizabeth Long her name, who shewed me the Ode to Wisdom, as a piece she knew I should admire. She had obtained the promise of a copy of it when in Wiltshire, a few weeks before (at Mr. Long's, I think) and one was accordingly sent her. I wanted not matter for the piece I had then ready for the press, I had a redundance of it; and after it was written, parted with several beautiful transcripts from our best poets, which I had inserted, in order to enliven a work, (my characters being all readers) which perhaps is too solemn; but the Ode being shewn me as written by a lady, and the intention of my work being to do honour to the sex, to the best of my poor abilities, I was so pleased with it, that I desired my kinswoman to give me what light she could as to the author, and to write down into Wiltshire, to be informed whether any exception would be likely to be taken if I should insert it. She said, she had herself, when in Wilts, been desirous of knowing who the author was, but had no other intimation given her, than that the Ode was really written by a lady, and by one whom she had had the honour once to see. Whence she conjectured the lady to be a descendant of the famous Mr. Norris, of Bemerton.

"She

till that in 1762, and the two translations of which an account has been already given, it does not appear that Mrs. Carter wrote any thing for the press, before the celebrated translation of Epictetus, of which more hereafter. There is indeed a circumstance mentioned, or rather alluded to, in a letter to her from her father in the year 1743, as if she had written a play. If such was the truth, her maturer judgment probably induced her

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"She wrote, however, but could get no further light; but said, as there were more copies of it, as it had been given to her without restriction, as I thought the piece excellent in itself, and that the inserting it, with the distinction I talked of, could bring no disreputation on the author—no name to be mentioned—she was of opinion no offence could be given or taken.

"By this time my little work was so far advanced at press, that I was obliged to resolve one way or other, and I ventured to insert it. I presumed not to make my character, though the principal one, claim it; only doing intentional honour to it, by setting it to musick, which is done in a masterly manner. I caused it to be engraved and wrought highly, the more to distinguish it; and all this trouble I might have spared, and the expence with it, as though the Ode would have been an ornament to any work, and an honour to any character, it was not expected.

"Upon the whole, give me leave to say, that I was not in this re-acknowledged trespass governed by any low or selfish principle. I should have been the last to forgive myself for *such* if I had, and the rather, as this is the first charge of the kind that ever was made against me.

"You will give me leave, Madam, to desire your acceptance of two little volumes, (in half binding, as an unfinished work) not by way of satisfaction or atonement, but to see how the Ode is introduced. That satisfaction or atonement shall be whatever you are pleased to require; for I think I would sooner be thought *unjust* or *ungenerous* by any lady in the world, than by the author of the Ode upon Wisdom. I send them by the Canterbury coach, and am,

Madam,

Your sincere admirer and humble servant,

S. RICHARDSON."

Salisbury court, Fleet-street,
Dec. 18, 1747.

"I received the honour of your's but last night."

her to destroy it, for no vestiges of such a performance now remain. The world, I think, can hardly be supposed to have sustained a loss in it, for there is little reason to believe that she would have had any considerable success in that line of writing, for which her genius seems to have been by no means adapted *.

By this time, however, she had not only a very large and respectable acquaintance, but was also well known to the public; and some farther fruits of her studies seem to have been expected. In 1746 her father began a letter to her by saying, " I had a letter from Mr. Cave last night, in which he says, I cannot persuade Miss to undertake any thing, and the world wants to know what she is about." But if she wrote but little, she read much. Wherever she was, her studies were never remitted; and she was continually adding to her stock of learning and knowledge. Yet some interruption to them was given but too often by a complaint which never wholly quitted her to her last moments: this was the head-ach, which was frequently so bad as to prevent her from reading, and even sometimes to confine her for whole days to her bed. It was first brought on by watchings and laborious study, and probably continued by the same; for the more she was in the air, and the more exercise she took, the less she was afflicted with it. Of this she was fully sensible herself, though her anxious desire of the improvement of her mind made her often neglect that of her health.

On this subject she thus expressed herself in a letter to an intimate friend in the year 1746:—" I want to know how you do, as you complained in your last of the head-ach, a disorder

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* Yet when the celebrated tragedy of the Gamester came out in 1752, it was at first attributed to Mrs. Carter; which report is twice mentioned by Mr. Duncombe in his letters to her. Though she certainly had no hand in it, yet the prevalence of such an idea shews the opinion which the public entertained of her abilities.

I too well know how to pity you for. I hope, however, it is not so constant and indefatigable as mine. I find no remedy so good for it as rambling about. Health, that flies the downy pillow of sloth, and the confinement of studious repose, lives in the wild range of rural scenes, and converses with mountain nymphs and hamadryads. I found her yesterday afternoon in a hazel grove, diffusing life and joy over every object. Now if I was to put this into plain English, it would inform you that I went a nutting, and had not my head ach. After all, dear Hetty, did you ever go a nutting? You cannot think how I enjoyed the thought of lugging home a sack full, and was mightily pleased with my expedition, though I could not find one. However, my fellow nut-catcher and I have another wood in reserve, where we hope for better success.

" I waked last night at some unseasonable hour, and seeing the stars glitter, I could not help getting up to take a view of the sky, and I think never saw a finer glow of constellations in my life. Orion and Sirius quite dazzled me. This sight did me a great deal of good, and after a little contemplation upon it, I returned very quietly to sleep. To be sure it is a great happiness to accustom one's self to take extreme pleasure in objects so easily acquired."

This last observation shews the constant care with which Mrs. Carter regulated her mind even early in life. In a different form, and other words, she often repeated it, and used to say, that it was one great and striking proof of the goodness of God, that so many objects of nature were capable, from their beauty as well as use, of imparting so much, and such perfectly innocent, pleasure. And hence she always inculcated the necessity of endeavouring to acquire such a frame and temper of mind, as to be enabled to have a taste for such enjoyments as make this world delightful, and yet throw no obstacles in our journey to a better.

Although Mrs. Carter did not use such regular and constant exercise as perhaps her health required, yet she was a very good walker, and in almost all weathers walked a great deal, till very late in life. In a letter to a friend at Canterbury about this time, she thus speaks of her rambling even in the snow: "In proportion as my sister has mended, I have recovered my spirits, I am now nearly as gay and wild as ever, and want to be flying all over the face of the earth, though this weather something cramps my genius, for I cannot meet with any body here romantic enough to take moonlight walks in the snow, and travel as people do in Lapland. If I was happy enough to be at Canterbury, what excursions should you and I make through trackless paths, and enjoy a season that less whimsical folks shudder at. Certainly we odd mortals, that take delight in such things as make the rest of the world very sententiously pronounce us mad, enjoy infinitely more pleasure than the sober prudent part of mankind, who sit close to a fire because they are cold. To us every season has its charms; and even the gloomy prospects of winter have a kind of dark sullen beauty, that strikes the mind with no disagreeable sensation. Having read you this curious dissertation upon winter, I should next proceed to descant upon the spring, but I hold it better to wait till one sees whether there will be any such thing."

Lively as Mrs. Carter's letters generally were when she was in tolerable health, there appeared in this last an exuberance of spirits, of which the cause does more credit to her heart, than the effect does to her head. Her sister had been ill, and was recovering; and she, whose genius was the delight, and whose learning was the admiration, of all who knew her, was inspired with all this gaiety upon her account. Her affection for her family, indeed, accompanied her through life. It was so strong and so sincere, that neither the applause and favour of the world, her own prosperity in it, nor even her darling studies, were ever able to interrupt it, or draw her attention from them.

During this period, the greatest part of Mrs. Carter's time seems to have been spent either in London, or with her friends at Canterbury. When in town, she lived either at her uncle's, in Devonshire-street, or at Mrs. Rooke's, in Piccadilly. This was the case during part of the eventful winter of 1744-5, when an invasion from France was daily, or rather nightly expected. Yet in the height of some part of that alarm she was at Deal; for she used frequently to say late in life, when many persons wished her to leave her house there, for fear of the invasion threatened in the last and present war, that she had seen and heard too much of French boasting in her youthful days to be afraid of it now. Nor would she ever be persuaded to leave her home, or go to London before her usual time, though several of her relations, among whom was the author of this sketch, earnestly entreated her to do so, fearing, that from her increasing weakness and infirmities, she might not be able to retreat in time, should there be a real cause for alarm. At such times she used to relate, that in November, 1744, while the French troops were expected to land hourly, and there were very few regular soldiers in the kingdom, and scarcely any in the country, a man, late at night, galloped furiously through the town, crying out, "I am John Redman, of Walmer*, come to tell you that the French are landed." Now John Redman was well known in Deal, and such intelligence could not be doubted. The alarm became general, the inhabitants assembled, and the man was examined by the Mayor. He persisted in his story, and it was confirmed by other people who had come by the same place. The drums now beat, the bells rang, signals flashed, and the women and children ran screaming about, as if the town was already taken by storm. Meanwhile the men, to their great credit, got together such arms as they could, and determined to fight for their families. After a while, some persons were sent out, according to the practice of the best generals, for intelligence, and the rest remained in a state of confusion and anxiety, which may be more easily conceived than described. At length, however, "wished morning came," the scouts returned unhurt and exulting, and poor John Redman was found to be only the echo of an old woman's terror, who was frightened by two idle or drunken young men, who had got into Walmer Castle, and were amusing themselves by making a horrible noise there.

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* A village near the sea, little more than a mile from Deal, where there is a castle, the residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in which there is a nominal garrison.

But however laughable such an alarm may now appear to have been, it was by no means considered in that light by those who shared it; and in Mrs. Carter's own account of it at the time, in a letter to a friend, there appears more indignation, not indeed unmerited, than fear. "I suppose," says she, "you have by this time heard of the terrible alarm we have had at Deal. I was on a visit, and heard the drum beat in a very unusual manner, and the man who was sent to enquire the cause came in all pale and trembling, and with all manner of horrors painted in his countenance, to tell us, that six hundred Frenchmen were landed at Walmer Castle. Upon this news home I went, and found the streets in the greatest consternation imaginable. The drums kept beating to arms; the bells ringing the alarm; soldiers running to the rendezvous; and the townsmen taking with all expedition to their arms. Nobody doubted the truth of the fact, especially as the ships and castle kept firing, and making signals that the enemy was in sight. The true reason of all this alarm was, that the garrison of Walmer Castle is, in this time of danger, defended by two women. Is it not a scandalous thing, that not one of the officers who receive salaries should reside at the castle? There is not so much as a single gunner there, and the porter is a pilot, and was then in London."

To fear, indeed, Mrs. Carter was never very subject, nor even when she felt it did she ever express it strongly. Her mind was too well regulated, and her passions too habitually under controul, to allow her to give way to frequent or violent emotions. The author of this account has several times seen her, when farther advanced in years, in real danger upon journies, from vicious horses and drunken postboys, in travelling in deep snows, and other situations of the same kind, but never heard her utter a scream, or shew any troublesome symptom of fear. "Nephew, do you think we can go on safely?" or, "Nephew, had I not better get out?" were her usual expressions in such cases; and when assured that there was no danger, or convinced that it could not be avoided, she became quite composed, laid herself back in the corner of the carriage, and shut her eyes, and then recommended herself in silence to that Almighty Protector, in whom she always put her trust.

But though the terror occasioned by "John Redman, of Walmer," soon subsided, the alarm occasioned by the expected invasion lasted at least during this winter, and the following one of 1745-6. Mrs. Carter was then on a visit at Dr. Lynch's, the Dean of Canterbury, by which she escaped a great deal of the confusion which was then general along the coast. Considering the analogy between those times, and the similar period which has so lately fallen under our own observation in the present as well as in the last war, some extracts of the letters which were addressed to Mrs. Carter, upon this occasion, from her father and sister, seem sufficiently curious and interesting to deserve a place here.

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LETTER I.

FROM DR. CARTER.

Deal, *Nov.* 9, 1745.

" My present scheme is to set out for Maidstone on Monday morning, to serve my King and my Country. You desired to know my opinion of public affairs. In one word, I fear they are bad. The Rebels, I suppose, are by this time at Carlisle. I had a private letter on Thursday night, acquainting me that the Rebels were marching to Carlisle, and had given the go-by to General Wade. The news last night confirms this account, with some additions very disagreeable."

LETTER II.

Deal, *Dec.* 15, 1745.

" Here was a most terrible alarm indeed on Tuesday night. I was at Dean*, and escaped it. Soon after twelve at night the drums beat to arms, and the soldiers were sent immediately to Dover; but nobody knew for what reason. As to my opinion of the invasion, I think we are in great danger. Every night we go to bed, I expect it before morning: however, I thank God, it very little breaks my rest. I cannot imagine that the French King will drop his design upon the present bad (as it may be thought) affairs of the Rebels; for in my opinion their affairs are far from being so bad as many seem to suppose. We know that their ships are already to a great number at Dunkirk, and are out in the road. And as the wind now is, I can't find that it is in our power (at best 'tis very hazardous) to prevent their landing to the Westward, if they resolutely attempt it. I have seen so much indifference and folly in almost all sorts of people, since our troubles began, that at some moments I am out of all patience. My prayers are reduced to a short compass, "Impavidum feriant ruinæ." The children are not gone; I wish I knew where to dispose of them."

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* The seat of Sir George Oxenden between Deal and Canterbury.

LETTER III.

Deal, *Dec.* 21, 1745.

"Yesterday evening Admiral Vernon sent a letter directed to John Norris, Esq., or in his absence to the Mayor of Deal, to say, that he had received intelligence that the French designed to land at Dungeness, from Calais and Boulogne; that their transports are got to those ports; that Lowendhal and the Pretender's son, and all the officers, are at Dunkirk, ready; that the Admiral was sending cruizers towards Dungeness, and intended to sail himself with part of his ships to-day; that he had ordered his cruizers, when they saw the enemy approaching, to hoist a jack at the mast head, and fire guns every half hour, for a signal to alarm the coast; and he desired Mr. Norris that the neighbouring towns should be acquainted with it.

"Thus far the Admiral. I have not heard that Norris or the Mayor have stirred at all in the matter. However, I luckily very soon got a copy of the Admiral's letter, and sent one to Sir Narborough D'Aeth*, and another to Sir George Oxenden last night. I imagine Sir George will alarm Canterbury before you receive this. Admiral Martin is expected every hour with his squadron in the Downs; so that I do not apprehend we are in much danger here. I am not at all frightened; for I hope if they land they will not be able to make any considerable progress. I shall not move the children till I hear they are landed, and know where."

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* Of Knolton, about seven miles from Deal. He was father of the present Baronet of the same name; and grandson of Admiral Sir John Narborough, Bart.

The letters from Mrs. Carter's sister, then a girl under twenty years of age, are, as might be supposed, less accurate, and more full of reports; but, perhaps, not less interesting.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS M. CARTER, AFTERWARDS MRS. PENNINGTON.

(No Date.)

" My Papa received a letter from London last night, in which he is informed by undoubted authority, that there are actually 12,000 forces on board the Transports at Dunkirk, with saddles for 1500 horse, and spare arms, with design to invade Great Britain; but at what part is not known. Yesterday there came an express to Sir John Norris*; and at seven o'clock this morning the fleet sailed. Soon after them came a Custom-House officer, who saw this morning fourteen or fifteen sail of French, two miles on this side of Dungenesse. Sir John has with him twenty ships of the line, besides others. God send he may defeat them. The mate of a packet, which came from France yesterday, says, a notion prevails there, that our King is in the Tower, and the Pretender's son invited here, as he is turned Protestant. 'Tis thought their design is on Scotland. My Papa is gone to Folkstone to see the fight. Pray for their success. The Lieutenancy of London, among whom was my uncle, waited on the King with a very loyal address, at which he seemed much pleased. They all kissed his hand."

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* Admiral Sir J. Norris, who had then the command of the Fleet in the Downs.

LETTER II.

(No Date.)

"I am much obliged to you for the pains you have taken to dissipate my fears. Our troops in Flanders I doubt will be of little service. The Dutch, I know, are hourly expected; and are to be posted 3,000 in Scotland, which has not a soldier in it, and the others in Essex. The French men of war yesterday sailed from Dunkirk roads. Sir John *(Norris)* has for this week had a man to watch their motions on the mast head; but, unluckily, they went by without being seen. The enemy went to the Westward: Sir Charles Hardy, I hope, will stop them. Our ships are not yet gone to Margate roads. Papa is half mad at this news, and is almost ready to go on board himself."

LETTER III.

(No Date.)

"We are much obliged to you for the concern you express for us touching the French. Our fears were certainly very great and trying; though myself, I think, had a remarkable and wonderful deal of courage. Papa looked extremely profound, Mama gaped, Polly* secured her money, and Betty† wrung her hands, lifted up her eyes, and roared most wonderfully. I could not, cruel as I was, forbear laughing most powerfully, for which I was much reproved. Four expresses, I think, were sent from hence in one day. Papa, concerning this affair, is all fire and fury, and cannot sit two minutes at a time in his chair. A tender was sent to see what ships they were, and returned yesterday with this answer, "that they did not go nearer them than within five miles; that 'twas foggy; that they really did not know what they were, but they believed they were Merchantmen; there mought be one man of war; there mought be five, or more, they could not say." Papa is, as you may suppose, most furiously angry; and the more so, as they have sent an express with this wise news. 'Twas reported the Pretender's son was on board."

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* Afterwards Mrs. Douglas.

† A maid-servant.

LETTER IV.

(No Date.)

"I wish I could send you an account that would give you pleasure; but as that is impossible you must be content with hearing, that Papa went from Folkstone to Romney, where he saw, with vast pleasure, the English and French fleets but three miles from each other. Sir John (Norris) could get no farther that night, because the tide was spent, but intended the next morning to have attacked them; but Providence ordered it otherwise, and defeated their designs. For in the night a most violent storm arose, the French ran away, and our fleet was blown nobody knows where. Sir John is much reflected on for not going before he sent Captains Gregory and Geary to Folkstone, who returned and said they saw no ships: on the other hand the Mayor of Romney soon after sent an express to tell him they were there, which was not at all regarded; and Sir John staid a day longer till the news was confirmed. The storm was so violent here, that I tremble while I relate the mischief it has done. Eleven ships were on our beach from Castle to Castle *. The melancholy scene be-

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* That is, between Sandown and Deal Castles, a space of about a mile, in which the town is situated.

fore us would force tears from the most obdurate hearts. Papa was agreeably surprised on this side Romney by Sir George Oxenden, who, on seeing the fleets, was in the greatest spirits imaginable, but the next morning was as low. The Deal men say they never saw the sea look as it did yesterday in their lives. It is now quite abated; but 'tis a dreadful sight to behold the number of wrecks along the shore. 'Tis a great mercy that our fleet was not in the Downs."

LETTER V.

(No Date.)

" Yesterday war was proclaimed here with more solemnity than any thing of that kind ever was at Deal. Some of the officers of our Militia assisted, who make a better show than could have been imagined. Some Deal and Sandwich gentlemen have fitted out a privateer. I hope they will have success. 'Tis an honour to Deal to fit out the first privateer. Eight of the French men of war, which were off Romney, were driven by the storm on the rocks of La Hogue; and nine transports driven on shore at Dunkirk."

There are several more letters upon the same subject, which are omitted; but these serve to show the state of opinion upon the Coast at that time, and can hardly be read without reminding us of our own times. Yet surely it may justly be added, that these last seem to have greatly the advantage. There is hardly any body, I believe, in the present day, who has felt or witnessed the terror which seems by these letters then to have prevailed upon the Coast. The London newspapers have indeed expatiated upon it; and the false accounts inserted in them have served to terrify the cockneys, and the inland inhabitants; but on that part of the Coast nearest to, and most exposed to the enemy, my own personal knowledge convinces me that no such alarm has been experienced. It may also be observed, that great, and even enormous, as the power of the French Usurper now seems to be, yet our strength also appears to have encreased in perhaps at least as great a degree; so that we are probably much better able now to cope with the apparently overwhelming force of Buonaparte, than we were then with that of Louis XV. With regard to the relative strength of our Navy, even the most timorous allow, that no comparison can be made: and I believe it is now pretty universally allowed, even on the Continent, that the reputation of our armies is as high as that of any in Europe. And it can hardly be supposed, that in a similar situation any of our present Admirals would either wish, or even dare, to imitate the cold and cautious plan of Sir John Norris. Then also every man was doubtful of his neighbour's principles, and no one knew who could be depended upon; whereas now the whole country, (however divided as to political opinions of inferior consequence) seems completely united against our foreign enemies, and determined to oppose them even to the grave.

These observations may perhaps be deemed out of place, yet they appeared to arise naturally from the subject, and contain indeed not less Mrs. Carter's opinions, than those of the writer. It is to be lamented that none of her letters of this date (except that of which a part has been given) relate, unless in a very cursory manner, to this subject; and when she does mention it, she complains of the want of authentic information, and is therefore unwilling to enlarge upon it. At all times indeed she was extremely careful not to speak of, or even attend to, mere flying reports, either of a public or private nature; and she might therefore be expected to be particularly guarded in a matter of so much consequence.

About this time, in the year 1745, Mrs. Carter happened to be in company with a gentleman of no small consideration in that day, though his wit and talents are even already nearly forgotten, and his reputation is just sufficient to class him among the minor poets of the age. This incident shall be related in her own words, as written to a friend.

"I must tell you that the celebrated Mr. Paul Whitehead has been at Deal, with a family where I often visit: and it was my fate to be once in his company much against my will; for having naturally as strong an antipathy to a wit, as some people have to a cat, I at first fairly run away to avoid it. However, at last I was dragged in, and condemned by my perverse fortune to hear part of a satyre just ready for the press. Considered as poetry and wit, it had some extremely fine strokes; but the vile practice of exalting some characters, and abusing others, without any colour of truth or justice, has something so shocking in it, that the finest genius in the world cannot, I think, take from the horror of; and I had much ado to sit with any kind of patience to hear it out. Surely there is nothing more provoking than to see fine talents so wretchedly misapplied."

Of what satyre Mr. Whitehead read a part is not mentioned; it must, however, have been one which was not published till after April, 1745, which is the date of this letter. But to this species of poetry Mrs. Carter had a greater dislike than to any other; even in the Latin poets. She thought it savoured very much of insolence, conceit, and ill-nature, and doubted whether it ever produced any good effects. When Mr. Pope says:

———" I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone."

Her opinion was, that there was much more of vanity than truth in the assertion; and that she did not believe that vice was ever much depressed, or virtue elevated, by the efforts of any Satirist. One reason for which she hints at in the foregoing extract, that all satirical writers of every age and country uniformly extol those who are their friends, or of their own party, while they hold up to ridicule and abuse not only those who are really vicious, but all those who differ from themselves*. And thus their well known partiality prevents the little good which might otherwise be produced by such writers. Both Churchill and Pope are striking examples of the truth of these observations.

It has been mentioned before, that Mrs. Carter never made any considerable progress in the art of drawing. In a letter to Miss Talbot of this date she thus expresses herself concerning it.

" I congratulate you on the extreme pleasure you must take in so charming an amusement as painting, in which I am persuaded you must, as in every thing, excel. I have lately taken great pains to acquire some little notion of this delightful art; but with such wretched success, that I begin to lose my courage. I never had any kind of instruction but from two or three books, as utterly unintelligible to me as if they were written in the Calmuck language. In short I have nothing to assist me but industry, and a strong inclination; for genius I have none, and I want mightily to know whether one can make any progress without it; not that I expect, dear Miss Talbot, that you should inform me, for this is a circumstance of which you can have no idea. It would be a great pleasure to me to hear sometimes what particular work you are engaged in, and what sort of painting * you are most fond of."

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* Just as in the language of Cicero, " omnes boni," means nothing more than those of his own party, and vice versâ.

Miss Talbot was indeed most highly accomplished in the usual sense of the word; but this was one of the least of her merits, and would have been but a small recommendation to the friend to whom she was so warmly attached. But in her, piety, virtue, and genius were the foundation; and learning and accomplishments were the ornamental parts of the superstructure. Hence she was the delight of all who knew her. The grave and aged respected her for such virtues and devotion shewn in the bloom of youth, and the temptations of high life; and the gay and young loved her for the sweetness of her temper, her unassuming temper, and the variety and charms of her conversation. She lived therefore in a great deal of company, and much in the great world, though still more in the good. She introduced her friend, Mrs. Carter, to many persons of note in both. Among these was Dr. Butler, then Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Durham, the learned and excellent author of the "Analogy;" and a man not less good and pious, than wise. He also distinguished Mrs. Carter by great regard and much attention. He had been the intimate friend of Mrs. Talbot, and continued that friendship to his widow and daughter. He died in 1752, after a long and painful illness, much lamented by all who knew him. Miss Talbot's letters to Mrs. Carter, who was then at Deal, upon

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* Mrs. Carter had a very fine landscape painted by Miss Talbot in water colours: it is now in the possession of the author of this account; as are some flowers admirably well painted by her from nature.

this subject, are so interesting and affecting, that some extracts from them can hardly be unacceptable to the reader.

LETTER I.

"The dangerous illness of one of our most dear and valued friends, the excellent Bishop of Durham, gives to every day a most painful anxiety for the coming in of the post from Bath. How rich have I been in friends, dear Miss Carter, and such friends as fall to the lot of few! Let me thankfully say how very rich *am* I! But the longer we live, the more are our hearts attached to that first set of friends amongst whom one's life began, and whose manners, whose sentiments, whose kindnesses are more in agreement with our own ideas. One loves those that remain of such a set the more dearly, for the love they have borne to those of it that are gone first. He was my father's friend. I could almost say my remembrance of him goes back some years before I was born, from the lively imagery which the conversations I used to hear in my earliest years have imprinted on my mind. But from the first of my real remembrance I have ever known in him the kind affectionate friend, the faithful adviser, which he would condescend to when I was quite a child, and the most delightful companion, from a delicacy of thinking, an extreme politeness, a vast knowledge of the world, and a something peculiar, to be met with in nobody else. And all this in a man whose sanctity of manners, and sublimity of genius, gave him one of the first ranks among men, long before he was raised to that rank in the world which must still—if what I painfully fear should happen—aggravate such a loss, as one cannot but infinitely regret the good which such a mind in such a station must have done."

"But this is an idle, a wrong regret. Providence needs not this or that instrument: whatever Providence orders is best. Your very Epictetus—Heathen as he was, poor good man—can tell me that. And heartily I acquiesce. But you will not wonder that I am affected, that I am very low, because I see Mama low, I see my Lord affected *, we all live in suspense, and there is not a room in this house that does not peculiarly remind us of him who was so lately its possessor, and who has so often, so cheerfully, and hospitably received us in it. But who knows, there may be still a happy turn in his illness. Be that as it pleases God. Let me thankfully acknowledge that I have still nearer, still more valuable friends of the same beloved first set, as well as many excellent and beloved ones of a later date. Who indeed in this respect (and what other felicity but that which, alas, is in too great a degree unattainable, feeling ones self worthy of it, can equal this?) is so rich, so peculiarly happy and favoured as I am? And good Archbishop Tillotson has been telling me this morning, that this felicity is not one of the transitory kind: he has been soothing me with the thought that every painful parting here shall be but for a few years, and every one overpaid by a meeting never to part more. Were it not for this, what would every article of such a treasure be but a gilded dart that must some day or other give one the most cruel wound! But, God be thanked, to a Christian spirit no view of life or of death can be gloomy, no pain or suffering can be an evil, and all the proud boasts of Stoicism are literally true, and yet not inconsistent with the deepest humility."

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* Dr. Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, and Dean of St. Paul's, from whence this letter is dated.

Soon after the date of this letter the Bishop died; and the letter from which the following extract is taken, was written about two months after that event.

LETTER II.

" Once before your company was a great relief to me in a melancholy time. I had then just lost the dearest and best of friends, the excellent sister of this last departed saint. You knew her not, and I could not talk of her with you; of him we might talk by the hour; for who that ever saw him, as you have done, could ever be weary of the pleasing subject? Pleasing it is to know by one's own happy experience, that there are such beings in human nature, such amiable and benevolent spirits, so fitted for a higher state of existence. What a loss does the world sustain in such a man, who shewed goodness in its most engaging form, who was a ministering angel upon earth to all the blessed purposes of a gracious Providence! But that Providence can at all times raise up fit instruments to fulfil its all-wise purposes. To that let us leave the care of the world, of ourselves poor passengers through it. May we everlastingly be the better for the examples of those excellent persons who are removed from us! May our spirits be always supported by the transporting hope of meeting them again! Mine have a great deal to support them in the inestimable blessings which it pleases God still to continue to me. And indeed, dear Miss Carter, I am at heart truly cheerful and thankful, though continually my heart is softened into unfeigned sorrow by the recollection of those most delightful hours, which in this world we must never more enjoy, and of those painful weeks which closed a life so beneficent, so exemplary. But it was exemplary to its latest moments. Never had Christianity a nobler triumph over exquisite pain and long approaching death than in him. He was not only resigned but joyful; and though impatient for a better world, yet submitting with the sweetest patience to a lingering continuance in this."

It is perhaps difficult to say whether these letters do most honour to the Bishop, who was the subject of them, or to the lady, who was the writer; to both, however, they are highly creditable; and when the very high character of each of them is considered, they will hardly be deemed uninteresting, though they may be thought misplaced. But a censure like this will be willingly submitted to, in the humble hope that the insertion of these letters may be productive of some good; that the young, the gay, and the unthinking, may possibly peruse in a book like this what they would have refused to read in a graver work; and that some beneficial effect may be produced in their minds from this well drawn picture of a Christian death, this affecting expression of Christian hopes.

Although Mrs. Carter passed a good deal of her time with her friends at Canterbury and in London, yet she had not for many years after this period any establishment of her own, either at Deal or in London; but her father's house was still her home. In the year 1746 Miss Talbot requested her to inform her how she spent her time at Deal. She complied with her desire in the following minute and humourous account.

" As you desire a full and true account of my whole life and conversation, it is necessary in the first place you should be made acquainted with the singular contrivance by which I am called in the morning. There is a bell placed at the head of my bed, and to this is fastened a packthread and a piece of lead, which, when I am not lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, is conveyed through a crevasse of my window into a garden below, pertaining to the Sexton, who gets up between four and five, and pulls the said packthread with as much heart and good will as if he was ringing my knell. By this most curious invention I make a shift to get up, which I am too stupid to do without calling. Some evil-minded people of my acquaintance have most wickedly threatened to cut my bell-rope, which would be the utter undoing of me; for I should infallibly sleep out the whole summer. And now I am up, you may belike enquire to what purpose. I sit down to my several lessons as regular as a school-boy, and lay in a stock of learning to make a figure with at breakfast; but for this I am not yet ready. My general practice about six is to take up my stick and walk, sometimes alone, and at others with a companion, whom I call in my way, and draw out half asleep, and consequently incapable of reflecting on the danger of such an undertaking; for to be sure she might just as well trust herself to the guidance of a jack-a-lanthorn: however, she has the extreme consolation of grumbling as much as she pleases without the least interruption, which she does with such a variety of comical phrases, that I generally laugh from the beginning to the end of our journey. I must make you a little acquainted with her, by telling you it was she who versified the proclamation of the immortal John Redman of Walmer [*]. Many are the exercises of patience she meets with in our peregrination, sometimes half roasted with the full glare of sunshine upon an open common, then dragged through a thread-paper path in the middle of a corn field, and bathed up to the ears in dew, and at the end of it perhaps forced to scratch her way through the bushes of a close shady lane, never before frequented by any animal but birds. In short, towards the conclusion of our walk, we make such deplorable ragged figures, that I wonder some prudent country justice does not take us up for vagrants, and cramp our rambling genius in the stocks. An apprehension that does not half so much fright me, as when some civil swains pull off their hats, and I hear them signifying to one another, with a note of admiration, that *I am Parson Carter's daughter.* I had much rather be accosted with " good morrow, sweet-heart," or " are you walking for a wager." When I have made myself fit to appear among human creatures we go to breakfast, and are, as you imagined, extremely chatty; and this, and tea in the afternoon, are the most sociable and delightful parts of the day. Our family is now reduced to my eldest sister, and a little boy, who is very diverting at other times; but over our tea every body is so eager to talk, that all his share in the conversation is only to stare and eat prodigiously. We have a great variety of topics, in which every body bears a part, till we get insensibly upon books; and whenever we go beyond Latin and French, my sister and the rest walk off, and leave my father and me to finish the discourse, and the tea-kettle by ourselves, which we should infallibly do, if it held as much as Solomon's molten sea. I fancy I have a priviledge for talking a vast deal over the tea-table, as I am tolerably silent the rest of the day. After breakfast every one follows their several employments. My first care is to water the pinks and roses, which are stuck in about twenty different parts of my room; and when this task is finished, I sit down to a spinnet, which, in its best state, might have cost about 15l. with as much importance as if I knew how to play. After having deafened myself for about half an hour with all manner of noises, I proceed to some other amusement, that employs me about the same time, for longer I seldom apply to any thing; and thus between reading, working, writing, twirling the globes, and running up and down stairs an hundred times to see where every body is, and how they do, which furnishes me with little intervals of talk, I seldom want either business or entertainment. Of an afternoon I sometimes go out, not so often, however, as in civility I ought to do; for it is always some mortification to me not to drink tea at home. It is the fashion here for people to make such unreasonable long visits, that before they are half over I grow so restless and corky, I am ready to fly out of the window. About eight o'clock I visit a very agreeable family, where I have spent every evening for these fourteen years. I always return precisely at ten, beyond which hour I do not desire to see the face of any living wight: and thus I finish my day, and this tedious description of it, which you have so unfortunately drawn upon yourself."

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[*] Mentioned before as the man who gave the alarm at Deal. His announcing himself was by this young lady thus versified:

"I John Redman of Walmer
Am come with a horrible clamour,
To tell of a very great rout,
But I don't know what 'tis about."

This letter gives an admirable account of the manner in which Mrs. Carter spent her time at Deal; and she continued to pass the day there much in the same variety of occupations even till very far advanced in years. The spinnet indeed had been very long neglected, but it retained its place in her dressing room to the day of her death; though it was then so far from being capable of deafening with its noise, that it had not a single key that would produce any sound at all. Her fondness for shrubs and flowers continued, and she used to visit them with much delight, perhaps every hour, in a small garden in the summer, and in different rooms of the house in winter. Till a very few years before she died she still took her morning walks. She was extremely fond of the prospect of the sea, and of the dry, healthy, and pleasant country in the neighbourhood of her native town. To the town itself, and its inhabitants, she was very partial; and till she grew weak and infirm, mixed very frequently in their society *. Though many of her neighbours there wanted a learned education, and were unable to converse on literary subjects, yet she considered that it must be the same in every place, and in every society. Many of them were endeared to her by long habits of friendship or acquaintance; and with others, where she was on a footing of less intimacy, she mixed in company, played cards, paid and received morning visits, and wished not to be distinguished from her neighbours, and to be upon civil, and even friendly, terms with them. They, on their part, paid her much respect and attention; and the common people there, who are for the most part bred to the sea, and rough, though not rude, in their manners, considered her presence as an honour and blessing to the town, and looked upon her almost as an object of veneration †. Indeed,

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* "I thank God I am not in such a situation as to be excluded from all agreeable society. For though there is not a great deal of company in this place, there are some people whom I sincerely love and esteem, and in whose conversation I spend many very happy hours. They are so good as to express a satisfaction in my being among them; and I feel a very affecting pleasure in studying to oblige and entertain them as well as I can."

This is the manner in which Mrs. Carter expressed herself to Miss Talbot on this subject, in a letter dated from Deal, August 1749; and her sentiments continued the same upon it to the close of her life.

† About thirty-five years before she died, Mrs. Carter had planted in a little court before her house, an acorn, which produced a tree now large and flourishing, and of which

deed, not to mention her character in other respects, the gentle civility of her manners, and her extensive and well applied charities among them, justly entitled her to their regard.

To any one who knew Mrs. Carter in these latter days, the letter given above must appear singularly curious, from the circumstance of the same little peculiarities attending her to the last, which she describes at that early period. She used to say, that the varying her occupations prevented her from being ever tired with them; and, accordingly, she hardly ever read or worked for more than half an hour at a time, and then she would visit for a few minutes any of her relations who were staying in her house, in their respective apartments, or go into her garden. Before this time indeed, when she was acquiring the immense stock of learning which she possessed, she studied very hard, and for many hours together. But great study was not required to keep what she had gained; and indeed her frequent head-achs, and other complaints, did not admit of it. Her general rule, when in health, was to read before breakfast two chapters in the Bible, a sermon, (among which she gave the preference to Clarke's, Secker's, some of Sherlock's, and all those of the present Bishop of London) some Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. After breakfast she read some part of every language with which she was acquainted, so that she never allowed herself to forget what she had once known. These occupations were of course obliged to vary according to circumstances; and when her

which she used to say with great pleasure, that it was the most eastern oak in his Majesty's dominions. When, after her decease, her house and this court were altering and enlarging for the author of these Memoirs, several of the sea-faring neighbours applied to him, hoping that he would not cut down that oak; and one of them added, that it ought to go down to posterity, like Shakspeare's mulberry tree. And when he was erecting a monument to her in Deal Chapel, several of them expressed their hopes that the epitaph might mention that she was born at Deal. Some lines upon this oak, from the elegant pen of Miss Knight, will appear in the Appendix.

health and the weather permitted her to take long walks before breakfast, some part of this course of reading was obliged to be deferred till later in the day.

When she was staying with any of her friends in London, her time must necessarily have been employed in a very different manner from what it was in the country. Here the variety of company into which her own merit, and the connections of her friends, introduced her, must have occupied a great part of her time. At the Bishop of Oxford's, as well as in other places, she met with many persons of literature; among them was William Duncombe, Esq. a gentleman of character and fortune, well known in the literary world. He afterwards, with the assistance of his son *, translated Horace, and in this undertaking wished to have the benefit of Mrs. Carter's talents and judgment. I do not believe, however, that he received much assistance from her, excepting some criticisms on different passages of that author, whom she understood extremely well, and used to read with much pleasure.

Mr. Duncombe corresponded with Mrs. Carter for some years, and appears to have been a very sincere friend to her. He proposed several schemes for her advantage (for he had very considerable connections and acquaintance) but she declined them all, because they would have interfered with her darling independence, and perhaps have been some obstacle to her studies. Mr. Duncombe's first letter is curious, as it gives an account of his plan in translating Horace.

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* The Rev. John Duncombe, of Canterbury, Vicar of Hearne, &c. &c. a clergyman of much respectability as well as learning. He married Miss Highmore, who survived him, and is still living. This lady's various accomplishments, her worth, and literary knowledge, have been admired in the world for many years. Mrs. Carter lived on very intimate terms of friendship with her, and had a very sincere and affectionate regard for her. Mr. J. Duncombe was also author of the Feminiad, a poem printed in 1754; the design of which was to celebrate modern, and for the most part living, female writers. Among these are some very just, though highly complimentary, lines upon Mrs. Carter.

To Mrs. CARTER.

"Though I have sometimes the pleasure of hearing you are well from Miss H———, yet I feel so strong an impulse to write myself to dear Miss Carter that it will not be resisted. I have some reason to believe that there has been formerly some acquaintance between our families. But however that may be, lovers of learning, you know, are citizens of the world, and receive one another as such.

"Without farther preamble, I will now open to you one of my schemes in the literary way.

"I have collected all the Odes of Horace that have been translated or paraphrased by the most eminent hands, viz. Roscommon, Dryden, Atterbury, Addison, Baron Gilbert, Hughes, and some others; and from time to time (as I was in the humour) for above twenty years past, translated now and then an Ode, by way of amusement, till at last I finished the whole; I mean the four books of Odes, and the Carmen Seculare, for my scheme went no farther. I have also writ large notes upon 'em, critical and historical. A bold undertaking this! you will probably say; and so indeed it is. But I have the happiness of being acquainted with some very good critics, and am not above taking the advice of my friends. No Ode that is indecent will be admitted.

"My son offered me his assistance last summer for the Epodes, which was accepted, and he has translated as many of them as were fit to be translated, much to my liking; but the second Epode by Dryden will be adopted. I should have observed, that he has not yet translated those relating to Canidia. (Excuse the jingle.)

"Methinks I now hear Miss Carter say, You seem to forget that there is just published an excellent translation of Horace by by Mr. Francis! Not so fast, good Madam, I have not forgot it: I have read it with pleasure, and commend it; and yet I am not discouraged.

"My translation of the twenty-ninth Ode of the first Book, (to Iccius, a philosopher) was printed in a Miscellany above thirty years ago, and afterwards in a Collection of Odes published by Tonson. Mr. F. has done me the honour to borrow great part of it; so that I seem to have a right to make reprisals upon him, if needful. I inclose the thirty-first Ode of the first Book by way of specimen; and choose that, 1st. because it is short, and 2dly. because I like the sentiments in it. Be assured that you cannot do me a greater pleasure than by giving me your corrections with the utmost freedom. I should be extremely glad to enrich this work with any thing from Horace *de votre façon*.

"Being lately to visit the A. B. of C——*, I found he had been reading Fairfax's translation of Tasso, which he justly applauded. The critics, said he, condemn the story of Erminia, because it is of the pastoral kind, but for my part I think it the prettiest thing in the whole book. His Lordship repeated with approbation these lines from Gould's verses prefixed to it:—

"Our language is at best, and it will fail
As th' inundation of French words prevail:
Let Waller be our standard; all beyond,
Tho' spoke at court, is foppery and fond."

"I was lately in company with Miss Harriet Cowper, a reigning toast, who shewed her good taste by repeating, in a sort of rapture, the *Ode to Wisdom*.

"If I can be of service to you in town, you may freely command me, for, without all compliment, it would give me the most sincere pleasure to have any opportunity of approving myself,

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* Dr. Herring, then Archbishop of Canterbury.

Madam,

Your affectionate humble servant,

WM. DUNCOMBE."

Frith-street, Soho,
8th March, 1749.

"P. S. The following Epigram, addressed to Mr. Mason, of Cambridge, was writ by my son, who is now at his College;—

"Soft harmony has Handel crown'd,
Titian for painting is renown'd,
And Dryden for poetic ease;
These all with different beauties please.
But Mason can at once inspire
The pen, the pencil, and the lyre;
And Dryden's ease the Nine impart,
With Titian's skill and Handel's art."

"I was roused this morning at half an hour after five by another shock of an earthquake. What judgments may be coming upon us, God only knows; but these warnings are very dreadful."

Mrs. Carter's answer to that part of this letter which related to Horace is as follows:—

"I am much obliged to you for the communication of your scheme of Horace, and wish you well through such an arduous undertaking. The notes you mention must certainly be very useful, and might let an English reader into the history of the court of Augustus, and be very entertaining. Mr. Francis's translation I never saw."

Mr. Duncombe was much connected with the literary world; his account of the reception of the Rambler can hardly be deemed uninteresting. He thus speaks of it in a subsequent letter:—"The Rambler gains ground every day, *viresque acquirit eundo*. It is a very rational performance, but I doubt wants more sprinklings of humour to make it popular. I am told that Miss Talbot is of the same opinion. Mr. Richardson had lately the honour of a visit at his house at North End, Hammersmith, from the Bishops of Oxford and Gloucester, and Mrs. and Miss Talbot. I am much more intimate with him now than I was when you were in town. The more I know, the better I like him. He is a hearty well-wisher to you and yours.

"Mr. Richardson says, as he believes you are quite reconciled to him [*], he designs, with your leave, to print the Ode to Wisdom *entire*, in the next edition of Clarissa. In the second edition, a few stanzas only were inserted with the music."

Clarissa was translated into Dutch in the year 1752; and with it, the "Ode to Wisdom" was given in Dutch verse, and set to music. It is said to be well done. The author was Mr. Stinstra, of Groningen.

It appears that Mrs. Carter did however translate for Mr. Duncombe one Ode of Horace, the fifteenth of the first Book, but whether that is inserted in his work, as I have not that translation by me, I cannot tell. No copy of it remains in Mrs. Carter's writing, which is accounted for by her own request to Mr. Duncombe, in the following extract from her letter to him on this occasion:—

To WM. DUNCOMBE, Esq.

Deal, *December* 14, 1751.

"Dear Sir,

"I should have sooner acknowledged the favour of your letter, but for this last fortnight my untoward head has given me so much pain, that I have been absolutely good for nothing. I return your Odes; and as I should be sorry to appear unwilling to what you call obliging you, I have attempted a translation of the prophecy of Nereus, and *talem qualem* you have it, though I really think it is by no means well done. If you should think fit to make use of it, I should chuse my name might be concealed, unless you should have any inclination to shew it to Miss Mulso*, to whose knowledge of the author I have no objection. I had the pleasure of a charming letter from her last night, and two most beautiful odes. To you I am extremely obliged for procuring me a sight of one of them, and to her own voluntary good-nature for the other."

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[*] See his letter to Mrs. Carter given before.

Mr. Duncombe, however, praised this translation very highly, though he proposed to the author to make some small verbal alterations in it. That particular ode was selected at his own request, as he said he had never seen a good translation of it. This was the only assistance that he received from Mrs. Carter, excepting a good deal of criticism upon particular parts of Horace, and some explanations of obscure passages, concerning which Mr. Duncombe did not always agree with her.

About this time, the late Mr. Hawkins Browne published his celebrated Latin poem on the Immortality of the Soul. He was acquainted with Mrs. Carter, and wished for her opinion of that work while it was in MS. Mr. Duncombe, who was a friend of both, sent it to her with a letter, of which the following is an extract:—

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* Afterwards Mrs. Chapone, and well known and much respected under that name. Her letters on the Improvement of the Mind are to be found in every library. She wrote also some highly finished poems and essays, dedicated to Mrs. Carter, among which is the much admired Ode prefixed to Mrs. Carter's Epictetus. Mrs. Carter had a very high opinion of this lady's talents and merit, and lived always with her in the most friendly intimacy.

"Mr. Browne desires me to forward these lines to you, with Mrs. Browne's and his compliments, &c. They are, he says, just writ, and designed, if approved of, to be inserted in his poem. He begs you will send him a critique on them with the utmost freedom. You may copy any lines that you like for yourself, and then return the papers with your thoughts upon them. He desires particularly to know your opinion of these lines, 'Quid memorem,' &c. to 'oblita priorem:' whether he shall insert or omit them. He hesitates about them. He and Mrs. Browne are in great distress: their charming boy has been some time ill of a violent fever; and though thought to be better, it seems still doubtful whether he will recover. I hope in God that these lines will not be applicable to him*:—

> "Heu! minime cum reris, in ipso flore juventæ
> *Mors inopina Domûs spem protinus abripit omnem.*"

In a subsequent letter Mr. Duncombe says, "Mr. Brown designs to write to you, and to send you his whole poem in MS. The Archbishop (Dr. Herring) is highly pleased with it†."

Mrs. Carter, like the rest of the world, very highly approved of this learned and excellent work; and says in her answer, "I heartily wish he may be prevailed on to attempt something on the same subject in English. They are very beautiful, and I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing the whole poem in print. I shall be truly rejoiced to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Browne are happy in the perfect recovery of their charming little boy."

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* Happily for his parents, his friends, and the world in general, they were not. J. H. Browne, Esq. is still, as he has been in several previous successive Parliaments, M. P. for Bridgnorth. For this gentleman Mrs. Carter always entertained the highest regard and esteem, which he repaid by the most flattering and constant attention and respect even to the close of her life.

† It was dedicated to his Grace, and printed in 1754.

To Miss Talbot, however, Mrs. Carter spoke in still higher terms of this admirable work. "I have just been making," says she, "some little foolish remarks upon a very excellent poem, which I hope will soon be published, on the Immortality of the Soul. It is written by Mr. Browne, and I extremely regret its being in Latin, though perhaps it may be just as intelligible to many of our pretty free thinking fellows as if he had wrote it in plain English. Mrs. Browne would have had me undertake to translate it, but I could as soon have built a house."

When the translation of Horace was quite completed, Mr. Duncombe sent it to Mrs. Carter for her corrections. Her general opinion of the work as a whole, may be collected from the letter which accompanied the return of it to the author; which may be supposed to be as favourable a report as she could make. In this she says, "I have made a few remarks upon Horace, but a perfect correction of them needs a more judicious critic than I. It is well and closely translated, but the poetry in some places wants a little heightening. The Ode to Bacchus, which I believe must be a very difficult one, appears to me to be translated with the most spirit of any of them. I think we have formerly had some altercation, without any conviction on either side, on the subject of pauses at the end of a line; which, in small pieces of poetry particularly, I cannot help thinking quite necessary." This was dated in January, 1753.

During this correspondence, Mrs. Carter does not appear to have had any particular literary pursuit, though she was much pressed by her friends to undertake some work of more consequence than what she had hitherto published. To this, however, she seemed but little inclined. Fame she never courted, but was so feelingly alive to censure, as to dread the exposing herself to it, or indeed to the observation of the world at all.

Her character was truly feminine, however strong the powers of her mind might be; and even to the last, she shrunk from too much notice, and felt a certain timidity in company whenever her friends brought her forward in too strong a light. Literary and religious conversation was her great pleasure, as those subjects formed her most interesting studies; yet she was also very fond of works of mere fancy, provided there was nothing in them contrary to religion and morality. True genuine humour, as distinguished from broad farce, if unattended by ill-nature or ribaldry, she enjoyed very highly; and though there was not much of what is generally called wit in her own conversation, yet it was always interesting, sometimes humourous and lively, but never stupid or prosing. No one indeed could be more sensible to the fascinating powers of wit than she was; but then it must be such as sparkled in the elegant vivacity of her friend Mrs. Montagu's conversation, not such as captivates the *profanum vulgus*, too often immoral, and sometimes indecent.

This lady, who was about two or three years younger than herself, was one of her earliest as well as one of her latest friends in the great world. She was too well known in it to make it necessary to tell in these Memoirs who she was *. Her beauty in youth, her great endowments and powers of mind in maturity, added to her own and Mr. Montagu's high connections and large property, made her the delight of that elevated station in life, which she was so peculiarly calculated to enjoy, as well as to adorn. She was indeed the ornament of every society; and the Latin adage, applied by Dr. Johnson to Goldsmith, might, with equal propriety, be said of her—*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* *.

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* To this lady's friendship for Mrs. Carter, the author of these sheets is indebted for his Christian name, for many obliging attentions, and for a journey to Paris for four months in the year 1776, with herself, Miss Gregory, now Mrs. Alison (daughter of the late Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh) and her nephew and heir, Matthew Montagu, Esq. of Portman-square.

Their friendship began early, and continued, without interruption, till the end of Mrs. Montagu's life. It was both intimate and affectionate; and there was a regular correspondence between them, during every absence, from the year 1754. It is much to be lamented, that the request of Mrs. Carter to the author of this sketch of her life, mentioned before, prevents him from publishing this series of her letters, as well as some others in his possession. They are such as would do honour to all the parties concerned in them, and might perhaps even be of service to the world. Such was at least the opinion of an excellent judge, a very amiable as well as intimate friend both of Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Montagu, the late Mrs. Vesey †, to whom one of Mrs. Carter's poems was addressed. This lady desired Mrs. Carter's letters to be returned to her with the following affecting note, not to be sent till after her decease.

To Mrs. CARTER.

" Lucan, *Nov.* 22, 1774.

" Accept, my dear Mrs. Carter, my last thanks for the benefit and delight of your friendship and conversation. Perhaps at the time you open this box I shall have still more reason to be grateful ‡. I leave you Mrs. Dunbar's § picture, and the inestimable treasure of your own letters, wishing much you would give them for the improvement of future minds. You will be still doing that good you loved upon earth, when you are removed to those happy regions where I wish I could deserve to meet you."

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* This elegant and comprehensive expression has also, I think, been somewhere applied, and very justly, to Mr. Burke.

† Wife to Agmondesham Vesey, Esq. of Lucan, near Dublin, and of Clarges-street, London. He was a gentleman of large fortune, and ancient family, and was a Member of Parliament in Ireland. He died some years before Mrs. Vesey.

‡ Alluding to the pains which Mrs. Carter had taken to explain and remove some religious difficulties which had oppressed Mrs. Vesey's mind.

§ Now relict of Joshua Iremonger, Esq. of Whorwell, Hants. She was a very dear and intimate friend of both ladies.

Even this interesting recommendation, a communication, as it were, from the grave, from a friend whom she dearly loved, and highly respected, did not produce the desired effect *. She always alledged, that many things, either allusions to passing events, or the common chit chat of society, might injure, if published, the characters of those who were gone, or wound the feelings of those who remain. That this is the case, with respect to many collections of letters, is sufficiently known; but all who were acquainted with Mrs. Carter, need not be told that no kind of calumny or ridicule found a place either in her conversation or letters, that she was always ready and desirous to excuse, or throw a veil over the common failings of humanity, and that nothing raised her indignation but vice persisted in, or daring impiety.

It has been mentioned before, that Dr. Carter had a large family: Henry, the youngest of these by his second wife, was designed for the Church, and his father began his education himself. After some years, however, Dr. Carter's health and

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* It is not certain, however, that Mrs. Carter ever saw this note, for it was on the top of the inside of the parcel which contained her letters, returned to her after Mrs. Vesey's death, which perhaps she never opened; at least I never heard her mention it. Mrs. Vesey did not die till several years after the date of this letter, and was for some time previously in a most afflicting state of mental imbecility. During this period, Mrs. Carter never omitted, while in London, to go every day to see her unhappy friend, though she was wholly incapable of conversing with her, and probably not conscious of her presence. Mrs. Carter thought she might know her, and it might give her comfort, though she was unable to express it; and however it affected herself, she never indulged her feelings at the expence of what she considered a duty.

spirits being then depressed, and his mind and time much engaged by other occupations, Mrs. Carter offered to take upon herself the sole care of the education of this her youngest brother. The offer was gladly accepted; and with unwearied pains, and the most maternal attention, notwithstanding an aching head, and the variety of her own studies, she completed her task. In the year 1756, her pupil was entered at Cambridge, a pensioner of Bene't College. The important event of his previous examination, Dr. Carter announced to his daughter by letter in these words:—

"My dear,

"I imagine you will want to know how your pupil went through his trial at Cambridge. I suppose the apprehensions he was under from the expected examination had no small effect upon his spirits. He was examined first by two of the Fellows, and last by the Master, who all well approved of him. I saw only the Master, and one of the other, both of which spoke in his praise."

Mr. Henry Carter is perhaps the only instance of a student at Cambridge who was indebted for his previous education to one of the other sex; and this circumstance excited no small surprize there, when it was enquired, after his examination, at what school he had been brought up. He passed through the University with reputation, and has for many years possessed the living of Little Wittenham, in Berkshire, then in the gift of the Oxenden family, and given to him by Sir George as soon as he was able to hold it *.

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* Mr. Henry Carter has four sons living, of whom the two eldest, Benjamin and Charles, are Post Captains in the Royal Navy. Thomas is a Captain in the Royal Marines, and George is in Holy Orders. He had also a daughter Elizabeth, who married the Rev. William Palmer, of Ilton, Somerset, and died, leaving issue four children.

For several years previous to the completion of her brother's education, Mrs. Carter was so much engaged with him, as to spend but little time from Deal. Having devoted herself to this task, she considered it a duty to attend conscientiously to it, and indeed, from the manner in which she speaks of her pupil in some of her letters at this time, it seems as if it soon became a source of pleasure also to her. She resisted therefore all the pressing solicitations of Miss Talbot, and her other friends, to spend part of the winter, during these years, with them in London; and however strong the temptation to comply with them might be, she persevered in fulfilling the engagement she had made. Her leisure hours were however well employed, since to them the world owes her greatest work, and that which principally contributed to make her known, the translation of Epictetus.

This was undertaken, as will appear by the following letters, at the desire of Miss Talbot, enforced by the Bishop of Oxford. It was begun in the summer of the year 1749; and was sent up in sheets, as fast as it was finished, for the entertainment of Miss Talbot, and to receive the Bishop's corrections. It was not originally designed for publication; and therefore at first some chapters were omitted, as not being likely to give her friend any pleasure, which were afterwards translated, and added in their proper place.

Mrs. Carter was therefore in her thirty-second year when she began this great and very difficult work; and as she wrote it leisurely, as her time would allow, which was then much occupied by her brother's education, it was not finished till the year 1756. The following extracts concerning this work, from Mrs. Carter's correspondence with the Bishop and Miss Talbot, is peculiarly interesting, not only on account of the circumstances attending so remarkable a translation, but because the Dissertations concerning the morality of Epictetus, and the enquiry how far it was likely to be influenced by the Christian writings, then pretty generally dispersed abroad and known, must be very acceptable to the world.

Miss Talbot was a woman not only of elegant accomplishments, but deeply read, and possessed of no inconsiderable share of learning. She was well skilled in the Latin, as well as in the modern languages; but the shining part of her character, like that of her friend, was her piety; a piety not kept, as is too often the case, for mere Sunday uses, but such as mixed in all her conversations, and every employment of life. She seems, therefore, to have feared, that to those whose minds were not completely sensible of the truth of the doctrines of the Christian Religion, the Stoical opinions of Epictetus might do hurt. Could this, however, have been the case, the notes which Mrs. Carter added to the translation, would probably have been a sufficient antidote to the poison.

In printing this part of Mrs. Carter's correspondence, there does not seem to be any breach of her injunctions on this head to her executor, both because it merely concerns a literary, as well as religious, subject, and because the letters are all properly arranged and dated, as if for publication, by Mrs. Carter herself, and the names of persons mentioned in them carefully erased. It must, however, be sufficiently evident to every person who reads them with attention, that they never could have been written with that view. It is moreover particularly delightful to see a man of Archbishop Secker's learning, eminence, and, in general, loftiness of character, as it were in his every day clothes. But though indeed Dr. Secker's manners were not usually considered as prepossessing, (one satisfactory apology for which may be found in his constant bad health, as is well stated by the distinguished Prelate who wrote his life) yet nothing could be more easy and pleasant than his intercourse was with his own family and particular friends. One instance of this, among many, Mrs. Carter used to relate with much satisfaction. She was complaining to him one day in the palace at Lambeth of the unfair manner in which our translators have rendered the 12th and 13th verses of the 7th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians; that for the evident purpose of supporting the superiority of the husband, they had translated the same verb (*αφιεναι*, and *αφιετω*) as applied to the husband, *put away*, and as applied to the wife, *leave; Let him not put her away*, and *Let her not leave him*. The Archbishop denied the fact, and asserted that the words in the original were not the same; but finding his antagonist obstinate, "Come with me, Madam Carter," said he at length, "to my study, and be confuted." They went, and his Grace, on consulting the passage, instead of being angry that he was found to be in the wrong, said with the utmost good humour, "No, Madam Carter, 'tis I that must be confuted, and you are in the right."

The following extracts from the correspondence, are relative to, or illustrative of, Epictetus. From this first of them it will be seen, that the translation was begun in consequence of some conversation that had passed between Miss Talbot and Mrs. Carter, when they were together; and that Mrs. Carter entered upon her task upon her return from London to Deal, in May 1749.

From Mrs. CARTER to Miss TALBOT.

Deal, *June* 20, 1749.

"I have really no patience with the translations I have inclosed you, for they appear to me neither sense nor language;

but I had much rather give you proof that I can write obscure and bad English, than that I could refuse to attempt at least any thing which you command me."

The Bishop of Oxford, however, thought very differently of the merit of the translation, as appears by Miss Talbot's answer to the letter which contained the foregoing passage.

MISS TALBOT TO MRS. CARTER.

"I trust to your honour in venturing back two of your translations, which I send inclosed; for remember they are mine, and must be returned. I give you a thousand thanks for having thus far complied with my request, and I hope at leisure hours you will go on with the same excellent work.

"The Bishop of Oxford says your translation is a very good one; and, if it has any fault, it is only that of being not close enough, and writ in too smooth and too ornamented a style. Epictetus was a plain man, and spoke plainly; a translation that should express this would, he thinks, preserve more the spirit of the original, and give an exacter notion of it. The next day after I had your pacquet, he wrote down the two hasty translations I have inclosed to explain what he means. This is all he has to say, except that he much hopes you go on in a work you are so well fitted for, and for which I hope to be much the wiser. Should you leave off now, I should almost be tempted to think that you take this critique amiss; but indeed if you knew how much I admire these specimens, you would, I am sure, gratify me with more, provided the application does you no harm, and does not hinder you from being employed in any way you like better. You will be so good to return me both your translations, and my Lord's, when you have compared them."

To Miss TALBOT.

"Return my most sincere thanks to my Lord for the instructions he has been so good to give me about Epictetus, which I will endeavour to observe. I have not done any more, for I really thought what I sent you so wretchedly ill translated, that I had no heart to make any further attempt. I believe I had some important thing to say in defence of my passion for ornament, and to have drawn in poor Epictetus to assist me; but my head is really so confused, that I cannot tell what I mean."

From Miss TALBOT.

"My Lord desires to hear all you can say in behalf of ornaments; but unless you can prove to him that Epictetus wore a laced coat, he will not allow you to dress him in one. You are welcome, I dare say, to the copy, [of what the Bishop had translated] and pray go on and translate."—P. S. [In the Bishop's hand-writing.]

"Let me speak a word for myself: why would you change a plain, home, awakening preacher into a fine, smooth, polite writer, of what nobody will mind? Answer me that, dear Miss Carter."

Mrs. CARTER to the BISHOP of OXFORD.

"It must be acknowledged, my Lord, that the Enchiridion is merely plain common sense; but is not Arrian's Commentary much less simple. The reasoning often requires a much closer attention than the generality of readers are willing to bestow, and in some places appears even abrupt and unconnected; should it not, therefore, seem necessary to translate such a book rather in a paraphrastical way? With regard to style, one certainly ought not to introduce tropes and figures which the author himself never dreamed on; but if the sense is preserved, is it not lawful to endeavour to make him speak such a language as will make him appear natural and easy to those with whom he is taught to converse, rather than to retain any peculiar modes of his own country, which, to those who do not understand them, may appear uncouth and awkward: and moreover books of morality, which have no sacred authority to recommend them, will find it difficult to recommend themselves without some little external helps."

The latter part of this letter was unfortunately lost before it came into the editor's hands; but the Bishop's reply to it is as follows.

Cuddesden, *Sept.* 13, 1749.

" Good Miss Carter,

" This naughty girl [*Miss Talbot*] hath sealed up her packet without giving me notice; and so you must take what I have to say by itself. Arrian is not a commentator on Epictetus, as Simplicius is; but professes to exhibit his very conversations and discourses, as Xenophon doth those of Socrates: and a translator should represent him in our tongue, such as he appears in his own: not indeed copying the peculiarities of the language he speaks in, but still preserving his genuine air and character, as far as ever is consistent with making him rightly understood. Where the terms of his philosophy are now become obscure, or the manners of his age and country unsuitable to ours: I allow the one to be cleared up, and the other softened, to a requisite degree, in the translation itself, and still more in a short note. Nay, some parts, those for instance where he digresses into logical niceties, provided a general notice be given of what nature they are, I think may be entirely passed over. Et quæ desperas tractata nitescere posse, relinquas. But with proper exceptions of this kind, every ancient writer should, in common justice, be laid before the modern reader, if at all, such as he is. And Epictetus in particular should, because he will make a better figure, and have more influence in his own homely garb than any other, into which he may be travesti. Abruptness and want of ornament very often add much force and persuasion to what is said. They shew the speaker to be in earnest, which hath the greatest weight of any thing: and the same sentiments delivered in a smooth and polite, a florid and panegyrical, or a formal and professional style, are no longer the same. These last were the methods in vogue when Epictetus lived; and they had brought philosophy into disregard and disgrace. He saw it with grief; and reproved Messieurs les Philosophes with an honest zeal. Surely then we should be very careful to do nothing that may but seem to approach towards transforming him into one of these gentlemen. And I am fully persuaded, that plain and home exhortations and reproofs, without studied periods and regular connections, in short, such as they might be supposed to come extempore from the fulness of the old man's good heart, will be more attended to and felt, and consequently give more pleasure, as well as do more good, than any thing sprucer that can be substituted in their room. I do not mean by all this to vindicate my own specimens. I confess myself to have bent the stick as strongly as I well could, the opposite way to yours. But I am content to divide the difference with you; which, perhaps, after we have both explained ourselves, will be no great one. Yet indeed, of the two, I think a rough and almost literal translation, if it doth but relish strongly of that warm and practical spirit, which to me is the characteristick of this book, infinitely preferable to the most elegant paraphrase, that lets it evaporate, and leaves the reader unmoved. I know you experience so much of this way of thinking in general, that I may very safely trust you with the particular application of it; and therefore shall only add, that I am, with high esteem, and every good wish,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

THO. OXFORD."

The strong sense of this letter, and the justness of the reasoning contained in it, will, it is hoped, to most readers be a sufficient apology for its length. It had the desired effect of convincing Mrs. Carter, as will be seen hereafter. Miss Talbot was also of the same opinion, which had deservedly great weight.

Miss TALBOT to Mrs. CARTER.

"I am much of my Lord's mind (so far as I can judge from the manner in which things strike me) for energy, shortness, and plainness. I return you a thousand thanks for your goodness in providing me this high and useful entertainment; and so far as the application is not hurtful or disagreeable to you, should extremely wish you to go on. But in either of these cases I had rather learn Greek, Arabick, or Hottentot myself, than put you on an unpleasant task, or give you an hour's head-ach."

In her answer to this Mrs. Carter says, "You need be in no trouble about my head, for it is upon the whole much better, and receives no kind of injury from Epictetus. It is impossible I should find a study disagreeable, which you are so obliging as to say gives you pleasure. I am only provoked with myself for doing it so awkardly; however, I hope to make some improvement from the excellent instructions which my Lord has been so good to give me."

MISS TALBOT TO MRS. CARTER.

" Enough of this subject: 'tis high time I should talk to you about your better employment, which, for my sake, you are so obliging as to persevere in. It is but fair to tell you, that we copy out your papers in a little book, so that you need not take the trouble now to return them again. I wish I could deserve half your goodness; but the fig-tree must have time you know to grow good for any thing."

The following letter is written with so much spirit, and puts in so strong a light the manner in which Miss Talbot made the lessons of the Grecian sage useful to herself, that I am tempted to transcribe it. And here it is proper to observe, that this was the only use to which the translation was then proposed to be applied, as no mention had been made as yet of any design to publish it.

MISS TALBOT TO MRS. CARTER.

Dec. 5, 1749.

" Indeed you are mistaken for once, dear Miss Carter, and I like your last packet of Epictetus better than any I have yet had. Not that it is without its difficulties; but a few difficulties which put one upon thinking, and which thinking will get over, are surely infinitely preferable to a languid diffuse explicitness. What force, what life, what strength, and shortness of expression! What excellence of sentiment! What dignity and authority of reason, and common sense! And what an excellent reproof and lesson has the honest, plain old man given to me, (thank you a thousand times for transmitting it.) Whenever I am seized with an impertinent, untimely fit of reformation, or with a splenetic dissatisfaction either with the company, or tedious lowliness, methinks I hear his voice sounding in my ears*—" But you are wretched and discontented; be pleased, and make the best of every thing. Call society an entertainment and a festival."—You are right, most revered Epictetus. In society our hearts should be open to every cheerful, good-humoured, kind affection. 'Tis a time of festivity when our business is to delight and do good to one another. What an idea, and how does it brighten up London to me! I will no longer call it—I dare no longer sigh to myself in secret, that it is a tumult, a chaos, a confusion, vanity and vexation of spirit; but I begin to feel myself grow sociable and tolerating.

" My Lord has read what you have done with great approbation; and do not be discouraged from going on, for you do excellently, and you give us all high pleasure."

This letter seems to have determined Mrs. Carter to proceed with her work, though the Bishop had refused to give her any more assistance by specimens of his own manner of translating the author; for this is the manner in which Mrs. Carter replied to this last letter.

To Miss TALBOT.

Dec. 16, 1749.

" 'Tis not to be told, dear Miss Talbot, how miserably I looked upon Epictetus, and how miserably Epictetus looked upon me, at the news that my Lord had so inhumanly given us up to our own devices; however, in consequence of our phi-

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[*] See Book I. Chapter 12. Section 2. of the Translation.

losophy, we are determined to go peaceably blundering on; he in being translated till I cannot understand him, and I in translating till nobody can understand me."

Miss Talbot's answer to this was dated on Christmas day; and this circumstance very naturally led her mind to one of her usual, just, and pious reflections:—"I cannot," says she, "omit sending you just now all the kind compliments and good wishes of the season. A season poor Epictetus was unacquainted with. Noble as his notions were, he knew not the happiness and dignity acquired to human nature by this day. His powerless Jupiter, that would have made him richer and handsomer if he could, offends me as Homer's and Virgil's melancholy Elysium used to do—What wretchednesses!"

In Mrs. Carter's reply, she appears to think rather differently upon the subject of the Pagan Jupiter; and her reflections on the Heathen Philosophers are very interesting.

To Miss TALBOT.

"Perhaps the passage you mention is not to be taken in an absolute sense as a total want of power in Jupiter to make him richer, &c., but only that it could not be done without altering that constitution of things which he has thought proper to appoint. "Placed in such a body," &c. I think follows somewhere in this chapter, and seems to justify this meaning. I must confess I have a much higher pleasure in reading Plato, and the other philosophers who wrote before our Saviour, than Epictetus, Marcus Antoninus, and the others who lived after. The remarkable difference in the clearness of their notions, shews that they must have been acquainted with the Christian Religion; and that such men should have been acquainted with it, and borrowed their best lights from it, and yet not be Christians, gives one a very painful feeling."

This last circumstance struck Miss Talbot in the same light; but rather inclined her to be angry with the poor philosopher than to pity him. In a letter, when the translation was considerably advanced, she thus expresses herself upon this subject.

MISS TALBOT TO MRS. CARTER.

" Every now and then I am shocked at the pride and harshness of the Stoic doctrines. *If affections make me suffer I renounce them. I,* the self-sufficient *I,* proud and confident in the dignity of a soul that is ——— what? *To mingle with its elements.* No! poor Epictetus! If laudable affections give me pain, I humbly submit to it as the due lot of frail and fallen human nature. If the giving a due check and restraint to those affections and sorrows is a difficulty, I thankfully and cheerfully undertake it, (satisfied that the goodness of God wills us to be as happy as we can, and to make the best even of this mortal state) nobly ambitious to exert myself as becomes a being restored to the hopes of a blessed immortality, and confiding in superior help to succeed its poor endeavours.

" Is it possible that Epictetus should have read St. Paul, or known any thing of Christianity, and not become a Christian? *He* ought to have been above prejudice, and a real votary of truth. And could he not see that the narrow Heathen system contradicted every notion and feeling of his own heart?"

In December 1752, Mrs. Carter says in a letter to Miss Talbot, " I have now just ended the translation, and will soon begin with the fair copy, or wait till my Lord has been so good to correct the fourth book, as you think best."

In the spring of the next year, 1753, Mrs. Carter was prevailed upon by the earnest entreaties of her friends in London, assisted by her father's request also, to spend between two and three months there, after an absence of about four years. The greater part of this time she was in lodgings, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, and part of it was passed at the Deanery there, as the Bishop of Oxford was then Dean of St. Paul's, with her friend Miss Talbot. During this period she paid a visit of two days to Mr. Richardson, at North End. They had always kept up a friendly intercourse from the time of their correspondence concerning the insertion of her Ode in Clarissa, and she had a great respect and esteem for him. This visit she spoke of as having been very agreeable to her, though she does not mention what company she met with there. Sir Charles Grandison was published soon afterwards, and Mr. Richardson sent her a copy of it, and she admired the work very much.

At the Deanery she met with that good man and eminent scholar, Dr. John Burton, upon whose heart, in Mrs. Talbot's opinion, she seems to have made some impression. Her letter to Miss Talbot, who was then absent from town for a few days, gives an amusing account of the Doctor's manners in society, which seem to have been less polished than his pen.

MRS. CARTER TO MISS TALBOT.

"I know of no extraordinary news to tell you, excepting that Mrs. Talbot does opine that I have made a conquest of the unaccountable heart of Dr. J. Burton—(μη γενοιτο [*])—one cannot mention Dr. J. Burton without talking Greek. The symptoms no doubt were mighty strong, such as the Doctor's being somewhat less vociferous and obstreperous than usual; and when he was accosted by the appellation of Dr. Jack, insisting upon his right to the more considerable title of Dr.

[†] St. Paul's usual deprecatory expression, translated in his Epistles, *God forbid.*

John. But however forcible all these arguments may appear, to convince you that they have no manner of effect upon me, it may suffice you to be told that I am still within twenty miles* of the Doctor."

But however loud the Doctor's voice might be, to which Mrs. Carter had always a most particular dislike, and however unpolished his manners, she had a great respect for his talents and learning, and a much greater for the goodness of his heart.

It was probably at this time, while Mrs. Carter was in London, that she was prevailed upon by the Bishop and Miss Talbot to consent to the publication of her Epictetus. The following note from his Lordship to her seems to prove that it was then in agitation at least, if not completely settled.

Saturday Night, Seven o'Clock, *March* 31, 1753.

"Mr. Foulis translated the first book of Arrian's Epictetus some years ago; but hath proceeded no farther: and being told the other day, that a new translation was in hand, wished success to it, and said he would further the sale of it as much as he could. This intelligence I have just now received from Dr. Wishart, Principal of Edinburgh College; to whom the Bishop of Norwich [*Dr. Hayter*] hath blabbed, that the translator is a lady. It is a little premature: but be not grieved, good Miss Carter."

But though the translation was now finished, much still remained to be done. As publication had not been originally thought of, many corrections were required, and some notes, to prevent its doing harm instead of good to those whose want of judgment might lead them to draw wrong conclusions from it. This seems very much to have occupied Miss Talbot's attention; for in a letter to Mrs. Carter, dated Sept. 1753, she thus expresses herself.

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* He was then one of the Fellows of Eton College, and resided there; and there too he died in 1771, in his 76th year.

"The Bp. of Oxford has been hard at work for you, and pray let him have soon a paper of queries for Mr. Harris *. When this main matter is done, it will perhaps be time enough to think of some kind of prefatory discourse, for the information of us uninformed readers; giving such accounts as can best be collected of the life and character of Epictetus, and the plan of the Stoic philosophy; in doing which, or in your notes, you will have good opportunities to mark out those points in which it is false, wild, or defective; and to draw comparisons between that and the only true philosophy, the Christian."

This scheme, as appears from Mrs. Carter's reply, she determined to adopt; though many other occupations prevented her from doing it so soon as she wished. "Epictetus and company," says she, "arrived very safely; and both he and I are very greatly obliged to my Lord, and the other gentleman, who have done him so much honour; and I will as soon as possible endeavour to profit by their instructions, and your exhortations, though it will not be so soon as I could wish. I have intended all this summer to give the translation a reading, but have been too often interrupted, even in my common employments, to set about it."—"I mention these circumstances" (her own head achs, and the sickness of her nearest relations)

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* James Harris, Esq. M. P. for Christ Church, Hants, and father to the present Earl of Malmesbury; a gentleman of great eminence, as a deep Scholar, a Philosopher, and Philologist. Mrs. Carter was well acquainted with him, and esteemed him much. He made her a present of his works. The queries mentioned above related to some difficult passages in Epictetus, which Mr. Harris's critical knowledge of the Greek language induced the Bishop and Mrs. Carter to submit to his consideration. He died in 1780.

relations) "that you may not think me less industrious than otherwise I ought to be. As to any lions and bears, which merely my own imagination may have conjured up against this undertaking, I am determined most heroically to knock them all on the head. All I have yet been able to do is reading Simplicius and part of Salmasius, which the Bishop of Norwich was so good to lend me."

"I find, to my sorrow, that Mr. Harris insists on the translation of that wicked logical chapter from which my Lord had in great clemency absolved me. To be sure it would be an excellent piece of revenge to prevail on him to do it himself; but I really know not how to make him such a request; so I must even attempt to do it as well as I can. It is but leaving it just as unintelligible as I find it. I am greatly obliged to Mr. Harris; and I hope my Lord will be so good, when he has an opportunity, as to mention my grateful acknowledgments of the favour he has done me."

"This has made the scheme public, however; and so this poor foolish translation, if it ever does appear, instead of the comfort of sneaking quietly through the world, and being read by nobody, will be ushered into full view, and stared quite out of countenance; but there are holes enough in the world for me to run my poor head into, whatever becomes of poor Epictetus."

About this time some of Mrs. Carter's friends had formed a scheme, unknown to herself, of getting her into the Princess of Wales's houshold, to be about some of the children; and Miss Talbot wrote her word of it, begging her at the same time not to refuse such a place, should it be offered. Mrs. Carter's answer gives so humourous a picture of herself, that I am tempted to insert it.

To Miss TALBOT.

"And now my dream's out, for I was a-dreamed—Not that I saw a huge rat, but really and truly did I dream the day before I received your letter, dear Miss Talbot, that for the greater convenience of curling my hair, I had cut off my head. Now whether this dream was the consequence of pretty violent pain, or the presage of the scheme you mention, I leave you to guess; but surely it was marvellously applicable to the last; for what is going to court, but setting one's cap handsomely at the expence of losing one's head?

"You charge me, my dear Miss Talbot, not to refuse such an offer, if it should be made me; but let me intreat you to consider how absolutely unfit I am in every respect for a court. Need I remind you of the very awkward, and even ideot figure I make in company where I am under the least restraint*; and that I have no one popular art of conversation to remove in any degree the prejudice which must infallibly be raised from so foolish and unpromising an appearance. Only consider how long and how nearly it is necessary for any one to be acquainted with me, in order to make the important discovery that I have any tolerable share of common sense; and how very unlikely it is that any such discovery should be made by people who will scarcely think it worth their while to make any very laborious search after it.

"Another objection to this scheme is the state of my health, which at present, from an almost continually aching head, renders me utterly unfit for such a way of life.

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* Mrs. Carter was extremely near-sighted, and was always obliged to use a glass; and this circumstance, which caused her to be afraid of making continual mistakes, encreased her natural timidity. This excessive bashfulness however wore off, and was very little perceptible in the latter part of her life, if at all.

"Besides I have not the least idea of my being capable of the very important employment which it is said I am designed for; though perhaps of this I am not a proper judge, as I cannot precisely guess what is the particular office to which, if there should be any truth in this report, I should be named. If it be only to teach the children to read, would it not be a more eligible life to be a country schoolmistress *with apron blue?* If for any thing higher, it would be forming too advantageous an opinion of myself to think I was qualified for it. Of Latin and Greek indeed I might perhaps be able to give them some notion; but this surely cannot be the scheme; for since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and Lady Jane Grey, who ever thought of teaching princesses Latin and Greek? But I am in hopes it will all blow over; for this very scheme was mentioned some years ago;" (alluding probably to the time when she learnt German by the desire of Sir George Oxenden, as mentioned before.) "It has given me many a fright; but I now begin to be quiet again, and to hope that nothing will come of it."

Nothing indeed did come of it, and I believe such an offer was never made. A life of that kind would have been probably very ill-suited to her in all respects. No one who knew her can doubt, that to her pupils it could have been productive of nothing but good; but it is not equally clear that her previous habits and manners had fitted her for a situation in which so much must have been required besides religion, virtue, and learning*; and it is very certain that she must in that event have sacrificed all the comforts of her own quiet life and studies; and, in a great measure at least, have given up the society of those friends and connections in which she took so much delight.

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* If the ideas of a very able and excellent female writer of the present age upon this subject are well founded, there requires a great deal more to fill such a situation properly, than is likely to be found in any one person.—See Mrs. H. More's "Hints," &c. 1805.

The translation of Epictetus being now finished, was left in the Bishop of Oxford's hands for revisal and correction. Meantime he and Miss Talbot earnestly pressed Mrs. Carter to collect what particulars she could, and to write the Philosopher's life. This she at first declined, both for want of sufficient materials, and for another very good reason, but so little to be expected by those who consider her as a scholar only, and therefore unwilling to attend to the details of domestic life, that it seems worth telling in her own words to Miss Talbot.

Deal, *March*, 1755.

"Whoever that somebody or other is, who is to write the life of Epictetus, seeing I have *a dozen shirts to make*, I do opine, dear Miss Talbot, that it cannot be I. However, seriously, I did think of the thing; but there are so very few particulars to be met with upon this subject, and those few so universally known, that it seemed to me quite unnecessary."

Nothing can shew her character in a higher or more amiable point of view, than the consideration of such conduct. Attached to her studies as she was, caressed and flattered by the great and learned, she never allowed herself to shrink from those familiar but less pleasing engagements, which she considered as a duty to her father, though their burden was not lessened by praise, nor their performance attended by eclat. For she had learnt in the best of all schools, that it is not in the most known and ostensible parts of human life only, that religious duties should be observed, but that the practice of them should pervade all those scenes of retirement, and those every-day occupations, which make up the sum of our present existence.

After the Bishop of Oxford's revisal of the translation of Epictetus, which took him up near a month's constant study, during which he was confined by a fit of the gout, it was returned to Mrs. Carter, with the following request from Miss Talbot, concerning the notes which she thought should be added to it. " It is terrifying," says she, " to think what effects a book so mixed up of excellence and error might have in this infidel age, if it be not sufficiently guarded with proper notes and animadversions. It seriously lies upon my conscience to suggest as many of this kind as I can. And I beseech you let it lie upon yours to insert very diligently in your blank leaves all such alterations and additions as you shall judge proper. And do not grieve at the task, for 'tis a noble one to complete such a work; which, when finished, will be of more use and entertainment than most books I have read; and will do honour to Epictetus, yourself, your country, and womankind."

To this request, Mrs. Carter replied thus:

To MISS TALBOT.

Deal, *July*, 1755.

" Demitto Auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis asellus
Quum gravius dorso subiit onus*."

" Well, if you will have it so, dear Miss Talbot, the creature must e'en trudge on, in vicum vendentem thus et odores†, and there quietly deposit its burthen.

" Seriously, however, I will receive your old friend with as much good humour as I possibly can, considering the intolerable impertinence of his interrupting me in the delectable exercise

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[*] Horat. Sat. 9. Lib. 1. V. 20.

[†] Id. Lib. 1. Epist. 1. V. 269.

exercise of running about the fields like a wild colt. Oh that my Lord could have done so too, instead of being confined to plot mischief in his chair!

" I have not, however, quite so strong apprehensions as you have of the mischiefs which the errors of Epictetus might occasion; for I am strongly inclined to think, that he will be read by none but very good Christians. To such indeed, the observations you hint at will be received with advantage and pleasure. No infidel, I believe, will find any great comfort in the study of Epictetus, unless he is perverse enough to take comfort in finding himself obliged to practise the morality of the Gospel without its encouragements and supports. From what causes infidelity does arise, must be left to the Searcher of hearts; but perhaps one might venture to say, that it does not arise from an admiration of the sentiments of the wise and good, and religious writers among the Heathen Philosophers; and it is with great consistency that Lord B*. has treated Plato and St. Paul with equal virulence, as I am told he has."

Yet still the Bishop appeared to be of a different opinion, and to think it necessary that notes should be appended to the translation, in order to prevent danger to careless readers. There was at this time a correspondence between him and Mrs. Carter, concerning the meaning of several Greek passages in the original, and the manner in which the terms of the Stoic philosophy should be rendered. These letters are omitted, because they relate principally to grammatical niceties, and difficulties attending the translation of some of the Greek expressions; but in one of them Mrs. Carter says, " Your Lordship seems to be of opinion, that this translation may do mischief, and I cannot help being a little alarmed and terrified about it. Epictetus, however well guarded in the translation, will, I fear, do but very little good to the unhappy people your Lordship mentions; and is it not therefore better that he should remain buried in Greek, where we may be pretty well assured he will do them but mighty little harm? Indeed I was always of opinion that the book would be of no use, but to those who the least need its assistance; but it never entered into my imagination that it would do any body any hurt. God forbid it should!"

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* Bolingbroke.

By Miss Talbot's next letter, it appears that Mrs. Carter had written to her a more ample defence of the Philosopher, but that letter is not preserved in the collection. What arguments she used will appear, at least in some degree, from Miss Talbot's reply to them.

MISS TALBOT TO MRS. CARTER.

" I have shewn my Lord your letter to me, and I think he is rather of your first opinion about the θυρα ηνοικται [*], that *Epictetus is inconsistent with himself*, than of what you afterwards suggest, that his permissions are all ironical. The same inconsistency I suspect you will find, in his sometimes speaking as if he could do every thing by his own strength, and at others bidding us invoke Divine assistance. Experience taught him, Conscience told him at some times, that we are poor helpless creatures, and then he spoke the language of truth: at other times proud purblind Reason, untaught, and unwilling to be taught by Revelation, that we were in a fallen state, supposed us noble and perfect creatures, capable of attaining whatever we would. And, by the way, to creatures fatally fond of all extremes, 'tis so much easier (seems falsely so much more heroic) to root out our passions than to regulate them, that I have seen very good Christian writers run into the absurdities of Stoicism. Whereas to keep carefully the narrow middle path, do diligently our best, own humbly that best to be wretchedly imperfect and faulty, and yet rejoice in the most unbounded hope, and aim continually at the most unlimited improvement—*this* is the truth and harmony of conduct suited to our nature and state, which Christianity, and its peculiar doctrines alone, can teach and enable us to attain. But these peculiarities were what raised the pride and prejudices of the world against it, and made it *to the Greeks*, even to Epictetus, *foolishness* *. And as the same principle influences so many modern heathens, I think it cannot but be most useful to point out to them how strangely blind and inconsistent he was, and what it was that blinded him as well as them.

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[*] *The gate is open*, i. e. *of death*. The question was, whether Epictetus, by this doubtful expression, meant to encourage suicide, contrary to his own principles, and the practice of the best of his own sect, or spoke ironically. If the former, he was inconsistent; if the latter, he should have made the irony more evident.

" My Lord says there is a great deal in what you say in your third page in defence of Epictetus, when you suppose that he might enjoy the benefit of a light generally diffused, without knowing distinctly whence it came. Poor Epictetus! I hope it was so. Yet this I must say; had he not been dazzled with the little light he had, and too well satisfied that himself was a luminous body from whence it proceeded, he would have sought more diligently for the true sunshine, and seeking would have found it. If he had approved the Scriptures, you say, why should he not have quoted them? I own I apprehend he did imitate what he approved in them, the moral precepts; and the doctrines which he both disapproved and despised he did not mention. Still I am more willing to believe that he never did read the New Testament, than that, reading it, so worthy a man should have been unconverted.

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* 1 Cor. i. 23.

"Indeed I never meant to speak harshly of Epictetus, for whom my reverence and my pity are equal. But 'tis so much the way of the world to reduce Christianity to a mere moral system (not only consonant with, as it is, but) discoverable by mere reason and natural light, that I could not help earnestly wishing to have persons continually reminded in reading *his* excellent morals, how insufficient and imperfect *mere* morality is, and how much of *his* is borrowed, at least, if not stolen, from true Religion.

"I never can think of the immense task you have undertaken without great gratitude to you for so cheerfully going through it, originally, I think, at my request, and rather contrary to your own inclination. But this thought of its having been at first my own suggestion, has made me consider it the more attentively, and will, I own, give me very great and very lasting uneasiness, if this excellent translation, when it appears in the world, is not guarded in such a manner with proper notes and animadversions, as may prevent its spreading a mischief that I tremble to think of. The strict morality of it the infidel will throw aside for impracticable nonsense, but be perfectly satisfied that while it deprives him of the encouragements of the Gospel, it frees him from its terrors; and when such a life as he likes is no longer worth living, Epictetus himself will recommend the pistol. In the mean while, he will parade not a little with the exalted sentiments of Heathenism, and plume himself on the self-sufficiency and independency of man, and the Epicurean in practice will be a Stoic in debate.

"It will surely therefore be of use to shew him, that these greatest lights of the heathen world, (I do not include Socrates, who honestly owned that his sublimest notions were such as he had learnt, and wished very earnestly for clearer discoveries) were themselves poor, proud, purblind, wayward creatures; who, when the light of Revelation shone around them, were

obstinately

obstinately stumbling on by their own dark lanthorn. It will be fit to shew them to what precipices this dark lanthorn led: to pride, to hard-heartedness, to self-murder:—so far even Epictetus. Had he been indeed religious, he would eagerly have pursued the least glimpse of Revelation; but humility and repentance were mortifying doctrines; and poor Epictetus could steal phrases, and, I think, sentences, from the Bible, and yet continue a proud Heathen.

"Now what I want to see in this edition, is the right reasoning of Epictetus reduced by notes to those true Christian principles which alone can make them firm and sure, and practically useful. He bids us by our own strength root out every passion and feeling implanted in our nature. Christianity teaches us how to obtain that Divine assistance by which we may regulate and surmount them all. Epictetus assures us, that pain and misfortune are absolutely no evils, and that if we feel them at all it is our own fault. Christianity teaches us, that *the sufferings of this present time are not to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed* *, and that if it be not our own fault, we shall be abundantly rewarded for our patient sufferings. Epictetus treats us like perfect creatures, Christianity like fallen and redeemed ones, and teaches us at once our disease and our remedy.

"Many persons will study your book who scorn to look into the Bible: let them therefore be frequently pointed to the true source from whence all they can admire in the other is derived, and from which some passages are plainly taken.

"You do not believe that any but good persons will read this book. Fine gentlemen will read it because it is new; fine ladies because it is yours; critics because it is a translation out of Greek; and Shaftsburian Heathens because Epictetus was an honour to Heathenism, and an idolater of the beauty of virtue.

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* Romans viii. 18.

"With the cautions at which I have hinted, the English Epictetus will be a most excellent book, whatever objections I have made to the Greek one. There is a warmth and spirit in his exhortations that would do honour to better principles; and this set off with a keenness of wit and gaiety of humour that make him a delightful companion."

This is the substance of two letters from Miss Talbot upon this interesting and curious subject; the second of which closely followed the first, so that Mrs. Carter replied to them both together. The excellency of the principles displayed in them, and the accuracy of the knowledge both of the spirit of Christianity, and of that of the Pagan philosophy which they shew, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient apology for their length. It may indeed perhaps be thought that her reasoning is not very conclusive, and that it is not probable that the opinions of believers should be changed, or those of unbelievers be confirmed by the uncertain morality of the Grecian sage. But her error, if it be one, was on the safe side; and it is to her fears, and the Bishop's opinion, that we are obliged for the admirable notes and introduction with which Mrs. Carter's translation is enriched. Possibly there may be still less foundation for Miss Talbot's first ideas on this subject, that the study of the philosophy of Epictetus might be of any considerable use. We have *Moses and the Prophets*; we have the completion of them in Christ; and if men neglect, or refuse to obey the moral precepts delivered by such authority, there is little reason to suppose they will be influenced by any others. The moral precepts of Epictetus can never make a Christian; those who are already Christians need them not; and the Shaftesburian Heathens, as Miss Talbot calls them, who profess to love and follow virtue for its own sake, are already as good as mere philosophy can make them.

Still however, in another point of view, the translation of the Heathen moralist may be of use to the world, even by means of those very faults and deficiencies which Miss Talbot so ably points out. From them will appear the great inferiority of the doctrines of the very best and wisest of Pagans to those of Christianity; from them even those who are not yet believers, if they are sincere in their search after truth, may be induced to look for it in that sacred volume, where the darkest blindness only, or the most wilful obstinacy, can prevent them from finding it.

But Mrs. Carter's answer to the preceding letters is indeed so convincing a defence of her author, and of the improbability of any evil being produced by his being more generally known, as to supersede the necessity of any farther reasoning upon the subject. And now that half a century has elapsed since the publication of the book, which has gone through several editions, I believe it will hardly be affirmed, that any infidel has quoted it as having influenced his mind to unbelief, that any vicious man has produced it in excuse of his immorality, or that any suicide has left it on record, that he received a bias towards the fatal act from the perusal of Epictetus. The reverse of all this is more likely to have been the case; and the study of the philosopher's moral precepts may have assisted and enforced those of Christianity, by shewing that at all times virtue, though little understood, and less practised, was esteemed lovely and honourable; and vice, though uncertainly and ill defined, was still deemed odious and degrading.—— Mrs. Carter's answer is as follows:—

To Miss TALBOT.

"What shall I say to you, my dear Miss Talbot, upon the subject of Epictetus? Though I cannot help, in some instances,

stances, entertaining a more favourable opinion of him than you do, the probability which the Bishop of Oxford and you seem to think there may be of his doing mischief, fills me with uneasiness and scruples. You say, indeed, that with proper notes and animadversions, the translation may be an excellent work. But it is surely a dangerous experiment to administer poison to try the force of an antidote. For my own part, I never had the least apprehension that an author who enjoins so strict a morality, who censures even the fashionable vices which fine gentlemen at present consider as mere trifles, and who discovers so deep a sense of religion, could be studied by bad people; or if he was, that the effect would be any other than the convincing them that there was nothing to be gained, though an infinite deal to be lost, by their turning Heathens. At present I know not what to think. The Bishop of Oxford and you, I hope, will think for me. The point which gives me the most uneasiness is that detestable θυρα ηνοικται *. And yet how very inconsistent in this article is Epictetus with himself! In an address to his scholars he expressly bids them wait for God, and not depart unless they had a signal of retreat like Socrates: now Socrates did not kill himself. And in several places I think the θυρα, &c. means only a natural departure out of life, or a violent death inflicted by others. In passages where the permission seems most plainly given, it is sometimes (if not always) in some ironical way: 'Go and hang yourself like a grumbling mean-spirited wretch as you are; God has no need of such discontented querulous people as you.' But however impossible it may be to vindicate Epictetus in this particular, do not you treat him a little too severely in some others? Is, 'Remember God, invoke him for your aid and protector,' and more to the same purpose, the

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* See note in page 129.

language of one who bids us root out every passion, &c. by our own strength? The Bishop of Oxford has particularly taken notice, that Epictetus asserts the doctrine of grace, and the duty of prayer and thanksgiving to God for his assistance in moral improvement.

" Though there is the utmost reason to think that Epictetus, as well as other philosophers since our Saviour, owed much more than they might be sensible of to the Gospel, I find a difficulty in persuading myself that he had ever seen the New Testament, or received any right account of the Christian doctrine. The great number of Christians dispersed about the Roman empire might probably have rendered the New Testament phrases a kind of popular language; and a general illumination was diffused by the Gospel, by which many understandings might be enlightened which were ignorant of the source from whence it proceeded.

" If Epictetus had been acquainted with the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, and approved them, what should prevent his quoting and approving them in the same manner as he does Socrates, Plato *, &c.? If he disapproved them, what possible reason can be assigned for his not warning his scholars against them, as he does with regard to the Pyrrhonists, Academics, &c. It had been happy for him, if instead of rashly and ignorantly censuring the Christians for suffering death from mere obstinacy and habit, he had enquired into the real principles which supported them under it. But it is possible he might be prevented by the character of the Christians, whom the mistaken notions, or the malice of their enemies, charged with the most shocking crimes. This appears

from

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* The pride of the Grecian school might prevent this, since we know from the best authority, that some of the distinguishing tenets of the Christian Religion, as well as the humility and worldly ignorance of most of the founders of it, were *to the Greeks foolishness.*

from the Apologies of Athenagoras, and others afterwards, and it is probable they might lie under the same wicked scandal in the time of Epictetus. After all, if he had read the New Testament, is it not strange that he should never once mention our Saviour, nor, as far as I can recollect, make any the least allusion to any of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity?

"It is a secret to myself if I have by a long intimacy with Epictetus contracted any such fondness for him as to give me any unreasonable prejudice in his favour. I entirely agree with you in thinking him greatly inferior to Socrates; but I do not see sufficient reason to reduce him to a level with our modern Heathens. But however we may disagree in some particulars about Epictetus, I entirely approve the pointing out in the notes the absurdity of many of the principles, and the infinitely superior excellence of the Christian doctrines. I am extremely obliged to the Bishop of Oxford and you for the admirable remarks you have been so good as to send me, and which, if the book is ever published, will make the most valuable part of it."

This plan, therefore, was now finally agreed upon, of writing an introduction, and adding such notes as might be supposed to prevent all danger to superficial and incautious readers. These also were sent to the Bishop and Miss Talbot for their approbation and correction, but they made few or no alterations in them. Some few additional notes were found in Mrs. Carter's writing, in her own quarto copy of Epictetus, which have been added to the last edition published since her decease.

But the printing of this work was still delayed by another circumstance. The Enchiridion, or Manual, of Epictetus, had been translated by Dr. Stanhope, as well as by other writers of less note, and therefore Mrs. Carter's first intention was not to translate either that or the fragments. The Bishop, however, requested her to undertake these also, which would make it a complete work, especially as they all thought, on comparing Dr. Stanhope's version with the original, that it was much too vague and diffuse.

These were finished in May, 1756; and in the same year her brother Henry's education being completed, he was sent to the University, so that after this period Mrs. Carter's time was in a great measure at her own disposal; a circumstance which appears to have given great pleasure to Miss Talbot, who congratulated her upon it in these words:—"One pacquet more, my dear Miss Carter, will convey all the fragments. Let me in this envelope congratulate you on your near hope of taking wing for the summer. Epictetus you will joyfully take leave of. Whether parting with your brother will be so joyous I doubt. But let me congratulate myself too in the hope, that next winter (if it is allowable to look so far forward) I may probably see you in town. For what signifies it for a bird to have wings (as a fragment writer would say) if they never carry her out of her nest?"

Both the fragments and Enchiridion were, like the rest, sent to the Bishop for revisal. He returned part of them in August, with the following note in the mercantile style;—

"Mrs. ELIZABETH CARTER.

"Madam,

"As per promise I send this small pacquet, to give you earnest of the others, but there is no peace in this town, and I am going out of it for four days to More Park, where there will be no leisure, and have no more at present than will serve to tell you we are all well, and much your humble servants."

In the following winter, the translation being entirely finished, and her brother gone to Cambridge, Mrs. Carter was at liberty to follow her own inclinations, and at the same time oblige her friends, by spending the greatest part of it in London. She chose to be in private lodgings, rather than to stay in any friend's house, that she might be under no restraint. Accordingly, in January 1757, Miss Talbot took apartments for her at Mr. Willis's, Cabinet maker, in St. Paul's Church Yard, that she might be near the Deanery, where she and the Bishop resided. This house was then known by the sign of the Elephant, and was situated to the South door of St. Paul's Church. Here she remained till the June following, when she returned to Deal.

It appears to have been Mrs. Carter's wish and first intention to have inscribed her Epictetus to Miss Talbot, under whose auspices the translation was begun: but the following extract from one of that lady's letters shews that she chose to decline that honour.

MISS TALBOT TO MRS. CARTER.

St. Paul's Deanery, *Jan.* 8, 1757.

"Your inscription I would have you consider as already made, and in manuscript thankfully accepted; nor can I ever forget the goodness you have had in undertaking on my idle request so laborious a work. But further than this your request cannot possibly be granted. Besides the impropriety and absurdity of placing so insignificant a name in so public a point of view, there are many reasons which make it utterly impossible; and I am sure you will think it a sufficiently strong one, that it would give your friend inexpressible pain."

This plan was therefore given up, and the book appeared without any address or dedication whatsoever. Mrs. Carter herself corrected the press, as the sheets were sent to her at Deal; but not so carefully as her friend, the Bishop, wished; through whose hands they passed before they were returned to the printer. On this subject he gave her the following good-humoured correction, inserted in one of Miss Talbot's letters.

"Do, dear Madam Carter, get yourself whipt, get yourself whipt. Indeed it is quite necessary for you. I know you mean to be careful; but you cannot without this help. Every thing else hath been tried, and proves ineffectual. Here are some sheets come down. I have this moment opened them; and the first thing I have cast my eyes upon is *Epictetus* for *Epicurus*, p. 73. I will look over the whole in a day or two: but one needs go no farther to see what prescription your case indicates."

The printing of this work was begun in June 1757, and was not finished till April 1758. It was in one volume large quarto, 505 pages, besides the introduction of 34. There were 1018 copies struck off at first; but as they were found insufficient for the subscribers, in the following July 260 more were printed. There have been two subsequent editions in two volumes duodecimo, besides one in two volumes octavo, published since Mrs. Carter's decease, with some additional notes as before mentioned. It was printed by subscription, and the price was a guinea; one half to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder on the delivery of the book. The number of subscribers was very great; no less (as entered in her own copy, some of the names being in manuscript) than 1031; and the list of names was most respectable, comprehending a large proportion of those who were then most eminent in station as well as in literature.

The first delivery to the booksellers for the respective subscribers, was 650 copies. The whole expence of printing the work, including the proposals and receipts, as appears by Mr. Richardson's bill, who printed it, was only 67l. 7s. (that is, not including the 250 copies added afterwards) and as many more copies were subscribed for, by way of compliment, than were claimed, Mrs. Carter was a gainer by the work, nearly, if not quite, a thousand pounds. It sold so well, and the price kept up so remarkably, that some years after, Dr. Secker, then Archbishop of Canterbury, brought a bookseller's catalogue to her, saying, " Here, Madam Carter, see how ill I am used by the world; here are my Sermons selling at half price, while your Epictetus truly is not to be had under eighteen shillings, only three shillings less than the original subscription."

To that mode of publishing, however, she had strongly objected, and considered it in the light of laying a tax upon her friends; and therefore she positively refused to mention it to any person whatever. Even her father's advice, notwithstanding the great weight it always had with her, could not get the better of this delicacy. He wrote to her on that subject the following letter.

Deal, *March* 22, 1757.

" Dear Child,

" I am glad that Epictetus is to appear in an English dress. I take it for granted that your name is expressed; for that will be the greatest inducement to subscribers. You will, I suppose, be guided in the management of the whole affair, by his Lordship *(the Bishop of Oxford.)* I desire you will send the proposals down to me; for I choose to give you all the assistance I possibly can. It is just that you should have some profit for your labour; and I shall not think I am begging an alms for you when I promote your subscription; nor will any one of common sense ever entertain that notion of me or of others, who are zealous to assist you. Among those who know your person or character, your merit will be their uppermost thought; and that will be the inducement to subscribe, and afford them their pleasure in doing it."

Her friends, therefore, exerted themselves for her interest, and were on the whole completely successful. Most particularly the Bishops Hayter and Secker were indefatigable in London, and Sir George Oxenden, and many other persons of consideration, in her own county. Their kind endeavours were not, however, in every instance attended with success. In the following letter from Mrs. Carter to Miss Talbot it is painful to observe an implied neglect of so considerable a work in some learned persons and bodies, from whom the contrary might have been reasonably expected. As for the young man of fortune mentioned in it, his refusal can excite little surprise; and any attention to morality or learning could hardly be expected from a man capable of making such an observation in such a case.

To Miss TALBOT.

" A second edition, no doubt, may modestly be presumed from the encouragement which my Lord and you tell me the first is likely to receive from those promoters of the study of morality and Greek, the Irish Bishops and the two Universities. I should not have been so saucy if the Bishop of Oxford had not put it into my head. However, I am in very little pain about the matter; and Epictetus must comfort himself under the neglect of the Universities, by the civil treatment he meets with among the ladies.

" I believe I did not tell you of one young man of large fortune, (it is not long since he left the University) who being asked by another to subscribe, refused, with an affirmation that he would have done it, if the book had been some treatise of œconomy for the use of the ladies. Is not this a most notable youth? And might not one be sure, by applying to him, of getting the best receipt extant for making modern dumpling; for I believe he has much too good a taste to have been perverted at Oxford by the soups and sauces of the ancients."

But though Mrs. Carter spoke with some little asperity and contempt of the impertinent manner of this youth's refusal, yet her humble and grateful heart thought the exertions which her friends were making vastly beyond her deserts, or the merit of her book. In order, therefore, to make the work more acceptable to subscribers, she wished to have all their copies sent to them bound: but this was so strongly opposed by her friends, as tending to frustrate the intention of promoting the subscription, that she was prevailed upon to abandon that plan, excepting in some few instances, where she wished to pay a particular compliment.

This work was much admired and talked of as soon as published; and the extraordinary circumstance of a translation from the Greek of so difficult an author, by a woman, made a great noise all over Europe. Even in Russia, where, as Mrs. Carter humourously observed, they were just learning to walk upon their hind legs, an account was published of her, which was on the whole pretty correct; and this, as a curiosity, shall be given in the Appendix.

In her own country, however, some persons would not be persuaded that the work was her own; but chose to assert, some, that her father wrote it, and others, that the Bishop of Oxford did. But in reality her father had nothing to do with it at all; and the preceding letters clearly show, that the only assistance which she received from the Bishop, was the benefit of his corrections of her manuscript, and advice with respect to her style.

The introduction, as well as the translation, met with the approbation of the best judges, and were very generally praised. Of the former, Lord George Lyttelton wrote his opinion to Mrs. Montagu in these words:—"I have lately read over again our friend, Miss Carter's preface *(meaning the* introduction, *for preface there is none)* to Epictetus, and admire it more and more. I am also much struck with the poem prefixed to it by another female hand *(Mrs. Chapone.)* The English ladies will appear as much superior to the French in wit and in learning, as the men in arms."

In the following year, 1758, Dr. Secker was promoted to the Archbishoprick of Canterbury, upon the demise of Archbishop Hutton: and after his family had removed to Lambeth, Mrs. Carter was frequently an inmate with them in that palace; and there, as she often declared afterwards, she passed some of the happiest part of her life.

At Lambeth she not only enjoyed the society of the friends there, to whom she was so much attached, but had also the opportunity of cultivating the regard of many other respectable acquaintance in and near London. Among these Mrs. Montagu, as mentioned before, was in the first rank. She also was on terms of intimacy with Miss Talbot, and at her house Mrs. Carter always spent a great deal of her time, whenever she was in town, or at Lambeth. There she often met with persons of the highest rank, both in station and letters; among these were two equally distinguished characters, though in very different lines, who both honoured her with their particular regard, to the close of their lives. These were George, the first Lord Lyttelton, and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. The former virtuous and respectable nobleman shewed her, upon all occasions, the most flattering attentions;

and presented her with his excellent Essay on the Conversion of St. Paul, his Dialogues of the Dead, and with his History of Henry the Second. Their acquaintance began in a manner which shall be related in her own words.

MRS. CARTER TO MISS TALBOT.

Deal, *May* 3, 1756.

"Will you pity me for a trial I lately went through, from which I received a great deal of honour at the expence of looking, as you have very often seen me do, most grievously foolish? It was no less than a visit from Sir George Lyttelton[*]. To my great consolation, however, it was very near dark when he came, and I had taken special care not to have candles introduced till I might reasonably hope some few, at least, of the idiot features might vanish from my countenance. By this contrivance, and the assistance of a work bag, from which he must conclude me extremely notable at a time when it was impossible for one to see a stitch, I behaved myself with tolerable fortitude; and if he had staid a quarter of an hour longer, it is very probable I might have so far improved as even to speak articulately. I forget whether I mentioned to you some time ago my taking the liberty of writing to Sir George Lyttelton[†], to solicit his favour for a person in singular circumstances of distress. He answered me with a politeness and humanity with which I am sure you would have been charmed; and it is to this correspondence that I owe the favour of his visit."

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[*] He was not created a Peer till 1757.

[†] At that time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Before this correspondence, however, Sir George knew Mrs. Carter's name and character. He had been shewn by a friend her verses, then unpublished, to a lady too fond of life and of the world, which begin, "*Say, dear Emilia*;" and he highly approved of them, and earnestly entreated the lady who shewed them to him to persuade the author to print them. He also begged for a copy, which the lady refused, having promised Mrs. Carter not to give any. It is not known to whom these verses were addressed; and as they seem to convey a certain degree of censure on the lady to whom they were written, Mrs. Carter was unwilling to mention her name: and even very late in life, when she was asked concerning them, declined giving an answer to the question.

The correspondence to which Mrs. Carter alluded in the foregoing letter, does so much credit to Lord Lyttelton's amiable character, and to his manner of conducting himself in that high office, that it cannot be improper to insert the two letters, which make his share of it.

To Mrs. CARTER.

Hill Street, *Dec.* 25, 1755.

" Madam,

" Upon applying to Sir Everard Fawkner in favour of Mrs. Parker, I found the vacant office had been immediately disposed of in favour of the children of the deceased Postmistress, who were represented to Sir Everard as being left in great distress.

" But I will do my best endeavours to find some other way of procuring a maintenance for Mrs. Parker; and in the mean while you may draw a bill on me for twenty pounds, which will afford her a present support.

" I return

"I return you a thousand thanks for the honour you do me in the kind opinion you are pleased to express of my character. Your own is such as makes me particularly proud of your praise; and I shall think myself happy in any occasion of shewing, that I am, with the sincerest regard and esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

G. LYTTELTON."

To Mrs. CARTER.

Hill Street, ***Jan.*** **15, 1756.**

"Madam,

"I am very glad to hear that Mrs. Parker has recovered some part of her fortune; and as I hope that the English factory will soon be restored, she may reasonably expect to recover the rest; but if she does not, I will endeavour to get her a pension from the Treasury; and in the mean time, if her wants should be pressing, she may draw upon me for the sum that I mentioned.

I am, with the truest regard and esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

G. LYTTELTON [*]."

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[*] In both these letters, Sir George spells his name *Lyttelton*, and not Lyttleton, as it is sometimes incorrectly spelt.

From the time of their first acquaintance, Mrs. Carter lived with this excellent nobleman on terms of very confidential intimacy. He died in 1773; and the opinion which she had of him will be seen in the following extracts of letters, which she wrote at that time to two different friends. The first is to Mrs. Vesey.

" It is impossible for me to begin my letter with any other subject than that which I am sure must at present be so near your heart, as the loss of our excellent and dear Lord Lyttelton. To his friends alone this is a melancholy event; to himself, I trust, it proves most joyful. From a world which so little deserved his virtues, he is removed to the applauding society of saints and angels, and to the righteous Judge who will reward them. Except the testimony of a good conscience, a long series of disappointments in every human pursuit left him a very small portion of happiness below. His great integrity, his amiable simplicity, and the gentle temper of his mind, rendered him unfit for the advancements of public life, which in this bad world are procured and supported by arts to which his soul was an utter stranger: and the affections of his heart were disappointed in every scheme of that domestic comfort, which he was so peculiarly qualified to impart, and to enjoy. He was a noble and edifying example of the power of Christian principles, in many instances, and very particularly in that absolute resignation to the divine will, which calmed his mind amidst all the storms, which, with almost unremitted violence, beat upon him. In all the conversations upon his misfortunes, to which I have been witness, I do not recollect ever to have heard him utter a single murmur or complaint. It pleased God to try him in the furnace of affliction; and, like gold, he came out with the brighter lustre, and the greater purity.

"The concluding scene of his life was conformable to all the first. The account is very affecting, but very delightful. His sun set in calm splendour without a cloud. His mind was supported by Christian faith, and his hopes were full of immortality. I had a letter from Mrs. Montagu last night, upon this subject. She appears as deeply affected by it as one would naturally suppose her to be: and expresses herself with as much piety as sensibility on the loss of such a friend."

The other letter is to Mrs. Talbot.

"The newspapers must have informed you of the death of good Lord Lyttelton. He was indeed an Israelite without guile. Never, I believe, was a human heart more free from every bad inclination, or more filled with the kindest and most benevolent dispositions. He was a sincere Christian; and amidst the many and various afflictions which he suffered, he always preserved the most absolute and uncomplaining submission and resignation. The trial of his virtues is now over, and he is called away to the reward of them. All who intimately knew him must regret their loss of so excellent a friend: but most severely, in all probability, will it be felt by his daughter-in-law, to whom he afforded so kind a protection."

The other nobleman before mentioned, Lord Bath, had been for many years the intimate friend of Mrs. Montagu, at whose house Mrs. Carter was accustomed to meet him often. This produced a very sincere friendship on both sides. His wit, strong sense, knowledge of the world, and elegance of manners, made him the delight and admiration of every society; but of the admiration of general society he well knew the vanity; and often declared, that he passed no time so happily, nor with so much improvement, as that which he spent in the company of those two ladies. With Mrs. Montagu he kept up a constant correspondence, and an occasional one with Mrs. Carter. His letters to her were found after her decease; but as they were for the most part on confidential subjects and family concerns, she had written a memorandum on them, that they were to be destroyed; and they were burnt accordingly by her executor.

It was this accomplished nobleman, aided by the persuasions of Mrs. Montagu and Lord Lyttelton, who prevailed on Mrs. Carter to publish a collection of her Poems, in one small volume duodecimo, of which, besides the present, there have been four editions. She had been often persuaded to this measure before; but was always very averse to it. However, in the beginning of the summer of 1761, when she had been for some time in very bad health, Mrs. Montagu earnestly requested her to accompany her to Tunbridge Wells, and at length succeeded; and there the plan was arranged.

This excursion had the happiest effects on Mrs. Carter's health and spirits. Both Lord Bath and Lord Lyttelton were there at the same time; and Mrs. Carter always spoke with great delight of the time which she passed there. She wrote from thence the following letter, to which Mrs. Montagu added a postcript.

To Miss TALBOT.

Tunbridge Wells, *August* 3, 1806.

" It is such an age, my dear Miss Talbot, since I have flattered myself every post with the hopes of hearing from you, that my patience is at last exhausted; and I can no longer forbear signifying to you, that I am living and looking with all my hopes and fears, and wishes, and recollections, in full force; and consequently, in such a state, exceedingly averse to the thought of being forgot by you.

"I writ to you some days before I set out for this place, where I have been ever since the 13th. I had been so very ill ever since my return from London, that it was with some scruple that I ventured to leave Deal: and nothing less than that confidence which I have so much reason to place in Mrs. Montagu's affection, could have encouraged me to run the hazard of the uneasiness and perplexity into which it seemed probable that the state of my health might engage her. I should not say so much on this subject, but for the sake of mentioning with great thankfulness how much I am mended since I came here.

"I am greatly pleased with the country about Tunbridge, which is in a fine romantic situation. The prospects indeed have nothing of the sublime and magnificent rudeness of Bristol; but the wildness is all soft and agreeable. The airings would be delightful, if it was not for the terrors of the roads, which are sometimes very formidable."—"Thus far I had writ when I received your letter, a plain proof—no matter of what, for you will never hear it from me. I rejoice in the account you have at last given me of your being so well, and in such good spirits. But victories and triumphs are occasional things, and the Park and Tower guns do not fire every day: so, that you may not lose ground before the next rejoicing, get into your favourite equipage, and gallop down to Tunbridge Wells, where you will find two play-fellows exactly of your own age, as neither of us is a day above fourteen. Come, if it be but to confute by your eyes the scandalous report of your fine laced intelligencer. To be sure the man must have got that fine coat by writing newspapers; for no other genius could have represented things in so false a light. It is true indeed that my Lord B. *(Bath)* does sometimes draw his chair in a sort of a kind of an edge-way fashion near my Lady A. But pray consider the difference. It is by mere dint of *scratching and clawing*, that Lady ——— can draw Lord B.—poor man—a few plain steps across the pantiles: while we, by the natural power of sober attraction, draw him quite up *Tug-Hill*, to the top of Mount Ephraim, and keep him there till we are afraid he will endanger his life in returning. In answer to his Grace's most malicious message of condolence, to myself in particular, I will only ask a few plain questions. Did my Lord B. [*Bath*] ever take the very nosegay from his button hole, and deliver it into the hand of Lady A——? Did my Lord Bath ever go to a toy-shop, and purchase a knotting shuttle, painted all over with Cupids, and cages, and fishes on a hook, and present it to Lady A——? And may not people who have such distinctions to boast of, bid defiance to all the witcheries of Lady A——? Well: but my Lord Lyttelton. Let any impartial person only ask Lord Lyttelton's postillion, and his horses, and his dog Pert, whether many a long evening's attendance upon Mount Ephraim, has not given them good reason to wish there was nobody that detained his Lordship longer than Lady A——? Then your wretch of an intelligencer to discover such a total disregard to the tenderness of literary reputation! When one fine gentleman said to another fine gentleman upon the Pantiles, "*She talks Greek faster than any woman in England;*" pray was this meant of my Lady A——? Or, when the market-folks in the side walk left their pigs and their fowls to squall their hearts out, while they told each other, *Sartain-ly she is the greatest Scollard in the world;* was the person they stared at, and directed their sticks to, my Lady A——?

"Absit invidia! It is dangerous, no doubt, to alledge such instances of illustricity as these: but in an age when people are not allowed to call their Greek their own, it would provoke the most dove-like patience to speak.

"As to your informant's account of my inseparability from Lady Mary Coke*, it does me so much credit, that nothing but the same love of truth which has obliged me to confute his other false assertions, could make me contradict it. But alas, the real fact is, that because I was particularly charmed by Lady M. Coke's appearance, and because I would have given my ears to hear her talk, and because Mrs. Montagu strictly enjoined me to open my mouth: for these causes, and for every other cause that would have made every other person sit still, whenever she did me the honour to speak to me, I constantly ran away.

"Mrs. Montagu will add a postscript. I have a world to tell you about a very serious difficulty, in which, it is possible, I may be engaged, in consequence of a plot contrived by Lord Bath and Lord Lyttelton, aided, abetted, and comforted by Mrs. Montagu."

This plot was to oblige her to publish her poems. Mrs. Montagu's postscript to this letter was as follows.

"I am surprized to find that a person of Miss Talbot's rank and figure should not only keep company with people whom *nobody knows*, but also with such as know nobody. One may be a little modest about one's self, and cast a veil over one's illustricity; but surely one may do justice to one's friend. The moment a stranger comes he is shewn a lady who is daughter to Plato, grand-daughter to Socrates, and cousin-german to Xenophon. The Muses came all the way from Parnassus to Penshurst Park, to inspire Lord Lyttelton to write some verses upon her. And but last night, taking a turn among the rocks, Minerva sent an owl with her compliments and a thousand thanks to Mrs. Carter for her kind enquiries after her, and assurances of her perpetual regard: and that she would never leave her a moment, either when she spoke or held her tongue; which indeed I was glad to hear; for though I know the Goddess guided her conversation, I was not so sure she presided over her silence. There was a report *I* was dead; and my Lord Bath immediately wrote a Greek epitaph upon me; and my Lord Lyttelton has ordered me to make Mrs. Carter a Pompon of Bays, with which she is to appear next winter*; and indeed, Madam, I shall die with glory, or live with renown, in spite of any insinuations you may have heard. More has been said in verse and prose about *my* rose colour gown this morning, than ever I read of Iris's scarf. As to my Lady A——, I will own, that if any one loses a silver spoon, she is the first consulted about it; and I have overheard my Lord Bath bargaining with her for a fair wind to bring over the Princess of Mecklembourg†. I thought she asked a great price, being indeed by nature and habit more apt to sell a *contrary* wind; but his Lordship gave her what she asked, as I am sure he would even au pied de la lettre dedicate his life and fortune to his Sovereign's service. I think I have said enough to set things in a true light, especially to a person of your candour. I join with the greatest earnestness with my friend in wishing you would come to Tunbridge; and indeed you are obliged to me for doing so; for when one has Mrs. Carter, one says to one's self an hundred times a day, that one has nothing to wish for—but Miss Talbot's society even then would be a great addition."

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* Youngest daughter to John, second Duke of Argyl, and wife of Edward Viscount Coke. This venerable and respectable lady is still living, and always honoured Mrs. Carter by her particular friendship and regard.

One more letter of Mrs. Carter's to Miss Talbot from the same place, shall be inserted, as it gives a pleasing and interesting account of a tour which she made with Mrs. Montagu into Sussex.

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* Alluding to the proposed edition of her Poems.

† Her present Majesty.

" Every day since I received your letters, I have been wishing to thank you for them, my dear Miss Talbot; but two public breakfasts, two days excursion into Sussex, one fit and a half of the head ach, the making up four dozen of franks, and then falling violently in love with the man who signed them, you must allow to be such a series of employments, as, added to the ordinary routine of a Tunbridge life, could leave me but very little leisure for any other occupation.

" Our excursion to Hastings, about thirty miles from hence, was very delightful; and I thought much the more so, as we left all the good company on the Pantiles behind us; and I had Mrs. Montagu entirely to myself. As from all the accounts I had ever heard of Sussex, I should not have imagined one could travel through it, except by main strength of oxen, it was an agreeable surprize to find ourselves passing through a pleasant country in a fine turnpike road. We spent some time in wandering about the remains of Battle Abbey, which I have often wished to see, without the least notion that it could ever fall in my way. There is, I think, a very peculiar pleasure in the sight of a place distinguished by any memorable events; and there is something singularly interesting in this spot, the scene of an action which produced the greatest revolution in the whole English history, and which must necessarily furnish me with a great variety of observations and reflections. We soon caught that enthusiasm which any striking antiquity is so apt to inspire; and losing all attention to modern transactions, were so effectually engaged in the events of 1066, that, I believe, from that year to this, no two people ever so passionately bewailed the fall of Harold, or commented so critically on the history of his life.

" How could one help lamenting that there should be any one striking blemish of weakness, or of guilt, in a character so wise and so good in almost every other instance. How happy was it for poor Harold, if the disastrous event of this decisive battle could expiate the failings of imperfect virtue! And how much more dreadful appears the success of his triumphant enemy, who was suffered to proceed unchecked in a course of prosperous wickedness! One could not help forming a variety of serious reflections in surveying the spot where Harold fell; and on which, traditionary superstition still points out the traces of his blood. You see I am still infected by the air of the place.

" Battle Abbey stands in a fine lawn, and the ruins make a solemn and venerable appearance: but unfortunately one part of them is repaired into a dwelling house disgraced by modern fopperies. The country all round is much too pastoral and riant, to suit the ideas which belong to such a spot; and we wanted extremely to have the ground planted with yew and cypress, to turn Sir Whistler Webster out of his usurped abode, and restore the schrich owls and ravens. Into this wish, perhaps, there might enter some small degree of personal pique; as to be sure it must be very vexatious to persons of our distinguished fame, to be so totally overlooked by the insensibility of Sir Whistler Webster, who will not suffer that part of the Abbey which he inhabits to be seen, and made no exception in our favour. It is barely possible, indeed, that he might not have heard of our illustricity on the Pantiles: but then if the servant, from whom we gained some intelligence about the antiquities of the place, reported our conversation, he must have had all the reason imaginable to conclude, that we were descended in a right line from Earl Harold.

" We left Battle just time enough to reach Hastings, which is about eight miles farther, before it was quite dark. The next morning we had a full enjoyment of the sea prospect, by sitting or walking two or three hours on the beach and the sand. We then returned to Battle, where we sat on a bench shaded by trees, in the middle of a lawn, and drank tea in full view of the ruins of the Abbey. We then visited the church, but found no monument there, but some very ancient figures of armed Knights in brass plates: one of them of a date as old as the twelfth century: but nothing less than the genius of Browne Willis could have enabled us to read the whole inscription. We then returned to Tunbridge, after two days spent in an expedition the most completely delightful in every circumstance, that ever happened, I believe, to any two adventurers.

" On Tuesday evening we went to the rocks, and, like people of spirit, rambled on foot, which is seeing them to much greater advantage than in a carriage, as we travelled to them through a country the most perfectly romantic I had ever seen, except in the descriptions of poets, or the paintings of Salvator Rosa. On one side of the path, perhaps, was a rocky steep, shagged with rushes and heather; on the other, a valley of the gayest verdure, terminated by a wood of the deepest gloom. At some places we met with a naked plain: in others the trees opened into a glade; and we were often stopped beneath their boughs to listen to the murmur of a spring. Scarcely ever any traces of human art or cultivation; but all was wild spontaneous beauty, and what Mr. Mason finely calls, " the lone majesty of untamed nature."

" The rocks themselves, shaded with trees, and half overgrown with ivy, discover just enough of their own composition to give them the appearance of ruined buildings; and reminded us of the romantic descriptions of the abode of Enchanters. We drank tea in this wild region after sunset; and then waited to see the effect of moonlight on so solemn a scene: this was extremely fine, and so very amusing, that it did not suffer us to get home till a good while after ten."

It was during this stay at Tunbridge, as was observed before, that the plan of the publication of Mrs. Carter's Poems was settled. She had already hinted it to Miss Talbot in the foregoing letter; and as soon as she returned to Deal, she sent her the particulars of the scheme, and a copy of the dedication, for her's and the Archbishop's approbation. Miss Talbot's reply was as follows.

To Mrs. CARTER.

" If you was here, my dear Miss Carter, we might have a long conversation on the subject of the little manuscript; but all I can say at present must be in a short letter. My commission is to tell you, that what Lord Bath, Lord Lyttelton, and Mrs. Montagu so earnestly desire, cannot possibly have any objection made to it from hence. What you say of the size indeed is mortifying; and I could see that it was thought no small degradation from a quarto of Greek Philosophy, to dwindle into an eighteen-penny pamphlet of English verse. But that matter you must settle as well as you can with your uncle Epictetus, your cousin Socrates, and all the rest of your kindred sages. But I had rather you should write two or three lampoons upon me, than not swell it into a little volume. But be it ever so little a volume, consider how you could answer it to your conscience to deprive the world of so excellent and uncommon a dedication as is intended for it. Indeed considering how much you have always set your heart on *being married*, you may perhaps be afraid, lest appearing as a poetess should spoil your preferment; but depend upon it, that quarto of Philosophy has done your business with *the Captains*—and what care you for any body else? But to be serious; Dr. D—— is returned from Russia. Let me congratulate you on the admirable effects of your Epictetus. The

Czarina has some time ago read it quite through with high approbation."

In the following year, therefore, 1762, the Poems were published; and it is not often that so inconsiderable a volume has been ushered into the world in so respectable a manner. It was dedicated to Lord Bath, and introduced by some very fine lines in blank verse by Lord Lyttelton, with an allusion in them to Mrs. Montagu as her friend. A blank indeed was left at first for that lady's name, by her own desire*, from motives of delicacy, as the office assigned to her in them was no small compliment. But it was soon known, that she was the person meant; and in the later editions the blank was filled up with her name.

These Poems were very generally admired, and some of them were translated into French and Latin. Some of the latter will appear in this edition, as they have never (I believe) been printed. The French translation was a selection of twelve Poems, six of them in prose, and six in verse, by the Count de B——, who published them in London in 1796, accompanied with a dedication to herself in very good English, and a French preface. Who the Count de B—— was, or is, I do not know; and believe that Mrs. Carter herself did not; but the translation both in verse and prose is such as does him great credit, and must have been attended, for reasons which he gives in the dedication and preface, with considerable difficulty.

Of Mrs. Carter's Poems the general character seems to be rather ease, correctness, and elegance, than fire or strength. Though she felt, and warmly admired the *thoughts that breathe, and words that burn*, yet her own poetry bears no marks of genius of so high a stamp. Still, among the minor poets of the age, her rank will be far above mediocrity; and the classic purity of her language, the sweetness of her versification, and her undeviating attention to the only true morality, that of the Gospel, have caused them to be much read, and justly approved by the wise and learned, as well as the good. They were all addressed to friends whom she loved; and what she really felt or thought concerning them, she expressed. The names of most of them appear in this edition for the first time. With respect to her own opinion of these, and indeed of all her writings, the only circumstance on which she valued herself, or dwelt with pleasure to the end of her life, was, that they could have no bad effect, that they could do the world no harm. And whenever she was brought to speak of her own Poems, which she never did willingly, she used to say, that she never wrote a line without considering whether it was possible that it could do mischief; whether it could be so much misunderstood, as by any construction to be made to have a bad tendency. How happy would it be for the world, and how much more happy for themselves, if all authors could make a similar declaration!

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* In a letter to Mrs. Carter, after they had left Tunbridge.

The dedication to the Earl of Bath, prefixed to this volume, is wholly unsullied by that flattery which is too often a disgrace both to the author and the patron. But there is some reason to believe that this circumstance, which appears so creditable to both parties, is more particularly so to Lord Bath. For indeed the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Carter to Miss Talbot, seems to imply that he wrote it himself.

" The proposal of printing these trifles was made by my Lord Bath, who did me the honour to desire they might be published and dedicated to himself: and that I might be under no kind of difficulty, added that he himself would write the dedication. Lord Lyttelton is so good to allow that the verses which Mrs. Montagu mentioned to you from Tunbridge, shall be prefixed to the collection; and I think too some others*, which he addrest upon another subject to Lord Bath. I have in vain used every endeavour to prevail upon Mrs. Montagu to deliver me from this operation, but she is absolutely impenetrable; and as I believe it is the only request she would refuse me, she seems determined to do it as effectually as possible. But all the encouragement which has been given me, is too weak to overcome my own diffidence and reluctance."

If indeed this was the case, and Lord Bath wrote the dedication to himself, he seems to have done it in such a style as she herself would probably have used; for she had so great an aversion to every thing that might appear to savour of meanness, that she could not even prevail upon herself to say what she really thought, where the motives to flattery were so obvious as well as powerful. This appears evident from the verses in this collection addressed to the same nobleman, which are so far from being complimentary, that Archbishop Secker's observation upon them to her was, "Why, Madam Carter, you have not been tolerably civil to the man." Yet what her real opinion of him was will appear from the following letter to a friend wholly remote from the great world, and who did not know him at all.

It was written from Sandleford, where she was then on a visit to Mrs. Montagu, after Lord Bath's death, and consequently after her disappointment in not being remembered in his will, had she formed any such expectations, which indeed there is sufficient reason to suppose that she never did. Nor could she then have the least idea of being benefited by the liberality of his heirs, to whom she was afterwards so much obliged, for his large possessions descended at first to General Pulteney, his brother.

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* These last, however, do not appear in it.

To Mrs. ——.

Sandleford, *Aug.* 14, 1764.

"I know you are too much interested in my happiness not to be glad to hear that I am well, and that Mrs. Montagu is much better than was to be apprehended from what she has suffered, by a loss which she must so deeply feel. I believe indeed our being in the country is much better for us both, than if this melancholy event had happened at a time when we were in town, where we were so much accustomed to my Lord Bath's society almost every day. None of his friends, I believe, will remember him longer, and very few with equal affection. Indeed there was something in his conversation and manners more engaging than can be described. With all those talents, which had so long rendered him the object of popular admiration, he had not the least tincture of that vanity and importance, which is too often the consequence of popular applause. He never took the lead in conversation, nor ever assumed that superiority to which he had a claim. As he was blessed with an exemption from many of the pains and infirmities of old age, he had none of its defects. In so many months as I past continually in his company last year*, I do not recollect a single instance of peevishness during the whole time. His temper always appeared equal. There was a perpetual flow of vivacity and good-humour in his conversation, and the most attentive politeness in his behaviour. Nor was this the constrained effect of external and partial good breeding, but the natural turn of his mind; and operated so uniformly on all occasions, that I never heard him use a harsh, or even an uncivil, expression to any one of his servants.

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* In a tour on the Continent, which will be mentioned more particularly in its place.

"The world, without paying the tribute to his virtues, is, I find, sufficiently eloquent upon his faults; and his memory is severely treated. No partiality ought to make one defend what is not to be justified. Yet though his bounty was not equal to the great opportunities which he enjoyed of exerting it, he often did very kind and generous things. I know that a few days before his last illness he gave a hundred pounds to a man whom he knew only by character; and I have heard of many instances of the like sort.

"Indeed I believe his own disposition was naturally compassionate and generous; but his unfortunate connection with a wife of a very contrary disposition, and to whom he was too good-naturedly compliant, had checked the tendency of his own heart, and induced a fatal habit, which he must find it difficult to alter at so advanced an age. Yet he nobly broke through it in paying above twenty thousand pounds of Lord Pulteney's debts, for which there could have been no legal demand on him. I know you will forgive me for saying so much on the subject of a friend for whose memory I shall always retain so high a degree of gratitude and affection. His loss appears so much the more grievous, as his death did not seem to be occasioned by the decay of old age. But God alone knows the proper time for all events."

After the publication of her Epictetus, Mrs. Carter's circumstances became so easy, that she was no longer wholly dependent on her father, though she still resided with him whenever she was at Deal, which was still her home. But she was now enabled to live for several months every winter in that part of London which she never afterwards quitted. She considered herself as more independent in lodgings, as well as more at her ease, than she could be in visiting at any friend's house, many of whom would have gladly received her. She therefore engaged a small but neat apartment, the first floor of No. 20, in Clarges-street, Piccadilly, in which she lived for many years. This was next door to the house in which she died; and except an interval of a year or two after the death of her old landlady, at No. 20, when she had lodgings in Chapel-street, May Fair, she resided constantly in the winter in Clarges-street. Here she had handsome and comfortable apartments for herself and a maid-servant, at No. 21, and never afterwards had occasion to change them. She kept no table in London, even after this time when she was well able to afford it; nor ever dined at home, but when she was so ill as to be unable to go out. The chairs or carriages of her friends always brought her to dinner, and carried her back at ten o'clock at latest. Her acquaintance was large and highly respectable; and most of them loved her with a warmth of affection which is not often seen even amongst the nearest connections.

In this same year 1762, her establishment in the country also was put upon a different footing. Her brothers and sisters were now all married, and of course had left her father's house, (except his youngest son, her pupil, and her youngest sister, who both married soon afterwards) and he lived in a hired house at Deal, subject, from different causes, to the inconvenience of frequent removals. She thought it best therefore to buy a house for herself, in which her father might live with her, and she embraced the opportunity of purchasing one at the extremity of the town, commanding a view both of the country, and of the sea, in which she took great delight. Her mother-in-law, with whom she had always lived upon very kind and friendly terms, was now dead, and the task of keeping her father's house had devolved upon her. She performed it as she did her other duties; and to one of her dearest friends, who lamented the trouble which this arrangement gave her, she made the following reply with her usual modesty and good sense:—

"I am much obliged to you for the kind partiality which makes you regret my giving up my time to domestic economy. Indeed I have but very little employment of that kind in a very private and retired family. Yet it is proper that I should be rather more confined at home, and I cannot be so much at the disposal of my friends, as when my sister supplied my place. As to any thing of this kind hurting the dignity of my head, I have no idea of it, even if the head was of much more consequence than I feel it to be. The true post of honour consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they happen to be, which arise from that situation in which Providence has fixed us, and which we may be assured is the very situation best calculated for virtue and our happiness."

In pursuance of this excellent principle, when Mrs. Carter had bought her house, her father hired it of her, and she resided with him as before. Each had their separate library and apartment, and they met but seldom, except at their meals; but they lived together with much comfort and affection, and had a very high opinion of each other. This way of life continued till Dr. Carter's death in 1774.

In her annual journies to and from London at this time, Mrs. Carter usually travelled in the stage-coach. Later in life, when her brother-in-law, Dr. Pennington, was enabled, chiefly by means of the preferment which her interest with Archbishop Secker obtained for him, to keep a carriage, she used to travel in that, generally accompanied by the author of this account, or his elder brother. Her stage-coach journies were sometimes productive of very diverting conversations, one of which she related in these words, in a letter to Miss Talbot in 1763:—

"As Nancy might possibly give you a formidable account of my three fellow-travellers, I think it necessary to inform you, as soon as possible, my dear Miss Talbot, that they did not eat me up, for which I was the more obliged to them, as they seemed disposed to eat every thing else that came in their way. By their discourse I believe they are pilots to the packet boats. One of them in great simplicity gave a very comic account of one of his passengers. He said he had once carried over 'one *Warbritton,* a very old orator, you may read about him in the almanacks. He was a Member of Parliament then, but he has been made a Bishop since. As we were upon our passage, he said he would sing me a song, and the song that he sung was *Rogues all.* He is a very old orator, you must have read about him in the almanacks.' Poor Bishop Warburton, to have all his fame reduced to what one may read about him in the almanacks!

"After he had finished all he had to say about the old orator, he fixed his eyes in my face, and asked if I was not one of the Carters; to which I answered, Yes. About half an hour afterwards he looked at me again, and broke forth with some vehemence, 'Why surely you cannot be the lady that is reported to be so well read in the mathematics, that she has puzzled all the naval officers, and a gentleman came on purpose to have a *confer-rence* with her about it.' 'No indeed, Sir, I am not.' 'Was it any of your sisters then?' 'Not that I know.' After many interrogations, he seemed very dissatisfied and unquiet with my answers, and I believe the poor man is to this hour in a perplexity, whether I am the lady that puzzled all the naval officers, and had a *confer-rence* with the gentleman, or not."

This story of Mrs. Carter's puzzling the naval officers, is one of the many which took their rise from her reputation in the country for even super-human knowledge, proceeding in part from her well known habits of early and late study, and partly from her general character for deep and extensive learning. Hence she gained among the vulgar (like Bacon, Agrippa, and others) the name of a conjuror, an almanack-maker, and of being able to foretel the changes of the weather. An instance of this kind is mentioned in one of her letters to Miss Talbot, which is related in these words:—

"It has yet been fair to-day, but I fear will not continue so. However, I must be cautious of uttering my conjectures here, *(at Wingham)* where I already pass for more than half a witch. Mrs. ——— was lately told by somebody in the village, that a *very cunning gentlewoman* had foretold all the bad weather we have had this summer, and likewise that there would be a worse storm before the end of it. Poor Mrs. ———, from her long acquaintance with me, was far enough from suspecting that I could be the person characterized by the name of a *cunning gentlewoman*, till hearing this Cassandra lived at Deal, she was led into further enquiries, which fully proved the charge against me. From my foretelling a storm, it will be a mighty easy and natural transition to my raising it; so upon the whole, it seems to be well for me, that the repeal of the Witch Act will suffer me to do it with impunity. There was just such another ridiculous story two years ago about my foretelling the high tide. I really thought there had been no such nonsense left even among the lowest of the people at present."

A similar proof that such was the general idea entertained of her supernatural knowledge, once occurred in a conversation to which the author was himself a witness. He was accidentally walking with a friend in Canterbury Cathedral, when a very young man, and had occasion to make some enquiry of one of the verger's wives about a tomb. In the course of their conversation, his friend observed that it was very cold. "Yes," said the woman, "and it will be a dreadful winter, and a great scarcity of corn, for the famous Miss Carter has foretold it." And so far indeed is true, that she often did foretel the change of weather from dry to damp; but that was owing to what she used to call her "atmospheric constitution," and not to her learning; for the approach of damp weather invariably, even to her last hours, occasioned her fits of languor and head-ach, which prevented her from applying to any thing, and sometimes confined her to her couch for the whole day.

After the translation of Epictetus, when, as has been observed, she began to have some property of her own, she immediately disposed of it by will. Many subsequent wills having been made, this, which was the first, is not now extant; but happily among her loose papers there still remained a note and prayer to be appended to it, which shew a mind so well regulated, so grateful, pious, and affectionate, that it ought, in justice to her character, and for the good of the world, to be made public. It shall therefore be given in the Appendix; and it will appear from it by what principles she was guided in the performance of that solemn and affecting duty. Exactly conformable to this instance of piety was her truly Christian spirit even to the close of her life; and she always delighted in embracing every opportunity in conversation of expressing her gratitude to God for a long and happy life, in the enjoyment of many and great comforts and blessings, and unmarked by any signal calamity.

The great intimacy subsisting between Mr. and Mrs. Montagu and Lord Bath, has been taken notice of already; and soon after the signing of the treaty of peace in the beginning of the year 1763, they formed a plan for a continental journey together. This was partly a scheme of pleasure, and partly on account of Lord Bath's health, which was declining, and for whom the Spa waters had been prescribed. At Mrs. Montagu's earnest request, Mrs. Carter was prevailed upon to join their party, which was of course attended with no expence to her. Dr. Douglas also, now Bishop of Salisbury, the learned and well known detector of literary forgeries, who was then Chaplain to Lord Bath, as well as his intimate friend, travelled with them.

Lord Bath and Mrs. Montagu had their separate suites and establishments, though they travelled together; and when one house was not sufficiently large to contain both families, Mrs. Carter was always with Mrs. Montagu. At such times, however, the whole party usually met together at dinner at Lord Bath's. They landed at Calais on the 4th of June, 1763, and returned to Dover on the 19th of September in the same year. They went first to Spa, and then, after a short tour in Germany, proceeded down the Rhine into Holland; and from thence, through Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Dunkirk, to Calais again.

Mrs. Carter's letters from the Continent to several of her relations and friends, though evidently never intended for publication, are yet very interesting. It is both amusing and instructive to see how objects struck a mind like her's; and how the various absurdities of Roman Catholic belief and worship appeared to one so versed in historic as well as classic reading, and so deeply impressed with the excellence of the Reformed Religion, as it appears in the liturgy established in her own country. These letters, therefore, the editor thinks he may be allowed to give to the public, because they can do no harm, may be productive of some good, as well as pleasure, and cannot disgrace the revered memory of his excellent relation. He is indeed the more induced to believe that he may exercise his own discretion about them, because they were returned to Mrs. Carter, many years since, by the executors of the deceased friends to whom they were addressed; and had she wished them to be suppressed, it was in her own power to have destroyed them. Instead of which they were found among her papers, rolled up and labelled, but without any direction upon them to her executor, as there was on some others. He is therefore firmly persuaded, that in printing them he is not acting contrary to Mrs. Carter's will, and believes she meant that he should be guided by his own judgment concerning them, especially as she knew, and did not disapprove, of his intention of writing her life if he survived her. They are printed therefore exactly as they were written, except the omission of descriptions of the same place, which are sometimes nearly similar, being addressed to different correspondents.

To Miss TALBOT.

Calais, *June* 4, 1763.

"God be thanked I can give you the intelligence which you kindly desired, my dear Miss Talbot, of our being safely landed at Calais. We set out about four this morning. The wind was not much either for or against us, so that we had neither a long nor a short passage, but arrived between nine and ten o'clock. Most of our company bore the sea extremely well. Mrs. Montagu, who looked miserably when she came to Dover yesterday, and had been very ill on the road, was surprizingly well during the whole passage *. I held out tolerably for about two hours, but after that grew deplorably sick: however it was sans consequence, so I gave nobody any trouble. I grew better after we were set on shore, and well enough before we reached the inn to find myself extremely inclined to laugh at the objects that struck me in passing the streets; and particularly in crossing the market, where I saw such a mixture of rags, and dirt, and finery, as was entirely new to an English spectator. The women at the stalls, who looked as if they were by no means possessed of any thing like a shift, were decorated with long dangling ear-rings. To own the honest truth, however, there is a *politesse*, and an *empressement pour vous servir*, among the lower kind of people here, that is very engaging, and I find quite a pleasure in talking to them. You will wonder how I have found time to discover all this already, but the French rapidity carries one a great way in a short space. There is a little *perruquier*, with a most magnificent queue, belonging to the inn, with whom I am upon the most friendly terms imaginable, and he is my second page. My first is one provided for me by my Lord Bath, a little French boy with an English face.

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* So she was also when the author went over with her in the year 1776, when it was blowing extremely hard, and every person on board, the sailors excepted, was sick.

" As soon as we had breakfasted, Mrs. M. thought it an advisable scheme to go to bed, as we had been up ever since two in the morning. It was some time before I could get rid of the motion of the ship, but I at last got an hour or two of tolerable sleep, and for such a kind of head I do pretty well.

" Instead of the miserable dirty hole which, from the descriptions I had heard of it, I expected to find Calais—by all that I have been able to see, it is a pretty clean town. I am sorry to say it, but it is fact, that the *Lion d'Argent* at Calais is a much better inn than any I saw at Dover. I have a large comfortable room, and a very good bed, which was far enough from being the case last night, and I hope by to-morrow morning I shall have quite worn off the little remains of seasickness.

" I went into the parish church, which is a very large handsome building, and finely ornamented with all the decorations of Popish devotion. The paintings seem to be very good,

though

though the cloudiness of the afternoon prevented my seeing them very accurately: yet this *dim religious light* added to the solemnity of the building; and the meeting at several parts of the church with people singly at prayers with great appearance of seriousness and devotion, was inexpressibly striking and affecting. Nothing I think could have prevented me from falling down on my knees, but the dread of appearing to worship painting and sculpture. After quitting a place where religion was dressed out in superfluous and dangerous ornaments, I was shocked to see it disgraced by rags and indecency in the person of a mendicant friar, who was one of the dirtiest animals I ever beheld *."

To Miss TALBOT.

St. Omer's, *June* 7, 1763.

" We stayed at Calais till yesterday morning, but my head was too bad to suffer me to see much of the place, except the church—not that I went to high mass. On one side of the high altar is a picture with an impious representation of him '*whom no man hath seen nor can see.*' Over the head of the figure is a triangle. On another part of the piece, a dove, and a heart, and crown of thorns. The motto, *Vive le sacré cœur de Jesus.* At the bottom of the church is a piece of sculpture, consisting of several little figures, and representing our Saviour in the tomb. Below is an inscription, *Et erit sepulchrum ejus gloriosum*, which I suppose may be the Vulgate translation of the original. You will think I have made this quotation to convince the Archbishop that I have left neither my Bible nor my Hebrew behind me.

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* The latter part of this description was addressed to Miss Sutton; but is here joined to Miss Talbot's letter, in order to make the account complete; a liberty which will be taken in similar instances.

"On Monday we set out towards St. Omer's. The country near Calais is flat and disagreeable: the road perfectly good. At about seven miles from thence we got out to view a little bridge, which is so constructed as to cross two streams. I did not understand the mechanism, but the appearance of the arch is extremely beautiful*. While the postillion stopped to bait his horses at a village, I straggled about, and got into the church, which being very small, and as fine as dolls and tinsel could make it, had quite the appearance of a baby-house. Before three we got to St. Omer's, which is a very pretty town; the houses handsome, and the streets wide and well paved; which, to the mortification of my English vanity, is the case with every town we have seen. We went to the Jesuit's College, which, since the expulsion of that order, is given to the College at Douay. It is a pretty large building of four sides: in the middle is an open square. The library did not seem to contain much besides School divinity. There is something strangely melancholy in the appearance both of the buildings and the inhabitants. We endeavoured to talk to some of the school-boys, who are chiefly Irish, but they looked stupified, and had such a dejected spiritless air that it quite sunk one.

"In the cathedral is a silver shrine, I suppose near five feet long, with the several stories of Omer, the titular saint, finely chased in different compartments. On the top is a crucifix of gold. The base is of a composition resembling blue and white marble, which grows wider at the bottom, and is surrounded by a broad fillet of silver gilt. Below that is a square tomb with an opening of glass, which discovers two large silver chasses, containing the reliques of two saints whose names I never heard before, and which I have forgot. In this church there is a picture by Rubens, representing the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, which is extremely painful, but very fine. The strong expression of suffering, and at the same time of hope and comfort, is blended in a manner that exceeds all description. His eyes are fixed on a ray of light issuing from above.

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* This is called the *Pont sans pareille,* and has often been described. Two streams, or canals, cross each other at right angles under it, and as many roads over it. At Croyland, in Lincolnshire, is a bridge something similar to this, but with three streams under it, and three roads over it. The difficulty was probably equal in both.

" In another part of the church is a piece which our guide told us was *St. Job sur le fumier*. His wife has the most complete look and attitude of a vixen I ever saw. In each corner of the picture are several chanoines, bishops, and other ecclesiastical figures. I asked our guide if they were Job's comforters, and he answered ' Yes.' He then shewed us the plate, which is very rich. Among the rest, a chalice set with stones, in which he told us St. Omer performed the mass. I asked him how long it was since St. Omer lived; he answered, ' a hundred thousand years;' but another who stood by, corrected him, and said, ' three thousand years,' but however did not contradict his living before St. Job.

" Yesterday morning we set out for Lisle. By the frugality of our guide to save eight miles, we came for about twelve miles in a very rough road, but through one of the finest countries I ever saw, and the same charming views lasted the whole fifty miles. Between St. Omer's and Lisle are several towns, all very pretty, and vexatiously superior to our country towns in England; but we have advantages enough to compensate this and every other circumstance in which they excel us. The fields are very highly cultivated here; and the people look very clean, and have nothing of that air of poverty and wretchedness that one should have expected in a land of slavery. The corn-fields and woods are intermixed in a most delightful manner, and many parts of the prospect put me in mind of those which we admired so much in going from the Devizes to Bath.

We arrived at Lisle yesterday about three, and have continued all the day to rest ourselves, and see the place. Hitherto, I thank God, our journey has been very prosperous, and all continue in health. Mrs. M. much better than when she set out.

"Lisle is a large and very fine city: but a fashion of strong iron cross-bars before the windows gives the houses an uncomfortable look, and makes them resemble prisons. It is like all the other towns we have passed, paved like St. James's-square. The glare, and foppery, and childishness of the ornaments of the churches are beyond what any thing but the testimony of my own eyes could have given me any idea of. The decorations of the altars are much more fit for the toilette of a fine lady, than for a place dedicated to the solemn service of religion. I am quite sick of looking at so much tinsel, and such a variety of *colifichets*. The only thing which has struck me with any thing like solemnity, was a sight of nuns this afternoon singing vespers. We should have been glad to have staid longer here; but the apprehension from what our guide told us of an elevation of the Hostia, obliged us to return before the service was over. Mrs. Montagu and I were at two other convents, and had some discourse with two nuns. We took notice to one that she appeared *bien contente*, to which she made an answer which had much more sense than enthusiasm in it.— "*Quand on a pris une vocation on seroit bien folle de n'etre pas contente.*" We asked whether it was possible for us to see the inside of the convent, to which she answered very archly, "*Pas sans y rester au moins;*" at which the little rogue of a page who was with us was excessively entertained. We are to set out to-morrow for Ghent."

To ———— *.

Lisle, *June* 8, 1763.

"Last night we all arrived at this place. Here we took an hackney coach, which is quite another thing than at London, for they are extremely easy and clean, and set on springs, so that they turn in a place surprisingly small, and in this machine we visited the principal places. The churches are excessively rich, but there is such a profusion of childish finery as is very inconsistent with that sober and simple dignity which ought to characterise the ceremonies of religion. We visited the fortifications, and were shewed the gate where the Duke of Marlborough entered when he took the city. Many cannon-balls are remaining in the walls since the last siege. We were likewise shewn at some distance the encampment of our army at Fontenoy. A fortified town appears to me a dreadful object, and I feel very thankful for being born in a country which Providence has guarded by the Ocean, and by Liberty."

Ghent, *June* 10.

"We arrived here last night, and were to have set out for Brussells this morning, but my Lord Bath's coach and the chaise marine wanted so much repair, that it kept us here the whole day. Yesterday we quitted French Flanders, and came into the territories of the Empress Queen. We passed through Menin, and stopped for some time at Courtrie, where we had an opportunity of seeing a procession of the Hostia, as it is now the feast *du saint Sacrament*. Whenever the priest came from beneath the canopy, and elevated the Hostia, all the people fell on their knees in the streets. The procession was accompanied by priests, and monks, and quiristers, who sung all the way, but I could not distinguish a syllable. Ghent is a very large city, but does not by any means make so noble an appearance as Lisle. The houses are painted of different colours, but chiefly a dazzling kind of white, which makes a very disagreeable glare. We saw several of the churches, which are very pompous. As we were in the side aisle of the church, we saw mass celebrated at the high altar. The vestments and motions of the priests give the service more the air of a pantomime than a solemn office of religion.

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* All the letters of which the direction is left blank, are addressed to Mrs. Carter's different relations.

" We went to the convent of the Benedictine Monks, which is extremely fine. The refectory is a much more magnificent apartment than I recollect ever to have seen in any of our palaces, and finely ornamented with paintings, &c. The library is a noble room, and the books make a very handsome appearance, but they have hardly any manuscripts. We went to the English nunnery, where Mrs. Montagu visited one who had been her playfellow in England. But there is no admittance within the grate without an order from the bishop. At this convent there was one sweet pretty girl, of a very elegant figure, who made our hearts ach: she had not that air of gaiety which appears in most of those which we have seen.

" To-morrow we hope to get to Brussells, which is about thirty miles from hence, and we propose staying there till Tuesday. If it please God we go on as well and prosperously as we have hitherto done, I hope we shall reach Spa by Thursday or Friday at farthest: of which I shall be very glad, for I am not fond of this unsettled kind of life."

To ———.

Bruxelles, *June* 12, 1763.

" We arrived here all safe and well yesterday afternoon, with no worse accident than some fractures in our tackle, which is perpetually out of repair in this country, though the roads are so very good. But the horses are all harnessed with ropes, and it seems the Empress Queen travels with no other equipage. All the middle of the road is paved with flat stones, so that you have the same jingle in your ears as in driving through a town, for it is very seldom that the postillions chuse to quit the pavement, which makes sad work with the carriages. For the last fifty miles which we have travelled, the roads are bordered with very fine trees, and the whole looks like an avenue to a great house. The country is very flat, but the prospects on each side are often extremely beautiful, and the fields highly cultivated; but one scarcely ever meets with a villa, or a farm-house. Lisle is by much the finest town we have seen. Ghent is very large, but has nothing particularly striking in its appearance. The Benedictines convent is very rich; and some of the apartments resemble rather the palace of an eastern monarch than a college of mortified monks.

" Brussells is the most disagreeable town which I have yet seen in our way; the houses are extremely high, and the streets narrow, which makes it dark and close; and I shall be heartily glad when we leave it. We took an airing to-day in a place used for that purpose by the inhabitants: I believe we went about a mile in a straight road by the side of a dismal looking canal. We afterwards drove about the park, which is pretty enough, but very trifling compared to our St. James's and Hyde Park. There is an English monastery here, which we visited out of compliment to our country-women. We sat about twenty minutes without the grate, and talked with three of the nuns; both these, and those we saw at Ghent, desired us to call on them on our return. They told us one of their amusements was country dances, and that they had the newest from England. They have almost universally the same air of gaiety, which would give one pleasure, if it did not seem to be as much an uniform as their habit: they have all an unhealthy cadaverous kind of look, which is no wonder from the want of air and exercise in such a confinement.

" At a convent in Lisle is a kind of altar with an image of the Virgin and our Saviour, both with black faces; for which we could get no better reason than that our Lady of Loretto was the same. They bid us get up upon a chair, and peep into a little hole of a closet behind the altar, to see the kitchen furniture of the Virgin: all I remember of the contents was a stove and a little brass kettle. I think nothing but the testimony of my own eyes could have perfectly convinced me of the miserable, trifling fopperies of Popery. Most of the images are such mere dolls, that one would think the children would cry for them. Even the high altars are decorated with such a profusion of silly gewgaw finery, as one would think better adapted to the amusement of girls and boys, than to inspire sentiments of devotion. I feel extremely uncomfortable with hearing bells ringing all day long, without being able to go to church; but I hope this heathenish kind of life will be over when we get to Spa, and we shall have a kind of worship in which I can join.

" We have been to see the Arsenal, which contains the armour of the Emperor Charles the Vth, and other great men. The shield is very beautiful; the story, Jason and the Minotaur; the figures a fine relief in steel. We were likewise shewn the armour of poor Motezuma, which is formed of silk and whalebone. The good woman who shewed the place touched us with the sword of Charlemagne, and pronounced a benediction in the name of St. George. The room is a bad one, and in no respect equal to our armories in the Tower; yet two or three of the suits of armour are exquisite pieces of workmanship. The town-house is a fine building, and the tapestry in the highest perfection, particularly one piece, which represents the abdication of the Emperor Charles V."

To Miss TALBOT.

Bruxelles, *June* 13, 1763.

" I have writ to you twice, my dear Miss Talbot, since I left England. The last time I think was from Lisle, which is much the finest city through which we have passed; though indeed all the towns are very good: yet there is something so shocking in the dreadful apparatus of ramparts, draw-bridges, and port-cullises, which strike one at every entrance into a place with ideas of war and despotism, that I think with great transport on our own ill-paved open country towns.

" We came from Ghent to this place on Saturday through a very fine road bordered with tall, handsome trees, and the country on each side as pleasant as possible for an absolute flat, which has been the case almost the whole way from Calais. The streets here are narrow, and all up hill and down, and the houses so high, that it is very dark, and the air seems damp and close. I am moreover devoured by bugs, which is the more provoking as they attack none of our company but myself. We designed to have seen the cathedral to day, but could get no further than the body of it; for the person who had undertaken to shew us the rest, was forbid, for what reason we could not learn. I do not design to finish my letter till we arrive at Spa, for which place we are to set out tomorrow."

Liege, *June* 15.

"We sat out yesterday from Bruxelles between six and seven, with the hope of reaching this place early in the evening. The distance is near sixty miles; but our journey was much perplexed by some accidents to the carriages, by which however, God be thanked, none of us got any hurt. Our equipages consist of a coach, a vis-a-vis, a post-chaise, and a chasse marine, with ten or twelve out-riders. These roads, which appear so very fine, and certainly are so, yet tear our English vehicles all to pieces. When we were got about eighteen miles on our way yesterday, my Lord Bath's coach lost one of the hind wheels, and it was above two hours before it could be repaired. After we had got above half way, the road grew more rugged, and we were obliged to move very slow, so that there was no hope of getting here by day-light, which was to be wished in this lawless, undisciplined country. However, the evening was fine, and we went on in good spirits, except some apprehensions from the crippled state of the coach.

" Liege is situated at the bottom of a very long, and in some parts a steep hill. After we had got to the end of it, and had just passed the gate, Mrs. Montagu and I, who were in the vis-a-vis, heard a violent crash, followed by a fearful yelling in the street, which the darkness, by rendering it impossible for us to see what was the matter, made still more terrible. We soon found it to be, what we apprehended, that the coach was broke down. We had soon the happiness of hearing, that nobody was hurt; but in the mean time Mrs. M—— was so frightened by the first shock, that I was afraid she would faint. In this perplexity I spied an honest looking man with a candle at the side of our vehicle, who, to my great comfort, could speak French; and I begged he would let us come into his house, to which he very readily agreed; and, with great good nature offered to call an English gentleman who lodged with him. Here I procured some hartshorn for Mrs. M——; and by the time she was got a little better, my Lord Bath and Mr. Montagu came to us perfectly unhurt. The axletree broke, which was the occasion of the overthrow. It was very providential that no accident happened as we were coming down the hill. We soon after got to our inn, and have been obliged to stay here all day, instead of pursuing our journey to Spa. By to-morrow I hope the coach will be in a condition to travel. As it happened we should not have had very good travelling if we could have set out this morning, for it has thundered, and lightened, and rained excessively this afternoon.

"Between Bruxelles and Liege we passed through Louvain, where there is a University; but saw nothing worth remarking in our passage but the town-house, a fine gothic building in the same style as that at Brussells. I have somewhere read that the scholars of the University once defended the town very bravely in a siege; but I forget the particulars*. From thence we went on to Tirlemont, which by its situation on a rising ground, in the midst of a fine landscape, makes a very beautiful appearance at a small distance, though it seemed a shabby little town as we passed through it. We dined at the village of St. Tron.

"All that I have seen of this city *(Liege)* is detestable: the streets narrow and dark, and the people of a disagreeable countenance. The English gentlemen who dined with us give them a very bad character. The murderer of Colonel G. till very lately has walked about unmolested. It is said he has now absconded. The wretch was assisted by, I think, fourteen of his relations in this horrid act of revenge. You may imagine we shall not be sorry to leave a place of which we hear so wretched an account. Our journey from hence to Spa is about twenty-one miles; but the road is so mountainous and bad, that we must proceed very slowly. It is not, however, thought to be at all dangerous.

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* It was against William, Prince of Orange, in 1572.

" Mrs. Montagu and I have been to visit an English convent, which is a compliment we pay to our country-women in every town in which we make any stay. They always appear glad to see us, and desire we will call on them on our return. If we are able to do it here, an English gentleman has promised to procure us admittance within the grate. One of the ladies whom we saw to-day is named Plowden, a Yorkshire family. She is not very young, but very handsome, and perfectly well bred; and has more the appearance of unaffected cheerfulness, than any with whom we have conversed.

" This afternoon we went to see the Benedictine church, which has the finest coloured gothic ceiling I ever saw. As we came out we were turning the wrong way, but were met by one of the monks, who told us we were not to pass through the convent; but with great civility he conducted us out the right way, and attended us quite to the coach, and sharply rebuked a man who was at work in the court, for shewing some disposition to be impertinent."

Spa, *June* 16.

" At length we are all safely arrived, I thank God, at the end of our journey. We sat out from Liege before nine this morning, and did not reach Spa till about six, though it is only twenty-one miles: but such a road as I never passed before, nor ever desire to pass more than once over again. It has one advantage, however, that in this wild region of precipices, the carriages do not approach near enough to give one any kind of terror; but there are hills to which Clifton is a mere plaything. A very long and steep hill, about a mile from Spa, is most beautifully romantic, and the more so probably from the great quantity of rain which has fallen yesterday and to-day, and which, I suppose, occasioned the rushing of torrents through the woods, which are in some parts so close, that there is but just room for a coach to pass. At the foot of the hill is a river, about which our people were a little doubtful, as it is sometimes so swelled by the rain, as to be impassable; but it proved to be nothing at all. All our carriages held out very well, except the chasse-marine, which was overturned; but this we did not hear till after our arrival, and providentially nobody got any hurt. The little page has been giving me a terrible account of the affair. A gun, which was deeply loaded, and broke to pieces by the overthrow, did not go off. Some parts of the country near Spa resemble Tunbridge; but the situation of the village itself is not by many degrees so pretty. I am pretty well after this rocky journey; but so tired and beat by the jolting, that I could not dine at my Lord Bath's; but have been drinking my solitary tea in my own room, and am going to bed."

June 17.

"I know nothing more of this place to-day than I did yesterday; for it has rained almost incessantly since we have been here: and while the rain continues there is no drinking the waters. There is but very little company yet arrived, but a great deal expected. Mrs. Montagu's house is just opposite to my Lord Bath's, with whom we are to dine every day. The houses here are by no means comparable with those at our water-drinking places. The walls of the chambers are white-washed, and the floors the colour of dirt. They are much in the style of the better kind of rooms in our farm houses. Mrs.

Montagu's chamber looks upon a river, and mine upon a wooded mountain; so she is entertained by the gurgling of the water, and I by the song of a cuckow. I will observe the Archbishop's direction of beginning moderately with the Geronsterre waters. The Pouhon I drank to-day at dinner. It seems very little, if at all, different from that which I have tasted in England."

To ———.

Spa, *June* 17, 1763.

" At length I have the pleasure of acquainting you that our journey is finished; and we arrived safe and well, I thank God, at Spa about six last night. Spa is only twenty-one miles from Liege; but such a road as I never passed. We were fifteen hours in performing it, including about two which we stopped at a kind of alehouse in the way, to bait the horses. It rained all the morning extremely hard; and in our way over a heath on a high ground, the wind blew so high, that it was quite a tempest. Some of our company said that it thundered and lightened at the same time; but this I did not perceive. It cleared up in the afternoon, which I was extremely glad of on many accounts, besides the opportunity which it gave me of walking down two monstrous hills. The last of them is about a mile from Spa, and the postillion affirmed it to be a quarter of a league in length, but I think it was scarcely half a mile. Part of it has woods on each side, in some places so close, that there is but just room for a carriage to pass. All the way through the woods we heard the dashing of torrents; and the whole scene was wild and romantic to the greatest degree."

To ——.

Spa, *June* 24, 1768.

"Our journey, I thank God, was very prosperous, and some of our party seem much the better for it: my head, to its honour be it spoken, is just the same unchangeable head in all varieties of soil and climate.

"We are not yet got into any regular course of drinking the waters, as some little previous repose and preparation was necessary: but I began pretty much in earnest this morning. One of the springs rises in the midst of the village; but this is but little drank except at dinner. There is another at about two miles distance, which it is usual to drink for about a week; and with this I am at present engaged. The road to it is very rough, and to a coward not very delightful; but the prospect on all sides is in the highest style of savage beauty. The fountain is on the top of a hill, with woods, and rocks, and precipices all round: the walks are delightfully wild; they are deeply shaded with unplanted trees, and the ground broken and diversified with an unbounded irregularity; and all the way one wanders along them, there is the perpetual murmur of springs, unless when it is lost in the dashing of cascades. I shall be sorry when our dose of this fountain is finished, as I am told the next will be less pleasant. It is at a still greater distance from the village. What I have hitherto drank of the water agrees with me very well, except some such confusion of head as I felt from the Tunbridge waters, and which makes it a little awkward to me to write.

"The company here is but very small at present; but great numbers are expected, and lodgings taken: among them are several German Princes. At present we have only one, the Bishop of Augsburg. We are invited to dine with him to-morrow at half past twelve. Prince Clement of Saxony, Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, and his Princess, and the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, have houses taken for them; so the assembly will soon become very magnificent; it is dull enough at present. Mrs. M. and I only went one evening for about ten minutes, in which we found time to grow excessively tired. We dine with my Lord Bath every day, and generally go with him to the fountain in the morning; but to-morrow I propose to follow my own devices, and to skip from rock to rock like a wild kid, instead of jolting, to the utter derangement of all my features, in this horrible bad coach track.

" It has rained many days since we came here; so that I have walked but little through the village. The streets are clean and light; but the disposition of the houses not comparable to Tunbridge. The way of living here is very sober; the whole town seems asleep by ten o'clock; young people, I believe, will be the better for this, whatever they may be for the waters.

" The soil here is so rocky, that the vegetables are very bad; if one's eyes were shut there would be no distinguishing carrots from green pease, nor either of them from a dried rush. The strawberries are equally tasteless. The people here all talk French, but it is not good. I am sorry to find but few French among the company; but there is one fine lively old lady from Paris, who has all the characteristics of her country."

To ———.

Spa, *June* 28, 1763.

" I was really very glad when our journey was over; for I began to grow quite weary of such an unsettled state—one is not, to be sure, settled to much purpose in such a place as this; but still it is a kind of habitation, and one knows where to find a room to sit down in. The way of life is much less agreeable here, I think, than at Tunbridge, as I believe the waters render people still more unfit for any kind of application.

" We set out for the spring about six o'clock. It is at least three miles, I believe, from the village, and all the way up hill. The time of drinking lasts a little more than an hour, and then we return to breakfast; but tea is absolutely prohibited to all the water drinkers. There is nothing but mere sauntering from this time till we dress for dinner at two; and about five begin visiting, and going to the rooms; then supper, and to bed before ten.

" We all dined on Saturday with the Prince Bishop of Augsburg. The company were Lord Bath, and the rest of our party, Lord and Lady Robert Bertie, a Russian Embassador, and some others whom I did not know. His Highness is extremely well bred and obliging, and looks like a very quiet, good kind of man; but had nothing of an episcopal appearance in his dress; for he was in a blossom coloured coat, with an embroidered star on his breast, and a diamond cross; but his behaviour is extremely proper; and it seems as soon as his guests are withdrawn, he always reads prayers himself. He dines at a little after twelve, so the company is dismissed a little after two. We have another Bishop here whom I saw at the Geronsterre this morning, Prince Clement of Saxony, fourth son to the King of Poland. He does not appear to be twenty years old; he is one of the competitors for the Bishoprick of Liege, which is now vacant, and the election referred to the Pope. Any body, I think, must have an outrageous love of sovereignty who can wish to rule the people of Liege, who have the worst look of any human creatures I ever saw, and inhabit one of the most disagreeable cities. Their character is very conformable to their appearance, and we were all heartily glad when we left the place.

" The company at Spa increases every day. I have just been for half an hour to the assembly, where I was tired to death with making forty curtsies; if this direful formality is to continue, I will take care to get but very seldom into the scrape. I suppose it is in compliment to the Princes, who were both there. The most sensible and most agreeable man whom I have met with here is a Russian, who is Embassador to some of the German Courts, and who does not look at all as if he came from the *Pays des ours.*

" The general language here is French: most of the English talk it so ill, that I find no reason to be scrupulous, where there are so many to keep me in countenance. There are some French people here; but the greater part are English and Germans. Some of our countrymen complain of the treatment they have met with in the dominions of the Empress Queen, who it seems has taken a mortal antipathy to the English. A nobleman of the first distinction waited on Prince Charles at Brussells, in his way to Spa; and the Prince did not speak to him, which was the more remarkable as they had been very well acquainted; and I heard of another instance equally strange.

" The country all round Spa is wild and romantic to the highest degree; but I dare not ramble far by myself, and I do not like the incumbrance of a guard. I have found one very pretty walk however, where I may venture with safety: it is not half a mile long; but in that compass I have great variety of hills, and woods, and valleys, and springs, and cascades. It is terminated by a little brook, which I should certainly pass, if I saw any thing beyond it that much tempted my pursuit.

"It is very grievous to me to hear so seldom from home. I have yet had but one letter, though I have writ several times when we were upon the road. I know it is not the fault of my friends that I do not hear oftener; but the post *va toujours son train* without any regard to my impatience."

To ———.

Spa, *July* 2, 1763.

"There is not the least hazard of my growing too much in love with foreign parts from any amusement we have hitherto met with at Spa. The weather has been so rainy, that there has been no opportunity of our enjoying this place as a rural scene; and I do not find much to engage my attention among the human creatures that make up the public assemblies. Our company consists of Germans, French, Dutch, and English; but nations that have such frequent intercourse with each other, have so much resemblance in their manners, that there is very little to gratify the curiosity of a Speculatist. Our assembly room at Spa is just like an assembly room at Tunbridge or Bristol, only more formal, and consequently more dull. There are several Germans of distinction, but no English, except Lord and Lady Robert Bertie. The Bishop of Augsburg keeps a table, and invites all the company by turns. We have dined there once, and are to dine there again to-day. The dining with a Sovereign Prince is an affair of more honour than pleasure, and is nothing like society. One circumstance is very awkward to little folks, that the attendants are all men of quality; and we must either choke with thirst, or employ a Count or Baron to bring a glass of water. An *Excellence* with an embroidered star comes to us from his Highness when dinner is upon table, which is half an hour after twelve. I must go and dress for this most serene visit; but was unwilling to lose this post to thank you for your letter.

"Prince and Princess Ferdinand have a house taken for them; so there will be no end to bowing and curtsying, and standing *pede in uno.* An inundation of English nobility *is likewise soon to pour in upon us.* Adieu."

To ———.

Spa, *July* 2, 1763.

"I begin my letter to you now, though I do not design to send it till I hear from you again: but I am obliged to write *a diverses reprises*, as I can seldom sit down long together. I have begun to drink the waters; but my head will not suffer me to go on so regularly with them as I could wish. I do not mean by this that it is at all worse than usual; but as it is pretty much the same, you know it must give me frequent interruptions. We all dined to-day with the Bishop of Augsburg. In the spirit of prudence I came home as soon as it was over, to sit quiet instead of going to tire myself with making curtsies at the rooms; and by this means have time to write some letters.

"The balls at Spa are not yet begun, but I suppose will soon, as July will be the height of the season. The players are soon expected, and there is a building preparing for fireworks. The weather has been so rainy, that there has been but little going out, except in a coach. We were on Thursday in one of the public walks, which is very pretty from the views which strike one from every part of it. On one side of it is a very high hill covered with green, and in appearance almost perpendicular. Yet there are terrass walks so contrived, that it may be ascended without any hazard. The appearance of people who are climbing this mountain, sometimes in full view, and at others half concealed by the trees, makes the prettiest scenery imaginable to the company walking below. You may be sure I marked the practicability of this ascent, which I have this afternoon been putting into actual execution, while the rest of our party were airing, or rather stifling in the coach, which I always renounce when I can. I found my ramble extremely pleasant. The mountain from the bottom to the top is cut into wood walks, in such a manner as reminded me of the hanging gardens of Babylon. With all my dread of precipices I had no sort of shuddering, as the trees make so good a fence, and in great measure conceal the depth below. The top leads to a large wild heath, from whence there is an unbounded prospect. The nearest object is the village of Spa, which makes a very pretty appearance from that height. I saw some green lanes that exceedingly tempted me to ramble on to a greater distance; but as I was alone, and recollected that I was in the lawless territory of Liege, I checked my roving inclination, and contented myself with sitting down to enjoy the prospect, and breathe a most reviving air. [July 8.]

" We grow every day more and more crowded at Spa, and the assembly room looks more bustling and cheerful; but there is still more and more bowing and curtsying, as there are still more Princes and Princesses. Prince Ferdinand of Prussia is arrived to night; every body is preparing to pay their court to the Princess: as I have no hoop I am out of the scrape, and shall content myself with seeing her, or with not seeing her, as it may happen at the rooms. There is a world of English arrived within this week; but there are very few French; but German Counts and Barons innumerable. Let me mention, however, the Germans with respect; I believe they deserve it in general: but I am inclined to be particularly fond of them at present, if it was only on the account of one lady whom I have lately met with, and with whom I am exceedingly acquainted, and exceedingly charmed. My English vanity is greatly flattered, by her earnestly desiring to learn our language, which I dare say she will soon accomplish, if a melancholy state of health does not prevent her. Of all the different people of different nations who are assembled together in this place, I have met with no one from whose conversation I have derived so much pleasure."

To Miss TALBOT.

Spa, *July* 14, 1763.

" I thought it a very long time, my dear Miss Talbot, before your conscience reminded you that I was in foreign parts. I beg you will not for the future lull it to sleep by an imagination, that it is necessary for people to travel as far as Constantinople, before they are solicitous to hear of their friends. I cannot tell how many measured miles there may be from Spa to England; but I know they are very long and very numerous by computation.

" Your letter, which I had at last the pleasure of receiving, was upon the whole a comfortable one, so far as that account goes, I am in charity with the Archbishop's gout: and I extremely applaud your living *al fresco* under the fragrance of roses; a luxury absolutely unknown at Spa, where the flowers are a mere picture.

" The life at Spa is just as idle and as sauntering as that of other water-drinking places; and the company does not strike one with any new impressions: it is made up of French, Dutch, Flemish, German, and English. The manners of nations who have so much intercourse with each other, have very little variety, and the language is the same, for every body speaks French. We have some illustrious personages here, and more are daily expected; so we shall be quite in a course of princes. The Bishop of Augsburg has company to dine with him every day: we have already been there three times *(c'est une visite fort illustre, et bien triste.)* Prince Clement of Saxony was here for a short time: he is a pretty young man about twenty, with two Bishopricks, and an orange coloured coat. The Bishop of Augsburg, who has all the appearance of being a very good kind of man, speaks very advantageously of him. He is youngest son to the King of Poland, and a competitor for the Bishoprick of Liege, which is a disputed election, and referred to the decision of the Pope. He has only nineteen voices in the chapter, and Count Outremont a Liegois thirty-one.

"The Count de Mhandhershscheild Blaywnkheihimwn is another of our great personages, and a sovereign Prince. He and *Madame la Comtesse* dined at the Bishop of Augsburg's; they were attended by two figures, which, as far as I could guess by their motions, are of the human species; but there not being any telescopes in the room, it was impossible for me to see their heads. Mrs. ——— conjectures, that this pair of Colossuses must be very useful to see the dishes on a table, whenever the Comte de Mhandhershscheild Bhlaywnkheihimwn happens to have a boiled leviathan at top, and a roasted behemoth at bottom.

"Seriously the Count is a well-bred man, very agreeable, and talked with sense and good-nature. If one could get into *a-tête-a-tête* with *Altesses*, the Princess of Esterhasy is the person with whom one would most wish to get acquainted; there is something remarkably pleasing in her look and manner, and both her understanding and character are much extolled. Prince and Princess Ferdinand of Prussia are to be here to night, and every body is preparing to pay their court to them; but with this I have nothing to do; for I am told a hoop is absolutely necessary, and no hoop have I, and no hoop do I design to have; so I shall decline the honour and happiness of looking silly in the presence of Princess Ferdinand. The hereditary Prince of Brunswick* is soon to be here: and for a day or two Duke Ferdinand and the Princess Amelia of Prussia: but it is in vain that you have set your heart on the conversion of the King, for he certainly will not come to Spa.

"After all there was a dispensation for going without hoops: but I was never the nearer, as I was sent to my pillow by the head-ach. However I have seen Princess Ferdinand and her suite at the room, and at the walks, and a most extraordinary sight they are. They are laced within an inch of their lives, their stays excessively stiff, and their stomachers of an amazing length, nearly approaching to their chins. But what struck me the most is, that their features are all at a dead stand. I really never did see any thing in the human countenance before, that so much realized the fable of the Gorgon. The Princess has a very fine complexion, and is really as pretty as it is possible for her to be with such a stony look; with all this she is excessively lively, and danced three times a day when she was at Aix. Her French pronunciation *écorche les oreilles*, and is absolutely the worst I ever heard. Madam Keith, the *grande maîtresse*, is the most like one of the folks of this world among the set. She is a Prussian, but her face has learnt Scotch. With all this strange appearance of figure the whole court is extremely affable and obliging; and the Prince and Princess express great uneasiness at every instance of ceremony that seems to lay the company under any restraint. I have never been near enough to the hereditary Prince to get a full view of him."

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* Afterwards reigning Duke of Brunswick, and father of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Too late for himself, for he lived to see the ruin of his country; but too soon for Europe, which never stood in greater need of a General so brave, loyal, and incorruptible, this Prince has now closed his long career of glory and honour by the death of a Hero and a Patriot. He is one of the many victims to the wild ambition of the modern Alexander, to whom may well be applied the character given by Lucan to his prototype:—

——————————" Felix Prædo—
Terrarum fatale malum fulmenque quod omnes
Percuteret pariter populos; et sidus iniquum
Gentibus."

Lucan, Lib. 10. V. 20 & 33, &c.

July 12.

"This morning I had the pleasure of receiving your letter, and rejoice in the good account it brought me. You may comfort the heart of poor Mrs. F——, which you have so maliciously tormented, by assuring her that the painted gauze arrived safe, through all the perils of the Liege roads; and has been received by such an universal applause, as I never heard bestowed on any decoration of the kind in any age or country. Grave Bishops, Serene Princesses, English Lords and Ladies, High Dutch Barons, Low Dutch Burgomasters, and Flemish fat gentlewomen, have all concurred in their admiration both of the invention and the execution.

"You may set your heart at rest about any violent effect that the waters of Spa are likely to have on my spirits. The etiquette of Spa is to begin with the Sauveniere spring, by which I was extremely discouraged, as it dejected my spirits to the lowest degree, till I found that even Mrs. M——'s vivacity could not withstand its influence, from whence I concluded it a common effect. My head achs, and little fevers have a good deal interrupted me in the drinking of the Pouhon and Geronsterre; and if they had been worse than they have often been in England, I should have been tempted to desist; but as this is not the case I persevere, and I am upon the whole better than when I first came; and though I feel no immoderate gaiety, yet my nerves and spirits are much mended.

"I do not insist on your drinking the Spa waters if you have no languor or faintness; but if you have, I cannot help being very desirous that you would try it. My friends here, I thank God, are upon the whole very well. My Lord B. perfectly so. I extremely enjoy the universal respect which all the foreigners pay him, and the manner in which they talk of him. My English vanity suffers a good deal in some other respects; but these, and sundry other points, I hope we shall talk over next winter. Mrs. M. has had some slight attacks of the pain in her stomach, but they have never continued long. There are infinite coquetries passing between her and the good little Bishop of Augsburg, *en attendant le Roi de Prusse.* As to my own part, notwithstanding your malicious conversion of a Popish saint into a classical lover, I have never since I came to Spa been in love to signify, except with a Russian ambassador, who is a pretty little man, who has cast the bear-skin, and does not at all resemble the plump gentleman with the arrow in his throat on my seat.

"I have not yet seen Lady Spencer *, who has not been at the rooms when I have happened to go. We have visited upon paper, the etiquette of this place is for the last comer to make the first visit. Mrs. Poyntz met Mrs. M. and me in the streets, and has since been with us at home: she is extremely fallen away, but in other respects *toujours la même.* This place grows every day more and more crowded, and I every day less and less attentive to the bustle from the pleasure I find in the conversation of one person, whom I have lately had the happiness to discover, and who is too ill to have much share in it. I had for some time frequented the Geronsterre without meeting any one among the various nations assembled there, that could much interest or amuse me; but one morning I was struck by the new appearance of a very elegant figure, and in a dress so perfectly neat, that to the honour of our country be it spoken, we took her for an English woman. As she was not able to walk without help, and could not find her servant, Mrs. M. led her to the spring where I was, and then being obliged to rejoin her own company, consigned her over to me. After I had conducted her to a seat, something more than mere compassion induced me to sit down by her, and I very soon discovered something in her very superior to what I had met with or expected to find in this place. We have since conversed with her every day, and every day become more convinced of the extraordinary merit of her character. With the politest manners, and most engaging gentleness, she has a depth of thought, an extent of reading, an elegance of taste, and a sprightliness of wit, that I should never have expected to have found in a *Baronne Allemande.* With all this she discovers a nobleness of principle, and the deepest sense of religion. It is by degrees that one discovers the superiority of her understanding, which, instead of producing into full view, she seems to take all imaginable pains to conceal. She speaks French perfectly well, without the least degree of German pronunciation, and expresses herself very readily in Italian. She is extremely desirous of learning English, which she had attempted, by her own account, without success, but upon my procuring an English book for her, I found she could often read nearly a whole page without missing the sense of a single word. There is something so very English in her ideas and sentiments, that I feel fully persuaded she will soon be mistress of our language. She has too much, alas! of the English temperament, for I never saw a more dreadful excess of nervous disorders. Mrs. M. and I congratulate ourselves on the acquisition of such a prize, of which nobody in the place but ourselves seems to know the value.

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* Georgiana, now Countess Dowager Spencer. From this time, this lady honoured Mrs. Carter with her friendship, which was most sincerely returned; and there was ever afterwards a very affectionate and frequent intercourse between them.

" I will certainly make all the enquiry I can, and endeavour to procure some anecdotes relative to the excellent Bishop Benson; I have been directed to one person here who is the most likely to remember him.

" If my power of amusing you was equal to my inclination, you would receive very lively pacquets from Spa, but what I have not of my own, I will borrow from Mrs. M. though it is at my own expence. I thought it so impossible for you not to be entertained by the wicked account she has given of me to Mrs. Vesey, that I have with some difficulty prevailed on her to suffer me to let you see it. Be so good then, when you have read it, to seal it, and put it under cover, directed to Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. Dublin, and send it to the post. I am very sure you will not communicate it to any body but his Grace and Mrs. Talbot. Mrs. M. says I have drawn her into a pretty scrape, for that the Archbishop will certainly think her absolutely mad—her best compliments to you all. Adieu, my dear Miss Talbot, I am sorry to confirm any part of Mrs. Montagu's scandal, but it is an undeniable truth, that I am going to dress for the ball. My best respects to his Grace and Mrs. Talbot. If it be only for love, do pray write to me soon." [*June* 4.]

To ——.

Spa, *July* 15.

" We are now extremely gay, and very magnificent at Spa, and it seems the high season for Princes and Princesses. Last night was the first ball, which was opened by the Hereditary

Prince of Brunswick and the Princess Ferdinand of Prussia; the Prince afterwards danced with several other ladies: he is not remarkably handsome, but altogether a fine looking young man. They afterwards danced some French and English country dances, and at last a Polonese dance, unlike any thing I ever saw before; in the other couples I thought it rather too romping; but in the Prince and Princess it was only lively. She is very pretty, and has a remarkably pleasing smile: she had all the disadvantage of a most horrible dress, for she had on a cap of such a size, as I never yet saw upon the head of the tallest plebeian gentlewoman. I had seen her before without any, which was by much the most becoming extreme.

" In proportion as the assembly room grows more crowded, it becomes more agreeable, for there is less form and ceremony, and these serene and royal personages seem to be very easy sociable kind of beings. The Hereditary Prince bears a most amiable character, which indeed belongs to the whole Brunswick family. The greatest part of the company here are English, the rest Dutch, Flemish, and German—very few French: they are so totally ruined by the war, that, poor souls, they are more solicitous to procure the necessaries of life, than its amusements.

" You will doubtless expect me to say something about my own health: it is at least not the worse for the waters, which I shall continue drinking without much dependance of getting better; my head-aches, and other little disorders I am subject to, prevent my taking them as regular as I ought, but I thank God I go on prosperously. Mrs. M. is upon the whole very well; but my Lord B. is the youngest, the liveliest, and the healthiest of the whole set: it does my heart good to see with what universal respect he is treated by all people, of all ranks, and all nations, in this place: indeed, there is so much dignity, and so much true politeness, and so much good-humour in his behaviour to all, that he well deserves the attention that is paid him."

To ———.

Spa, *July* 18, 1767.

"We are much frustrated at present in our water-drinking here, for there has been such continued and often violent rains for about a fortnight, that the waters are very much hurt, and extremely flat; however, what we want in spirits is made up to us in gaiety and honours. The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick invited himself to dinner on Sunday with my Lord Bath: there was to be no company but his Highness's own suite and Madame de Blune, my charming Brunswick friend, whom I mentioned to you, I believe, in my last letter. You may perhaps imagine that this was a dinner of great state, and very little pleasure: on the contrary, nothing could be more easy and cheerful.

"The Prince (I congratulate our Princess) is one of the finest young men I ever saw, and appears to greater advantage the more one has an opportunity of knowing him. The general expression of his countenance is deep thinking, mixed with remarkable sweetness and good-nature. His conversation was remarkably sensible, perfectly obliging and polite: he reads and understands English, but does not yet talk it; however, he spoke a few words to me as I past by him to-night at the ball, and seemed pleased to attempt it.

"You will imagine by this character that we are all extremely charmed with him; he has a very amiable character; indeed the whole house of Brunswick has a very uncommon degree of merit. His Highness is to leave Spa on Saturday, and the Prussian Prince and Princess are to depart at the same time. They are all very joyous and sociable—the Princess and her Court danced in the open air till eleven o'clock last night.

"There was a ball this evening—I stayed about an hour; but it was too hot, and too crowded for me, to run the hazard of a fit of the head-ach by continuing too long. We have besides the rooms a French play; the Princes, and consequently all the world besides, go every night—when I say all the world, I do not mean to include myself. We are entirely confined to the life of Spa at present, for the weather is so bad, there is no making any excursions. The town itself is very clean, so that if it ceases raining half an hour, one may contrive to get out very well between the showers, which is a great resource to me who do not love to depend on the motions of a coach.

"This place is as full as it can hold, and many more would come if they could find a house to put their heads in. I was so lucky as to get one for Mrs. Middleton* and Miss Bouverie, who came last week: Lady Westmoreland and Lady Primrose arrived at the same time. I am going with my Lord Bath to play quadrille with them this afternoon, at the expence of Mrs. Montagu's purse, for I never give myself the airs of playing with such personages on my own account. Mrs. M. is going to the play."

To Miss SUTTON †.

Spa, *July* 22, 1763.

"The life of a water-drinking place, my dear Miss Sutton, allows one so very little time for writing, that though I have longed to thank you for your letter almost every day since I received it, a hundred little avocations have prevented my sitting quietly down to do it. I rejoice to find you are safely arrived at the end of your long journey; our's was, I thank God, very prosperous, and very amusing, as we stopped to see every thing worth observation in our way. I will not trouble you with an account of particulars, which you must so often have heard described. In general, the country through which we travelled, from St. Omer's to Liege, is extremely beautiful, and in the highest degree of cultivation; the roads are perfectly good; the little towns are light and clean, and well paved, and, to the mortification of my English vanity, in every respect preferable to our's. The view of the idolatrous churches and fortified towns, the abodes of superstition, and the guards of despotism, soon brought me back to a sense of all our own happiness, and the inferiority of all advantages, when put in competition with the Bible and Magna Charta.

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* Wife of Captain, afterwards Sir Charles, Middleton, now Lord Barham, and Mrs. Bouverie, of Teston House, Kent. Both these ladies were intimately acquainted with Mrs. Carter. They have both been dead some years.

† Of this amiable and excellent young woman, to whom Mrs. Carter was much attached, a more particular account will be given hereafter.

" As much as I had heard of the fopperies of the Popish worship, they appeared to me childish and trifling to a greater degree than I had conceived from any description. In the ornaments of the altars, where there is often such a profusion of riches, nothing is great, nothing that can excite sentiments of devotion, or impress an awful sense of the Divine Being; but all is glare, and finery, and littleness. I had expected to find some entertainment to my Gothic imagination in the architecture; but I scarcely met with any church that did not totally shock all my ideas of the sublime, as well in the structure, as in the ornaments. I do not recollect that we met with one truly Gothic. The aisles are all too wide, the light too strong, and consequently that dim perspective, that undefined extent on which you and I have so often conversed with enthusiastic sensibility, are illumined into littleness, and bounded by feet and inches.

" We were at several convents, and talked with some of the nuns; their condition would have appeared less pitiable to me, if they had discovered any of that vivid spirit of enthusiastic devotion, which seems alone capable of supplying a vacation from the ordinary duties and amusements of life; but of this there appeared no symptoms, and their cloistered state seemed a mere profession: the want of air and exercise gives them all a flat cadaverous look, which is very painful; their behaviour is universally the same—an undistinguished kind of cheerfulness, which seems as much a uniform as their habit, and consequently could give one but little pleasure.

" We arrived at Spa the 16th of June; you would, I believe, be pleased with this wild region, which is in the highest style of savage beauty, and would be a fine subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa. I reserve all particular descriptions of it till I have the pleasure of seeing you tête-a-tête in Clarges-street, where I hope we shall, next winter, have, in spite of your melancholy system, many a cheerful hour. Alas! my dear Miss Sutton, how much I grieve that such a system should be founded on your own feelings! I grieve the more sensibly from a late experience, how miserably the operation of constitutional disorders on the mind may counteract every advantage of external situation. My nerves were so relaxed, and my spirits so flat for some time after I got here, that it was from reasoning, not feeling, if I was capable of any pleasure. I am at present in that respect, thank God, much better, and have acquired some relish for the life of the place. My head is just as usual, and I am now writing on a pillow. I drink the waters, because they do not make me worse, rather than from any great dependance that they will make me better. I had much stronger hopes of their effect on Mrs. Montagu: in these I have hitherto been sadly disappointed; she has but very little indeed of the pain in her stomach, but is more faint and languid than I ever remember her. I should be much more uneasy at this, if I was not assured by people who have made the experience, that this is often the case at first, where the waters do most good in conclusion. My Lord Bath and Mr. Montagu are most remarkably mended since they left England.

"Spa is at present in high crowd, and very illustrious, for we have *Serenissimos* and *Altesses* without number; one third of the company I suppose is English, the rest consists of Germans, Flemish, and Dutch, with a very small number of French, for which you know I am too much an English-woman to be greatly concerned. In this untravelled spirit, only think how much I must be scandalized; some of our *compatriotes*, whom I had formerly known with decent unsophisticated faces, now staring in the highest glare of Paris complexion!

"Prince and Princess Ferdinand of Prussia, among many other great personages, are here. There is something extremely easy and sociable in the etiquette of the German courts—their attendants sit down to table with them, and share their amusements. Their manners are unaffected and agreeable; but their dress so ridiculously stiff, that the first time I saw them all together, they put me in mind of King Pharaoh's court in a puppet-shew. The Hereditary Prince is well made, and has one of the finest countenances I ever saw, with the strongest expression of deep thought, and easy good-nature; his conversation discovers strong sense, and much reading, though perfectly unaffected and polite: he dined one day with my Lord Bath, so I had an opportunity of hearing him talk a good deal. All the acquaintance I have formed here is among the Germans: there is something that pleases me in their general character, and I am very particularly charmed with one lady, whose conversation gives me a superior entertainment to any amusements I meet with either in the walks or assembly rooms.

"I do not wonder that a mind like your's should feel much disgust at the wretched low arts of popularity. In the eye of virtue and of reason, nothing is more little than the practices of those who make a point of arriving at what the world calls greatness. But my speculations are only on paper. If you are so good as to write to me within a week after you receive this letter, I shall receive it, and have the pleasure of knowing how you do before we leave this place, and if you are not too much engaged, I hope you will not refuse me. I know not exactly the time of our return, nor of the route; but I believe we shall not set out till late in August: yet the post is so long in coming from England, that it will be necessary for you to write by the time I have mentioned. Mrs. Middleton and Miss Bouverie are here for a short time, which has made the bad weather we have lately had an unlucky circumstance to their curiosity. Mrs. Montagu's compliments attend you. Adieu, my dear Miss Sutton."

To ———.

Spa, *July* 25, 1763.

"We go on here drinking and clothing ourselves in water, for such perpetual rains I scarcely ever saw in any place: it is sometimes too violent to allow us to go to the spring, which is about two miles from the town. A company of French comedians is a great resource to about a thousand souls, who have no earthly thing to do unless they go out to fetch it. Yesterday morning Lord Drogheda gave a public breakfast, which is the first we have had: it was much enlivened by the Prince of Prussia's clarionets: it ended with a dance, or it would have been no fête to the Princess, who is the most indefatigable of all dancers. There is a sociability in the German courts that delights me: their attendants share all their amusements, and dine with them in a family way.

"There is some danger before I return home that I may be totally translated into high Dutch, for all my acquaintance here lies among the Germans. I am much too obstinately English for my friends to be under any apprehensions of my assuming *le caractere François*; but I can slide without much difficulty into one which a good deal resembles our own. I am sorry to say many of my country-women are not of the same way of thinking, for though they have with natural decency shewn their pale faces at Bath and Tunbridge, they are so polite as at Spa to appear in no other than a glaring Parisian complexion; it is prodigious how I long to beat them.

"The Encœnia at Oxford is no more an object at Spa than is the country of the great Mogul, so that I am entirely at a loss about the prize subjects. To the great mortification of my English vanity, the principal figure that we make in the Foreign Gazettes, is contained in accounts of the proceedings in the affairs of Wilkes.

"There is yet no time fixed for our leaving Spa, but I believe it will not be till towards the latter end of August. We are to return a different road from that which brought us hither, in order to see the greater variety of places. I beg that some one or other of my friends at Deal will continue to write to me every week, till I let them know that our time of leaving Spa is fixed. Some of our Princes are to leave us next week, but the place is not likely to grow thin, as new comers are daily expected, and only wait for room.

"The variety of dress in the company here makes the first coup d'œil on the walks of the Geronsterre very amusing: Priests and Hussars, Beaux and Hermits, Nuns and fine Ladies, stars and crosses, cowls and ribbons, all blended together in the most lively and picturesque manner imaginable. There is something chearful too in the appearance of the town, for the streets are all day long crowded with people without any bustle or hurry. I never was in a place of so little noise. The worst circumstance is the danger of rambling about a very romantic country without a strong guard, as there are robbers in the woods, who have infused much terror, though I have not heard of any worse mischief they have done than stripping a poor running footman. To people who can take no exercise but in a coach, this place is very inconvenient, for the roads are so insufferably bad, that there are no airings, except going in the morning to the fountain, and that is tolerably good. A small expence would make a great improvement in the environs of Spa, and might well employ a crowd of stout and healthy looking beggars, that shock and torment the company at every step: I never saw a set of such hard-faced robust suppliants.

" There is one very fine public walk for the company, and very delightful alleys cut through the woods to the top of the hills, which are the work of a Mr. Berkley, either an English or Irish gentleman; they have been finished about seven years."

To Miss TALBOT.

Spa, *July* 31, 1763.

" Long before this, my dear Miss Talbot, I hope your very kind anxiety about me is over, as I writ you a very full and true account of myself, and all things in this place, just after I had the pleasure of receiving your second letter, and I likewise enclosed one which I begged you to get conveyed to the post for Ireland. I think I have not any thing new to tell you about myself, but I have the happiness of seeing Mrs. Montagu much better.

" I rejoice to find you all continue so well in such a summer, which the accounts from other places inform us is not confined to Spa; we have not had two days without rain, I firmly believe, for this month or five weeks, and it is sometimes so violent, that one is almost wet through stepping into the coach, and some days there is no getting to the fountain at all. Very luckily for me these streets are soon dry, or I should be stifled for want of air. I very seldom go to the ball, as it is an atmosphere in which I find it impossible to breathe. I should more regret that my rambles about the environs of Spa are so often rendered impracticable by the weather, if the villains, who are said to be lurking in the woods, did not render it unsafe to straggle out of sight of the town.

" The court of Berlin left us this morning; I was rejoiced to see the poor Prince of Prussia so much mended in his looks: he was so extremely polite and unaffectedly good-natured in his whole behaviour, that it was impossible not to pity and wish him well: he is said to have suffered much from the unkind treatment of his brother; for it seems this hero, who defies Omnipotence, this philosopher *sans souci*, is the slave of his own capricious humours, and consequently the torment of all who are so unhappy as to have any dependance on his favour. The court, however, was very gay and joyous here. *Vive la bagatelle* seems to be its motto. Indeed I am afraid there are too many other instances throughout the empire in which the German gravity *a culbuté* into the French philosophy and French manners, which seem to be growing as universal as their language—*nous parlerons de tout cela au coin de votre feu.* And by that time I may have learnt to rail at the French in some other language besides their own, which would be difficult for me to do here, where I speak hardly any other, and to be sure am far enough from speaking that, but you need not conclude from hence that I am dumb.

" The Hereditary Prince too has left us, and attends the Berlin court to Brunswick, where they are to stay a week; but now I am talking of such things, pray, above all Princesses that ever grew, love and honour the Princess of Esterhasy, who desired a lady to take her own time as to the rest of the company,

pany, but to introduce her as soon as possible to the acquaintance of the English. This distinction in our favour is the more remarkable, as the said Princess is a very principal favourite of the Empress Queen.

"You will be pleased to hear that Lady Spencer does not frequently expose her health to the hazard of these heated rooms. Her looks do not quite satisfy me, but she always affirms that she is quite well. She sent a servant to stop me a few days ago, as I had escaped from the rooms, and was passing by her house, and I spent a most delightful hour with her.

"We talk of leaving this place the 18th of August, or thereabout; but as we are to go to Cologne, &c. and pass through Holland, it will probably be near the middle of September before we can get to England. If it was left to my own choice, I do not know whether my curiosity might be strong enough to carry me out of the shortest and best road; but as we are to digress, I am glad that some part of the time is to be given to see more of Germany. About Holland I scarcely ever heard any thing that I would not wish to avoid. There are a good many Dutch here, but they keep all together, and have very little conversation with the rest of the company; but whether it be choice, or necessity, I cannot tell. I know not whether they might not have grown more fashionable, if one of their country-women, who went by the name of La Belle Hollandoise, had continued any time among us; her complexion and features were very fine, but there was something of the characteristic *pesanteur* in her countenance. The most complete beauty here, in my opinion—I beg pardon of Lady Mary Coke—is a Chanoinesse: she does not appear very striking at first sight, and indeed when one has looked ever so long, there is nothing to put one in mind of Venuses and Helens of old; it is merely such an expression of countenance as a good painter would wish to copy for an angel. I am not well enough acquainted with her to judge how far her character answers this idea; but all who are, describe it as very amiable. So much for beauties.

" You may perhaps expect that I should next give you an account of the beaux esprits; but I thank my stars I have neither seen nor heard of such trumpery in the place, though we continue as full as ever, I believe; for new comers supply the room of those who leave us.

" My best respects wait on the Archbishop and Mrs. Talbot. We are not quite so early in the coach as his Grace is on horseback; but I have the start of you all, as I drink some glasses of the Pouhon water before we get out for the Geronsterre. I do not find that either of them have any such Lethean quality as you insinuate, with regard to my friends: but those of Greece and Rome, towards whom I have contracted a marvellous strangeness; but a little Deal air will, I hope, make up the quarrel.

" Mrs. Montagu knows as little of Doctor Monsey at the distance of a hundred leagues, as you do within half a mile. She desires her love to you; and that she can no otherwise account for his silence, than that his wit is all evaporated, and his nonsense too heavy to travel as far as Spa.

" Be so good as to continue to direct to me at Spa; for if we should be gone, your letters will be sent after me. Adieu, my dear Miss Talbot." [August 2, 1763.]

To ———.

Spa, *Aug.* 2, 1763.

" I very sensibly feel the kind concern of my father and the rest of my friends for my safety; and they may be sure I will take great care to follow their advice, and not expose myself to any hazard. I have never attempted so much as to climb the hill which is close to the village by myself, but once since the report of the robbers lurking in the woods, and even this I shall do no more. An accident which has happened to-day, it is said, has discovered two of the villains who have committed some robberies here: they quarrelled it seems about the division of the spoil, and one of them in the fray broke the other's leg. Thus much is certainly true, that the poor wretch's leg is broke, and he is brought into the town.

" We have too much of another kind of rapine here, not quite so liable to the gallows, a gaming table, which makes terrible depredations, particularly among the French officers: if it was not a folly too serious to be diverting, one should laugh at the consequences. One fine gentleman furnishes the rattling table with a ring, and another with a chaise and horse; and thus, when all the money is played out of their pockets, every ornament and every convenience flies after it. An Irish gentleman has been very successful, and almost ruined the Faro bank. He is departed, and carried off above a thousand pounds: he might probably have been a happier man, if he had lost even as much.

" The Prince and Princess of Prussia, the hereditary Prince, and all their train, left us on Saturday; so we are not quite as illustrious as we were, but just as numerous, and new comers continually supply the place of those who are departed. All the company is very peaceable and quiet, and there seems to be none of those fashionable pests of society, the bucks and choice spirits, among us. In a decent way, perhaps, it might not be amiss if there was a little more activity and bustle; and I thought I felt a little foolish at hearing one of my foreign friends observe most maliciously, that it would not be known there was any of our country at Spa, if a footman did not now and then run through the streets screaming in English after a stray dog.

" I hope you have not had in England such a summer as we have had here: there are never two days together without rain, and it is often dreadfully violent. This is an unlucky circumstance for those who drink the waters, as they are not reckoned so good in wet weather; though, for my own part, I cannot say I find any perceptible difference in the taste.

" It was a servant of Lord Bath's who secured the fellow who broke his companion's leg, and carried him to a magistrate, who, in spite of the strong suspicions that both belong to a gang of thieves, discharged him in a few hours. The territory of Liege is a wretched, lawless, undisciplined country, and the more so from its situation, as it is surrounded by many little independent states; so that a criminal may in a few hours take refuge in some other dominion, and be quite safe from the pursuits of justice. The government is divided between the Prince, Senate, and people: this looks in description like liberty; but in reality is mere licentiousness and anarchy, worse evils than the most absolute despotism. Mrs. Montagu has, I think, given a very lively and exact description of this country, by calling it the *Seven Dials* of Europe. After all, I believe now, as I ever did before, that one may travel through the world without finding any country, which, taken altogether, possesses so many real advantages as our own.

" We are to set out from hence the 18th of August at farthest, and to proceed the first day to Aix la Chapelle, and then to Cologne, Dusseldorp, Bonne, &c. &c. After visiting these, and some other places in Germany, our scheme is to travel through Holland, and to stay a day or two at the Hague, and to return to England by the way of Calais. I suppose it may be near the middle of September before all this can be performed. Let my friends continue to direct to me at Spa; for if we should be gone our letters will be sent after us; and I beg to hear from Deal once a week, as usual.

" I am going to dress for dinner at the Bishop of Augsburg's. His Highness did me the honour, as I passed by him in the rooms yesterday, to desire me not to have the head-ach to-day; but the head-ach, alas! is no flatterer of Sovereign Princes: however, I am just able to go, which I am glad of, as I was sent to my pillow the last time our party dined there."

To ———.

Spa, *Aug*. 6, 1763.

" By this time I hope my letter of the second has set all your hearts at ease from the kind solicitude you have felt from the apprehension that my rambling genius might lead me too far: you may be assured I will not expose myself to the least hazard; for though I do not believe one half of the robberies I hear, it would be folly to run into any needless dangers, nor indeed have I courage to do it: my discretion or my cowardice made me lose a very fine object the other day. It was the beginning of a storm, and I was climbing the hill. The growling of the thunder on one side of the mountain, deadened by the trees on the other, formed a most awful sound; and I longed to get up to the heath on the summit, and enjoy the whole progress of the tempest: but as I was alone, and the woods are so close towards the top as to conceal one from the view of the town, to my great mortification I was obliged to turn back again, and leave the solemn entertainment on which I had so much set my heart.

" There never has been the least foundation for the report of our going to Italy. We leave this the 18th.; but as we shall make so many digressions, shall not reach England till the latter end of September. Direct your next letter under cover, A Milord le Conte de Bath, presentement a la Haye. You may, I suppose, send it to Mr. Fector's. I ceased sending mine there as soon as I found it encreased the expence, and indeed I am much vexed that the postage comes so heavy.

"Our numbers begin to thin, as I hear from those who frequent the balls, where I very seldom venture. Princess Amelia of Prussia is expected here in about a week, and the good little Bishop of Augsburg is going away. We dined with him last week; indeed he has lived in a very princely and hospitable way, and his table is daily filled by all the company in their turns. I do not know whether his talents be of the most shining kind, like his diamonds; but there is so much good nature, and such a perfect decorum in his whole behaviour, as renders him a very respectable character; and in his religion, such as it is, I believe him perfectly sincere. Surely, with the superstition of Popery, there is a strange mixture of profaneness. I was lately struck by an instance of this kind in the garden of the Capuchins at this place, where there is placed a crucifix, by way of fountain, spouting water from the wounds of the hands and feet. As little as I am inclined to image-worship, I could not help being much shocked at seeing so sacred a representation applied to such a purpose.

"We have all manner of religious orders and habits here; friers, priests, nuns, and chanoinesses. The last are not bound by vows, nor forbid to marry, nor has their dress any other distinction than a very becoming ornament of a blue ribbon, and a garnet cross; the chanoinesses are all ladies of fashion, and must prove their nobility before they can be admitted into the chapter. Two of those who are at Spa are extremely agreeable; one is, I think, the greatest beauty here; the other, who is about eighteen, is rather pretty, and has all the innocence,

cence, and all the archness of a little roguish child; she loves to learn little scraps of English, and some of the gentlemen have tried to make her say, *Am I not very pretty?* But she is too cunning for them, and will not say any thing that is not properly explained to her. I was lately in company with these two ladies, who were going to a ball; but were hurrying home first, to say their *offices.* I asked the little Countess if it was very long: with a dolorous face she answered *ouï, un bon trois quarts d'heure—et qu'est que c'est que votre office?—ce sont des prieres—Et quelles prieres?—Je ne sais pas, car c'est tout Latin, et je n'entends pas le Latin—Mais au moins on met le François au coté?—Non ce n'est que Latin—Ainsi vous ne savez pas ce que vous dites?—Non pas un mot.—Est ce qu'on appelle cela prier le bon Dieu, de lui addresser des paroles dont on ne sçait pas le sens?* The elder chanoinesse looked rather ashamed, and the little Countess stared; but at last they both agreed that they did it, *par devoir et a l'intention de leur fondateur.* My little friend has promised to shew me her breviary, and to answer me all manner of questions that I may chuse to ask her. You may imagine that in this discourse I took care frequently to ask her whether my questions were improper. She told me with great joy and simplicity, that an English lady had told her, that our religion was very much alike. I think it is very possible that she fancied us to be Heathens or Turks, before this profound theologist set her right.

"I have been so frequently interrupted, that I fear this is hardly legible; but I cannot conclude without assuring you, that you do me but justice in supposing that no amusement here can prevent my thinking with joy of my return to my friends at Deal."

To

To ——.

Spa, *Aug.* 10, 1763.

" Although I wrote you so long, and, I believe, so broad, a letter a few days ago, yet I cannot resist sending a few lines to say our departure is fixed for the 17th. I will endeavour to write to Deal sometimes while we are on the road; but if you should not receive any letters, do not be uneasy, as they so frequently miscarry.

" We are going to be very illustrious to-day; the Bishop of Augsburg and his suite, the Princess d'Esterhasy, and Lady Mary Coke, are going to dine with my Lord Bath. Dining with Princes and Princesses to be sure is one way of life, and playing at penny-quadrille is another; but is a mighty good thing in its turn; and I can very cordially accommodate myself to both. In spite of all the honours and amusements of Spa, I look forward with great delight to seeing my friends at Deal again; it is to be sure at present through a long perspective, as we are to travel so far about; however, it will be a very pleasant tour. I shall be particularly glad to see Aix la Chapelle, as it is the place where Charlemagne was buried, which renders it much more the object of my curiosity, than its being the place where the present Emperors are crowned.

" The Bishop of Augsburg leaves us to-morrow, and the Princess Amelia of Prussia replaces him; but she, poor thing, is too unhealthy to add much to the gaiety of Spa. There are parties of English arriving every day; and our number of French is much encreased. There is a General of this nation, Mons. de Ville Paton by name, who has been terribly treated in the wars, he has lost half his chin, and most of his teeth, yet he has so much of the vivacity of his nation, that he is

always

always in motion, and skips and dances so when he means to stand, that he makes my weak head quite giddy when I happen to be near him. A lady invited him yesterday to a concert, but upon the severe condition of his being silent. Poor Ville Paton held out a few minutes; but soon run out of the room, and declared it impossible to stay any longer in a place where he must not talk. He professes great honour for the English; upon which somebody observed, that he had, however, been greatly their foe; he answered that he had fought against them with all his might, in order to gain their good opinion. Most of the foreigners, to the great delight of my English vanity, seem fond of the English, their fashions, and their language; several of them speak it very well. A lady who spent last winter at Bruxelles told us, that all Prince Charles's regiment set about learning it: it is to be hoped it will be to better purpose than the French philosophers, who learn it for the sake of reading Hume, whom they consider as *le plus beau genie de l'Angleterre:* unhappily his principles bear too great a resemblance to their own.

" This letter has been begun a week; but some impertinent head-ach or other has always prevented its being finished on a post day. Princess Amelia arrived this afternoon, and the English ladies are to pay their court to her Royal Highness to-morrow; en attendant we have been to wait on the Countess de Choiseul, who is just come from Paris, with a face like a coach wheel; this was less provoking to me, however, in a French Countess, than in a chapter of German chanoinesses; it is really quite terrific when one meets them all together with such a fierceness of countenance. Our own silly mimicry of French fashions is out-done, I think, by other nations. I met with a striking instance of this to-day in a German lady, who was mentioning the death of Abel, which she had read only in the French translation; on my testifying some surprize at this, she declared she did not understand her own language well enough to be able to read the original; and this laudable ignorance of their mother tongue is really the case with many of them.

"There is a competent degree of ignorance likewise to be met with on subjects, which, according to their persuasions, ought to be very interesting to them. I was examining the cross of a chanoinesse yesterday, and asked her what the little figure that was in the midst of it signified; she answered it was her patron, Saint Quirin, who had suffered martyrdom for his religion. What were the particular circumstances of his history? I cannot tell. What, do you not know the story of your own patron? O yes, we have an office for him. Well: under what Emperor did he suffer? I believe it was no Emperor; it was Pope Alexander the *Eighth.* I am not chronologer good enough to know when this pretty chanoinesse's Pope Alexander the *Eighth* lived; but I suspect her patron to be of higher antiquity than any Pope Alexander I ever heard of; and to be neither more nor less than the saint who built Rome, and killed his brother. You must not judge all Germans by these specimens of their ignorance: there are many here whom I shall leave with real regret, as there is little probability I shall ever meet them again; and the society here, though formed of so many different nations, is the least factious of any I ever met with at a water-drinking place; for there are neither quarrels, nor parties, nor lampoons among us; but people in general drink their water and hold their tongues."

To Miss TALBOT.

Cologne, *Aug.* 22, 1763.

"Though my letters have had such bad success in their journey towards you from Spa to England, I cannot forbear writing, my dear Miss Talbot, whether you ever have an opportunity of reading it or not. We left Spa, as we proposed, last Wednesday, in a very fine day, but excessively hot.

"The road to Aix la Chapelle had been represented to us so bad, that we found it very tolerable; and I was not at all displeased at a few high hills, which gave me an opportunity of walking, and taking a more extensive view than if I had remained in the chaise. The country is in some parts extremely solitary and wild; but in others more cultivated and peopled than from Liege to Spa; and, upon the whole, very beautiful.

"The castle of Limburgh is situated on the edge of a precipice, along which the road continues descending for about a quarter of a mile. As the coach had passed it before the chaise reached the gate, I escaped all terror about my friends, and by getting out I avoided all terror for myself, and enjoyed the prospect in great tranquillity. The town of Limburgh is at the bottom of the hill; here we dined; and after dinner I straggled out for the air, and soon found myself in so pleasant a walk, and amidst such objects, that I could not help going back and tempting Mrs. Montagu to share them with me. The town is almost surrounded by hills; on one of these are seven little chapels placed at equal distances from the bottom to the summit. I suppose they contain the history of the Passion; for in the two which we had time to examine, were painted the garden, and the appearance before the High Priest. We were informed that this is a place of great devotion in Lent, when the whole country round is assembled there.

"From this hill, the town of Limburg, the river, the bridge, the castle at a vast height on the opposite steep, and a mixture of trees and open verdure, form a very beautiful prospect; and we were sorry to be obliged to quit it so soon, in order to pursue our day's journey to Aix.

"The next day we went to visit the churches, &c. I had exceedingly set my heart on seeing some monuments of Charlemagne; but there are very few: he is said to be buried in the midst of the great church. Over the spot hangs a kind of crown of brass of several feet diameter; but I saw no inscription. His head and arms are kept by way of reliques in another part of the church. We attempted to see his baths; but the extreme heat of the weather, and the smell of the sulphur in small, close rooms, was insufferable; and we hurried away as fast as possible.

"The town-house has a very fine Gothic ceiling; but the paintings are very wretched. In one of the rooms is a vile conversation piece, containing the portraits of the Ambassadors who assisted at the honourable and lasting peace of Aix la Chapelle. We saw one convent, and for the first time were admitted inside. For the sake of the poor recluses we were extremely glad to find several large airy rooms, and long galleries. In the chapel are two large glass cases, containing reliques consisting of little bits of bones, and odd teeth, set in embroidered silk.

"In the evening we went to see the fountain at Borset, about a mile from Aix. To my great comfort this was in the open air: it smokes and bubbles pretty strongly, and boils an egg in half the time of water artificially heated. On the top of a little hill at Borset is a monastry, the most agreeably situated of any I have seen. I know not whether it might have appeared so in full day light; but a very delightful evening, and the glimmering of the moon through the trees on a piece of water at the bottom of the hill, formed a very beautiful scene. Unluckily for us the ladies were at supper, so we could neither see the inhabitants nor the house, except one room.

"We quitted Aix on Friday morning, and proceeded on our way to Cologne. We stopped at Juliers, which, I believe, is well fortified; but such a poor, dirty, insignificant town, that nothing but the sagacity of ambition could have found out that it was worth contending for. The country from Aix to Cologne is pretty well cultivated; but there is nothing particularly pleasing in the views. After forty-five miles of heat and dust, we arrived, I thank God, without any bad accident, though one was in pain for the servants in such a day. One of them was seized with a fever and convulsions, by riding too imprudently, and drinking cold liquors: but he is now tolerably well recovered.

"A fit of the head-ach, which I had had all day, sent me to my bed as soon as possible, hoping that rest and ease would cure it; but a very short time destroyed these flattering prospects; for hardly was my head fixed on the pillow, before the bugs attacked me with such outrageous violence, that for six or seven hours it was impossible for me to close my eyes. The heat of the weather, the pain in my head, and the fury of the poison with which these little monsters had inflamed all my veins, formed such a combustion as is past description. In the morning I had lost one eye, and my face and arms were so inflamed and swelled, that I was an absolute fright. I had the same amusement on the following night; but yesterday, by embalming myself in cucumber juice, though I was equally devoured, the effect of the venom was not so strong. No attack that I ever felt of this kind was at all comparable to the violence of this.

"On Saturday we went to see the Arsenal, which is not worth seeing, and the church of the eleven thousand virgins. There is a marble figure of St. Ursula, and at the foot the dove which pointed out the spot where her remains were found. The bones of these 11,000 *bien heureuses avanturieres*, who never existed but in a Romish calendar, are placed in galleries all over the church. In one of the chapels are about four hundred skulls piled up in great order, and each half covered with a cap of gold and crimson embroidery. The heads of St. Ursula and some of her principal ladies are enclosed in silver busts, which open at top, to shew the relique, which is covered with pearls, &c. &c.

" As the Priest who shewed us the church could not speak French, nor I German, I was obliged to have recourse to Latin, which he spoke very readily, and with tolerable correctness. I know not what he thought of me and my Latin; but I hope he was edified by the gravity of my countenance, and the simplicity of my questions.

" We saw the Jesuits' church, which is excessively rich in pageants of silver; but the workmanship is void of elegance and taste. Yesterday our party went to see the Electoral Palace at Bonn, about fifteen miles from Cologne; but as I felt that quiet was more necessary to me than fine sights, I got a dispensation to remain behind. In the afternoon, finding myself better, I walked out with an intention to go to Vespers, under the conduct of a footman, who spoke only English, and of a whiskered soldier, by way of interpreter, who, it proved, spoke French and German both together, and understood neither the one nor the other. As I was standing near a church waiting till some charitable fresh passenger would inform me when and where I might go to Vespers, I saw a livery servant endeavouring to transact some business with my two guides: I approached to see if I could make out what he wanted; when, after his talking unintelligibly for some time, I at last untwisted the two words chanoinesse Blankart, which being a name with which I was very well acquainted at Spa, I followed him till I found myself in the midst of the *très illustre chapitre de St. Marie*, and in half a minute exceedingly well acquainted with a sister of the said chanoinesse, on whom I had never set eyes before. We had been at the chapitre to deliver a letter the day before; but as we were in the coach I did not recollect it again; for the ladies were not at home, nor was there any such servant in the way as afterwards found me in the street; so by what means any of them found me out, I cannot guess.

"The chanoinesses were just putting on their habits to sing vespers at their chapel, so I accompanied them thither; the service consists principally of the psalms. If I was surprized to find myself I knew not how transported hither, the chanoinesse was at least equally astonished to find me so well acquainted with her breviary; and as I apprehend she did not at all suspect the reason that enabled me to understand it better than I fear she did herself, her embarrassment which she expressed pretty strongly was very natural, and I was secretly diverted by it. After my chanoinesses had finished their offices, they very obligingly offered to take me with them to the assembly; but I excused myself, and walked back to my inn and my bugs.

"My friends returned about eight, as well satisfied with their expedition, as I was with my adventure. We were to have gone to-day to see the palace at Bruhl; but it rains too much for such an excursion; so we shall only see some more churches here, and pay our compliments at the chapitre, of which I am exceedingly glad, as I long to see the chanoinesses again. To-morrow we propose to leave Cologne, and proceed to Dusseldorp; and on Thursday I believe we are to go to Wesel. It would break my heart to leave Germany for Holland, if it was not the road to dear England.

"Well! we have been to the chapitre this afternoon, and our chanoinesses were so good as to accompany us to the cathedral; which, so far as it goes, is a noble Gothic building; but left unfinished, and the deficiency miserably supplied. The shrine of the three kings is beyond description rich in gold and jewels of all kinds; but the chapel was so close, that I was obliged to hurry out of it without seeing the heads. There are many other ornaments belonging to this church of immense value; but the workmanship, like all that we have seen, in a very bad taste. One of our chanoinesses, who in the whole of her conversation discovered a great degree of good sense and reading, after giving me an account of some Popish Saints, with whom I was not well acquainted, added, with a frankness which surprized me, that a mistaken piety, to increase the miracle, had converted the history into a fable.

"My best respects attend his Grace and Mrs. Talbot. If my last letter reached you, I have some hopes of finding a letter from you at the Hague. Adieu, I have written to the extent of my paper, and am moreover half asleep."

To Miss TALBOT.

Utrecht, *Aug.* 28, 1763.

"I must write you one more letter, my dear Miss Talbot, before the end of our travels: the next I hope will be dated from England. I gave you an account of our arrival at Cologne. On the 23d. we sat out for Dusseldorp; the road is tolerably good, and in many parts lies on the banks of the Rhine, which is indeed a noble river; but the banks of the Rhine are not like the banks of the Thames; and the whole prospect had very little amusement. About four miles from

Dusseldorp we crossed the Rhine on a sort of flying bridge. Dusseldorp is a small town tolerably clean, but without any other merit. The Elector's palace is out of repair, unfurnished, and in great disorder: it overlooks the Rhine; and from one of the windows we saw the bridge of boats by which the French transported their army in the last war.

"The gallery of pictures is the principal curiosity of this palace; but of these I can give you no account, as I was not able to bear the fatigue of looking at them. From Dusseldorp we sat out the next day for Wesel, a town in the Dutchy of Cleves, belonging to the King of Prussia. Our journey was said to be thirty-six miles; but I should suppose was much more, at least it was beyond all journeys that I recollect the most fatiguing. Figure to yourself a road broken and ploughed by heavy artillery and baggage-waggons, for it has never been mended since the war; and a great deal of rain, which had fallen for the last two days, made it still worse. I was not, however, much terrified at it; till, in passing through a wood where it was particularly bad, the servant who rode by the vis-a-vis, called to me, and desired I would let down the glasses; I then thought it time to get out, and walked for above two miles. At Dusbourg we stopped to change horses, and were detained a good while till a magistrate could press them from the plough. At length two of the voitures were set a-going, and dispatched to cross the Rhine, and there wait till my Lord Bath's coach came up. There we waited three hours, and I amused myself with rambling on the banks of the river, and gathering honey-suckles out of the hedges, and at proper intervals hearing the comfortable news from the postillion, that it must be eleven o'clock before we could get to Wesel, for we had then twenty-one miles of very bad roads to go. At length about four the horses had quitted the plough, and conveyed my Lord Bath's coach to us across the Rhine, and we all sat forward together.

"The road lay either through thick woods, or over heaths cut into deep tracts, which we were continually crossing. Just as it was dark we reached a little village, where we were to bait the horses, and were informed we had still nine miles to go, but in rather a better road. To my inexpressible joy, at this place I saw the moon rising, which none of us had ever thought of. After a world of difficulty in getting the postillions to quit their drink, and mount their horses, we set out again about half past nine, through rain and wind. At length we crossed the Lippe just as a clock from Wesel struck one. If I had been much in a condition to be amused, the appearance of the ramparts were very pretty; they are covered with tall trees, and the moon, which just then shone out very bright, glimmering upon the arms and caps of the centinels, formed a very singular view. In this uncomfortable journey, I thank God, we met with no accident to any of the carriages, though the carelessness of the postillions had twice nearly overturned the coach.

"To repose ourselves after all this fatigue, our beds at Wesel were troughs filled with musty straw, and a very thin sort of bed laid over it. The next day Mrs. Montagu and I very strongly felt the effects of our journey; she got better by dinner, but I was obliged to betake myself to my trough, to which nothing but an utter incapacity of holding up my head could have reduced me. On Friday morn we crossed the Rhine again on a flying bridge in our way to Nimeguen, which is the first town in the Dutch dominions; we sat out at five for Utrecht; we stopped at Arnheim, and again crossed the Rhine over a bridge of boats, which was so shattered, that every board shook, and there is no fence on either side. Mrs. Montagu chid me after she found I had not left the carriage, which we had always done before; but by some means or other the tattered state of this bridge did not happen to give me any kind of alarm. I was less pleased in travelling over the dykes, which are a very high causeway, with a perpendicular descent on each side to the toaderies and frogeries below. The road is good, but not sufficiently wide; for if two carriages meet, (my Lord Bath told me after we were past) one of them must be within a few inches of the edge. My eyes were luckily not accurate enough to observe this in those we met, though I could plainly enough see the distance was very small. We did not travel far on this disagreeable elevation: most part of our road lay through sandy heaths.

" So far as I have seen of Holland it is just as wretched and unpleasant as I had always supposed it to be. You will laugh at one ridiculous distress which I felt upon the road yesterday; the excessive talkativeness of the Dutch postillions I thought would have made me wild; if I had been well, it probably would have diverted me; but my head was in miserable pain, and I had a little fever, which gave me such a sensibility of the horrid sound of their language, as is not to be described. As the road is very sandy, it obliged them to move very slow, so that they were perpetually quitting their posts, and walking in coteries by the side of the carriages. I could not help reflecting what a blessing it was upon such occasions not to be gifted with sovereign power; for a tyrannical Empress of Russia, with half what I endured, would have sentenced them all to the knout, and cut out their tongues. If I had suffered myself to be prevailed on by Mrs. Montagu to have them ordered to be silent, I should have concluded myself to be this very Empress, by going as far as I had the power; but to this I absolutely refused to consent; so I went through the same persecution for forty-five miles.

"We got to Utrecht last night about ten o'clock, and are to stay here all day; so I hope I shall be tolerably rested by to-morrow, when we are to go to Amsterdam by water, which, I believe, will be much less fatiguing than some of our late journies by land. My Lord Bath and Mrs. Montagu are not in the least degree altered by our expeditions; but indeed they are much the youngest and healthiest of our party. Adieu for the present; I hope to finish my letter at the Hague."

Amsterdam, *Aug.* 30.

"I saw but little of Utrecht yesterday, as it was much better for me to sit quiet; however I walked through two or three streets, but they seemed all alike. The houses are perfectly clean and light; yet, upon the whole, have such a broad, staring, stupid look, that their appearance to me was very disagreeable. The people are without motion either in their limbs or features; and Mrs. Montagu declares she never had any complete idea of what was meant by *stock still*, till she came to Holland. We sat out yesterday morning in the States' yacht for this place. The banks of the rivers and canals through which we passed are lined with gardens and villas, which serve to show what liberty, trade, and industry can effect in a very wretched country. They are all perfectly neat and well kept up, but without the least degree of elegance or taste: the whole prospect is flat, and the land all pasture. The Amstel, on which Amsterdam is built, is a wide handsome river. All that I as yet know of the city is, that it is large, noisy, and dark, like all other trading cities. I believe we sailed two miles through it before we landed at our inn about six o'clock. The houses are very high; in some of them I am told there are seven rows of windows: the gable end is usually turned to the street. The town is intersected by canals and bridges without number. The trade of Amsterdam has lately received a terrible shock by the failure of not less than eighty merchants either here or at Hamburg.

" At a place where I little expected to meet with any thing agreeable or interesting, I am just this minute surprized and made happy by your letter of the 11th, which was sent after me from Spa. As I could scarcely ever see an English newspaper, I was so lucky as not to know of the Archbishop's illness till you give me the pleasure of knowing he is quite well again.

" Fie upon you to suspect me of being so *volage* as to forget Madame de Blum, whom I have so much reason to love and esteem, and whom I quitted with so much sincere and real regret; but though I saw her every day, it was not necessary that you should be told so; and I thought you would be more amused with many subjects, than with only one; so I talked to you about *la belle Hollandoise*, to whom in a hundred years probably I should never have spoke. With all the chanoinesses indeed whom I ever saw, I am upon mighty good terms, and wish I had an acquaintance in every chapitre in Germany; and if I could but make out *seize quartiers nobles*, to be sure I would try to get among them; for you cannot think how ornamental the blue ribbon and garnet cross are: and as I find they may marry when they can, and flirt when they will, I see nothing in the establishment that might not suit me extremely well.

" I cannot tell you much about why we went to Cologne; but I know I was glad of it, because it is in Germany: and I am glad we do not go to Paris, because it is in France, and because I have not the least wish to know more than I do about French principles, French manners, French fashions, and French dirt. My friends are gone out to view the wonders of Amsterdam; but as I could not bear the heat of the coach, I have contented myself with walking through a street or two, and seeing the outside of the stadt-house; and having found it a squat, four square building, am returned quietly to my own room, to chat with you, not feeling the least curiosity to make further discoveries. How frail are our determinations; for Mrs. Montagu has prevailed on me to go and see the inside of the square building, as it is very near, and to say truth it is extremely grand: there are some good paintings, and the subjects well adapted to the state of the republic. There is the story of Fabricius and Pyrrhus, and some other Consul, whose name we could not make out from our interpreter, who called him a *Burgomaster* of Rome*: there is likewise some fresco painting of the most astonishing relief I ever saw."

Hague, *Sept.* 1.

"From Amsterdam we sat out yesterday for this place (the Hague) by water. The houses are rather in a better taste, and the country less disagreeable the nearer one approaches to the Hague. This town, so far as we have seen, is extremely cheerful and pretty; but still I shall rejoice to leave Holland. We are to stay here three or four days longer; we then propose to take a view of Rotterdam, then through Breda to Antwerp. I am better since I left Utrecht; so I hope to go tolerably through the rest of our progress.

"I have just now the pleasure of receiving your letter, dated as mine was—not at all. I grieve for the distress of Lady E—— and Lady C——, and for the share which you feel in their afflictions: the losses which affect private and domestic life are indeed very real and distressing calamities. As to the public, I have lived long enough to be convinced, that while the whole system of politics is on so wretched a plan, it is of mighty little consequence by whom it is administered. I received a letter from Mrs. Vesey at the same time, by which I find the letter you forwarded from Mrs. Montagu arrived safe. You will, I am sure, pity poor Mrs. Vesey, with all her sensibility, and all her kind partiality for your friend, to be told that an article in the newspaper, which mentioned the death of a Mrs. Carter, could not possibly mean any other than me. Do not you admire the active good-nature of those who take so much pains to convince people of what they do not wish to believe?

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* This is *Fabius Maximus;* and the same expression was used concerning him in the year 1791, to the editor of these letters, in the same place. The expression *Burgomaster*, as applied to a Roman Consul, sounds ridiculous in our ears; but it is probably the only Dutch word by which the meaning of Consul can be rendered.

" I am extremely obliged to you for your very kind concern about us: we have never had any very terrifying weather, nor any ill accident upon the road; but, I thank God, have gone on very prosperously in all respects. I hope you will receive as good accounts from all your other vagrant friends. None of them in foreign parts will be more glad to follow your advice of coming back to sweet England than myself. Indeed there is nothing that I have met with abroad that has not served to heighten my ideas of the superior advantages of my own country, and confirm my strong partiality for it; and yet if it was in my power, and my health more equal to the fatigue of travelling, I know not but I might be often tempted to make excursions across the sea. Adieu for the present. I will not finish my letter till I have told you whether we have met with any thing worth seeing at the Hague, except Sir J. Yorke, whom we have not yet seen. You must excuse these wretched dabs of letters, which are writ at divers times and places, and often with the utmost difficulty of getting a pen and ink; the greatest part of this, for instance, is written with ink made from a powder a powder I brought with me, and mixed in my thimble. I fear it will cost you more trouble to read, and more money in postage, than it is worth, as I have some how straggled beyond my three sides; but my conscience is the easier, as it is the last I shall write you till our return. My Lord Bath has been to wait on Sir J. Yorke yesterday, and Sir J. was afterwards here. We are to dine with him to-day, and he is to accompany our party this morning to the Prince of Orange's cabinet, but my head achs too much for this expedition, and how I shall get through the rest of the day I know not.

" Well, we did dine with Sir J. Yorke yesterday, who has a very fine house, and appears as an ambassador extraordinary should do. You will love and honour him more than ever, for talking of nothing so much as of Lady Anson, whose death * he declared to be the greatest loss he ever had, or ever could have: he talked of her likewise the night before, and every occasion seems to bring her to his thoughts. There were about ten or twelve people at dinner, of whom I can give mighty little account, except that I thought myself very lucky in sitting next a German. After dinner the rest of our party went with Sir J. Yorke to the play, and I came home to my noisy pillow.

" To-day (Saturday) we have been to dine with Count Bentink: his house is not a mile from the Hague: it looks more English, and the gardens are in a better taste, than any thing we have seen in this country. We went first to Scheveling, a little town about two miles from hence; the road, which is very fine, is set with trees, and there is a wood on each side quite to the town, which is close by the sea. If the said town was fairly removed to some other place, and the wood continued to the sea, the effect would be very beautiful, and in travelling through it, one could have no idea of such a termination; but this dirty

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* His sister, widow of George Lord Anson.

Scheveling breaks the enchantment, and spoils the whole affair. To-morrow, after church, we are to see Mr. Fagel's library, which, it seems, is a very fine one, but as I hate a library as much as some folks do a cat [do not laugh, for it is really true] I shall be heartily glad when it is over. I have no idea of merely reading the titles of books, and being convinced they are good editions, and well bound.

" If Miss Borezl had been at the Hague, I would certainly have done myself honour by conveying your compliments to her, but I find she lives at Amsterdam; however, I have sent them to her by Madame Bentink. This lady is lately married to Count Bentink's youngest son, and is coming to reside in England. I am fallen prodigiously in love with Count Bentink, and Count Bentink with me, and if we did not unfortunately leave the Hague so soon, I should have some hopes of fixing myself in his villa, and knocking down the town of Scheveling.

" We dined with Prince Lewis to-day; there was a company of about twenty; the English, Sardinian, and Portuguese ambassadors. Mrs. Montagu, and most of the company, are gone to Sir Joseph Yorke's country-house to supper, but I am already too much spent to be equal to such an expedition, and in great quietness am come home to go to bed. Mr. Fagel's library is, I believe, a very fine one, and his house is very pretty: he was excessively civil, and in return, as I sat next him at dinner, I talked the poor man dead *. We have been to see the Prince of Orange's house in the wood: there is one room entirely filled with the history of the famous Henry of this family, and I believe some of the painting is very good: there is not much worth seeing in any other part of the house. The Prince

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* Mr. Fagel was Greffier of Holland, and was a near relation (I believe uncle) to the late Lady Holdernesse. He lived to be above ninety, and was highly respectable both in public and private life.

came there just as we did, but he was too quick in getting out of his coach for us even to catch a sight of him. By driving to different places, I suppose we have seen the greatest part of the Hague: there is no describing the beauties and agrémens of it: it is prodigious how such a town, which I imagine has nothing equal to it in Europe, came to be stuck in such a country. Prince Lewis, in his countenance and conversation, has all the characteristic honesty, good-nature, and good sense of the Brunswick family. Helas!—I leave the meaning of this helas to your penetration.

"My best respects to his Grace and Mrs. Talbot. I begin to be quite ashamed of this intolerable long letter."

To ——.

Hague, *Sept.* 1, 1763.

"I writ to you on the 22d from Cologne, where we stayed four days. My friends went to see the Elector's palace at Bonn, which is about fifteen miles from thence; but I thought the attention and fatigue would be too much for me, so I chose to stay quietly at Cologne. I walked a little about the city, which is very large, very old, and very disagreeable, but some of the churches are very fine. In my rambles I got into a chapitre of Chanoinesses, and went to vespers with them; I knew some of their relations at Spa, and they found me out as I was wandering through the streets. We saw the famous reliques of St. Ursula, and the eleven thousand virgins, all finely adorned with precious stones and embroidery. As we returned to our inn, Mrs. Montagu asked me how I could contrive to preserve the gravity of my countenance, and ask so many questions of the priest who shewed us the reliques: but I found no difficulty in it, and I love to hear people tell their own story. The whole of this is, I believe, agreed to be an idle Popish forgery, and the most sensible among the Papists have honesty enough to say so.

"The cathedral, if it was finished, would be one of the finest pieces of Gothic architecture I ever saw, but unfortunately it is not. I thought Mrs. M. and I could never have quitted one of the doors, which is most exquisitely fine. In this church are preserved the bodies of the three kings who came to worship our Saviour at the appearance of the star: they were transported to Cologne from Milan, but how they got there, unless the priests fetched them, I cannot tell: they are preserved in a large shrine, decorated with gold figures and jewels of immense value; and indeed there is such a profusion of gold and jewels in the ornaments of this church as I never saw before, but it is merely wealth, for the workmanship and the setting is usually ill executed, and without taste.

"From Cologne, on the 23d, we proceeded to Dusseldorp, along the banks of the Rhine, which we crossed on a flying bridge. It is a noble river, but there is nothing very pleasant in the view of the country on either side. Düsseldorp is a small city belonging to the Elector Palatine, who has a palace there, and a fine gallery of pictures, which we saw: the palace is unfurnished, and in great disorder ever since the war, which was very terrifying to the inhabitants of this place. From one of the windows of the palace we saw the bridge of boats over which the French past their army.

"The next day we went to Wesel, a town in the Dutchy of Cleves: this was a most fatiguing day's journey, the roads being all cut up by the heavy artillery and baggage-waggons. On better roads, and in pleasanter weather, some of the woods through which we passed would have been delightful, but this was far from being the case in our circumstances. I thank God, however, that we arrived safe at our journey's end, but not till one o'clock in the morn. We stayed all the next day, but I was too much fatigued to go about: the little I saw of the town appeared pretty, but the inn was worse than any thing you can imagine, and our beds bad beyond description, stinking of musty straw in the most abominable manner. We next went to Nimeguen, the first town in the Dutch dominions. I was extremely sorry to part with our German postillions, with whom I made shift to converse tolerably about roads, distances, and so forth, and exchange them for Dutch, of whose language I did not understand a word. The next day we reached Utrecht, after a fatiguing journey of seventeen hours over flat sandy roads, my poor head aching sadly all the while. Here we stayed all Sunday, and on Monday embarked in the States' yacht for Amsterdam. Nothing can be easier or more delightful than this mode of travelling: our navigation lay through the Rhine, a canal, and the Amstel; the banks, the whole way, are lined with villas and gardens, which strongly shew what may be accomplished by industry and perseverance, even in so unfavourable a subject as this country, which, after all that art has done for it, is but a very disagreeable place. There is a great appearance of wealth and prosperity, and a much greater want of taste and elegance.

"This city is, I suppose, one of the greatest magazines of trade in the whole world; it is built on each side of the river, and the streets are perpetually intersected by bridges and canals. The Stadt-house is a very noble building, and finished in the highest taste of Grecian architecture, and the quay is supposed to be the finest in the world: but this last I contented myself to take from report. The States' yachts conveyed us yesterday to the Hague. As we proceeded, the houses are in better taste, and the country improves, and as far as I have seen of this town, it appears a very fine place. We are to stay three or four days here: from hence we go to Rotterdam, Breda, Antwerp, Bruxelles, Ghent, Lisle, Dunkirk, Calais, which I hope we shall reach by the 16th, and then proceed, as soon as the wind will suffer us, to dear England, where, after all this journeying, I long to find myself in our quiet abode, which I rejoice to find so comfortable to you all. My party press me to go on to London, but this scheme would by no means suit my affairs, which now call me home, which I shall not quit till January. I therefore propose taking leave of my kind friends at Dover. I rejoice you have a prospect of so fine a harvest, which was hardly to be expected after such a dreadful wet summer, though the weather has been very favourable for our journies. Many thanks for your kind enquiries about my poor head—it is much as usual. If it please God I find all my friends well at my return, I am in mighty little concern about myself."

To Miss SUTTON.

Hague, *Sept.* 2, 1763.

" Your letter, my dear Miss Sutton, did not arrive at Spa till after we had left it, but I had the pleasure of receiving it safely at Amsterdam. We left Spa the 17th of August, and proceeded to Aix-la-Chapelle: the road to this place is a delightful mixture of wild and cultivated prospects; the town itself is pretty large, and well built. I had promised myself great entertainment in finding every where memorials of one of my most favourite heroes, Charlemagne, but there are very few. His tomb is in the center of the great church, and over it is suspended a crown of brass without any inscription. In another part of the church there is a very good picture of him, at full length, and his legs and arms are preserved by way of reliques, but these we did not see.

" From Aix we proceeded to Cologne, where we remained for some days, and where I wish you could have shared the sight which most struck me of all I have seen abroad—I mean the cathedral at Cologne. It is one of the noblest Gothic buildings I ever saw, but unfortunately it has never been finished. Like a true heretic, I could not help wishing that all the gold, silver, and jewels, which are employed to make a raree-show of the reliques of saints and virgins, who probably never existed but in a Romish calendar, had been appropriated to the completion of a structure that strikes one with such an impression of sublime and awful dignity, and which conveys ideas so much more worthy of religion, than can possibly be excited by the trifling fopperies of mere glitter and finery. The ornaments and vestments belonging to this church are most extremely rich. The shrine of the three kings particularly is beyond description; but both here, and in most other Romish churches, there is a much greater appearance of expence than of taste and elegance; the jewels are very ill set, and the workmanship of the gold and silver spiritless and clumsy.

"In one of the churches at Cologne is a very fine picture of the crucifixion of St. Peter; in several of them there is a large image of the Virgin, with a sword run through her heart, which I have seen no where else. This is evidently an allusion to Luke, the second chapter, and thirty-fifth verse; but I wanted to know how the Papists explained it: none of the people whom I questioned could tell me at all what it meant, till a chanoinesse, in whom I discovered more sense, more candour, and more knowledge of her own religion, I believe, than any Papist I have met with abroad, gave me a very tolerable account of this representation. The church of St. Ursula, and the eleven thousand virgins, you know, is a very famous curiosity at Cologne. We counted above four hundred of their skulls here, covered with scarlet and gold embroidery. The skulls of St. Ursula, and some of her principal ladies, are richly ornamented with jewels and pearls, and enclosed in silver busts, which open at top to display this finery. There is a tomb with a marble figure of the saint, and at her feet the dove which discovered the spot where these venerable reliques were found in the year 1292. We had all this marvellous story from a priest that could talk no French; and I could not talk German, so I was obliged to have recourse to Latin, which he talked very readily, and with tolerable correctness, though I was sometimes a good deal perplexed by his pronunciation: if this did not mislead me, his chronology was not so good as his Latin, for some time after he had mentioned when the reliques were found, with no very Catholic intention, I asked him when the virgins were martyred? and he named — — and Attila. This to be sure would encrease the miracle, as their skeletons would have been found a hundred years before they were dead; but this is of no great consequence in a story about people who in all probability never were born. I found even in the city of Cologne, where these reliques are, a Papist honest enough to confess she believed the whole a fabrication.

"The city of Cologne, which you know is situated on the Rhine, is very large, but dirty, dark, and ill built; yet I know not how, I found myself more amused there than in any place through which we have past. My friends all went to see the Electoral palace at Bonn, which is very fine, but my silly head would only allow me to walk about the town a little, and amuse my curiosity in a quiet way. We next proceeded to Dusseldorp, a small but tolerably clean town, with nothing remarkable in it but the gallery of pictures belonging to the Elector Palatine. Here my head, which seemed to have taken a particular dislike to Electoral palaces, again stood in my way, and I was not able to look at more than two or three pieces before I was obliged to quit the gallery, which was a little vexatious, as I believe the collection is remarkably fine.

"From Dusseldorp, after a most fatiguing journey, we arrived at Wesel, and the day after went to Nimeguen. I could have cried at leaving my favourite Germany for Holland, if it had not been the road to England. From Nimeguen we went to Utrecht, a very large and perfectly clean town, yet, I cannot well explain why, like every thing else I have seen in Holland (except the Hague) extremely disagreeable. The country is flat and watry, and without any prospect; and there is an appearance of stillness and insipidity in the people that quite petrifies one. We went by water from Utrecht to Amsterdam, and though there are villas and gardens in abundance all the way, yet the prospect is so dull I could hardly keep my eyes open. The city is extremely large, and a most stupendous instance of the power of liberty, industry, and trade. We again betook ourselves to our yacht, and yesterday arrived safe at the Hague. The nearer we came to this truly fine place, the more every thing improved, and it is by much the most lively and agreeable place I have seen in Holland. In about two or three days we leave this place for Rotterdam, where we are to meet our *voitures*, and proceed the rest of our journey to Calais by land.

"If it please God, and no unforeseen accident prevents our intentions, we propose to be in England before the 20th of this month, and I shall hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you soon after my return."

To ———.

Hague, *Sept.* 3, 1763.

"I am quite disappointed in my hopes of finding a letter here from some of my friends at Deal, and particularly as we are to leave this before the next mail comes in. I writ you from Amsterdam, which place we left last Wednesday, and arrived here the same night in the States' yacht. The Hague is greatly superior to any thing I have seen in Holland: it is a fine town, perfectly clean, pleasant, and airy; there are several fine squares. We dined yesterday with Sir J. Yorke, who lives in that noble style becoming his rank. After dinner I was obliged to come home to my pillow, while the rest of the party went to the play. To-day we dine with Count Bentink, and to-morrow with Prince Lewis of Brunswick, who is temporary general of the army of the States, and governor to the Prince of Orange. It is happy for the Prince of Orange to be put under the tuition of a governor of so distinguished a character. Prince Lewis is brother to Prince Ferdinand, and the house of Brunswick is certainly one of the most respectable families in Europe: they are a race of heroes, and what is of much greater consequence, of honest and good men, and one never hears any of them mentioned, without some honourable testimony both of their public and private virtues.

" On Sunday evening we are to be at Sir Joseph Yorke's, where we are to meet the ladies of this place. My poor weak head turns giddy with thinking of all these engagements, so I will think of them no more, but go through them as well as I can when they come. To keep myself well for dinner to-day, I lose the sight of the Prince of Orange's cabinet, which Mrs. Montagu is gone to see. The Prince is about sixteen: he is such a critic in painting, that at ten years old he could name the master of every picture he saw; he is perfectly instructed in all the solid parts of education, and well acquainted with the constitution of his own country; but he has an unhappy timidity and reserve, which is very disadvantageous to his first appearance, which is not likely to be remedied by his way of life, for he always dines alone, and in great state. I have all these particulars only from report, as I never saw him, but our gentlemen have been to wait on him—he talks English very well.

"It would be out of all propriety to write a Hague letter without any mention of politics. We all talk extremely here of the restoration of Mr. Pitt: it is beyond a doubt, I believe, that he was three hours with the King, and afterwards went to wait on the Queen. To my great joy, we are this morning going to the ambassador's chapel, and after church is over we are to see Mr. Fagel's library. I have no great pleasure in the mere sight of books, unless one can sit down quietly, and read them. Mr. Fagel is secretary of state, and one of the greatest men in Holland. He speaks English tolerably well, but the language to carry you through the world is French; and I know not what I should have done since I have been abroad, if my father had not been so good to bestow the expence of my learning from another, almost the only language he did not teach me himself.

"Well, we have been to see this famous library, and very fine it is, though we could not stay half long enough to see the beautiful editions of books, the medals, and other curiosities. We hope to see England in about a fortnight, but have a long tour to make yet."

To Mrs. VESEY.

Hague, *Sept.* 4, 1763.

"How much am I obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Vesey, for your kind solicitude about me! but here I am, exactly as much alive as you ever saw me, though much less so than I appear in the picture drawn of me by Mrs. Montagu's wit; but at all events—

> "Il di s'appressa, e non pote esser lungi:
> Si corre il tempo, e vola."

"Yet this flight of time is mighty apt to deceive our observation, when we consider it through the mist of human passions,

and

and fancy his wings to be clogged and entangled amidst the intricacies of varying wishes, and undetermined events. How seldom is it that the mind can rise to that point of view from whence it surveys him hurrying on, with unobstructed speed, towards eternity, and thither inviting all our hopes and fears to follow him!

" I do not at all agree to your project of sending me into Mercury or Venus. As long as one remains in this solar system, I have no idea of being better situated than upon Earth, which, with a true patriot prejudice, I am inclined to think as much preferable to any other planetary region, as England is to every other country on the terraqueous globe. You see I have not travelled away my English partiality. I am sure I can never be in any danger of losing it in Holland, which is beyond description disagreeable to my imagination. I do not attempt to give you any description of the places through which we have travelled, because you have seen them all. Was you ever at Cologne? If you have, perhaps you may wonder that in this dark, dirty, ragged city, I found myself more amused for three or four days than in any other which we have seen.

" You ask why I prefer the German character and manners to the French? Because I believe the character more honest, and I find the manners less bustling, and less affected, but equally polite; indeed I always consider the French as the most pestilent corrupters of the human heart, and their writings, more so than any I ever read, tend to the subversion of all principles, and sap the foundation of all morality, and the stifling of all sentiment. You will not imagine me extravagant enough to apply all this to each individual, though I met with an English lady at Spa, who has resided in France, and she declared to me that she never met with any one person while she was there, who had either principle or sentiment: to her great surprise, she once thought she had discovered a character possessed of both, but, upon further enquiry, the lady proved to be a Canadian.

"While we were at Spa, I bestowed more words upon all the Irish I met with, than I usually bestow upon people of any nation with whom I am not sufficiently acquainted to think I have a right to teaze them, in hopes of finding some who could talk with me about you; but I was so unlucky as to find none who knew any thing more than just the syllables that form your name. I made myself amends, however, by Lady Primrose, and the affection with which she always mentioned you did my heart good.

"*Thinking*, my dear Mrs. Vesey, must always tend to peace; when it is exercised under an awful sense of the presence of the Supreme Being, and with a due submission to those restraints which his wisdom and goodness have imposed on the human faculties. To check the rovings of unprofitable speculation, and fix our attention on the task assigned us here, all truths unnecessary for us to know are involved in uncertainty and darkness, and the search must end in disappointment and confusion, and too often in a total subversion of all principles. In the investigation of points essential to our present state and condition, the powers of the understanding are invariably adequate to its subject. Does not the difference so strongly, so evidently marked, plainly discover what ought to form the object of our study? The most active genius will never be in danger of languishing for want of employment, while it is engaged in unravelling the sophistries of passion, detecting the fallacies of the heart, examining the motives of action, and determining the duties which result from every particular situation.

"Mrs. Montagu's most affectionate compliments attend you, but she bids me tell you that the spirit never moves her to write letters from any love she has to writing; so if you wish to hear from her again, you must first deserve it, by answering her letter. Our whole party, I thank God, continue very well, and I am happy in the same good account from my distant friends; so that I am very contented about myself, though sorry to be so unprofitable a companion to Mrs. Montagu; for ever since I left England, my head has been at least equally bad, and my nerves worse than for some years: so far were the Spa waters from doing them any good. If these were not good long lived distempers, I would not alarm your kind partiality for me by mentioning them to you. I hope to be better when I get home, at least I shall avoid that aggravation of the evil which is occasioned by the exertions which are often unavoidable in travelling. My Lord Bath and Mrs. Montagu are surprizingly the better for their excursion, indeed they are much the youngest and healthiest of our whole party.

"We live a very racketting life at the Hague, but to-morrow we set out for Rotterdam, then to Breda and Antwerp. I shall be very glad when we get into Flanders. I hope about another fortnight will bring us to England, and that I shall have the pleasure of hearing from you very soon after my arrival at Deal. Do you mean that you want me to transcribe Milton's Allegro in written hand? Pray do, my dear Mrs. Vesey, do get it transcribed in a hand that can be read.

"The name of my German friend is Madame de Blum*; she is a Hanoverian by birth, but married to an officer in the service of the Duke of Brunswick, where she now resides. I am sure you would like her, and I have too high an opinion of her character not to be sure she would like you."

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* Mrs. Carter always preserved a very great regard for this lady till she died. She had a very interesting miniature of her.

To ——.

Bruxelles, *Sept.* 9, 1763.

"Though I did not design to write any more before our return to England, yet I cannot omit this opportunity of sending just a few lines, as I know you will be glad to hear from me, and that I am, thank God, going on very prosperously both by sea and land. We left the Hague last Monday, and went by a yacht to Rotterdam, where we stayed but a few hours, and then embarked on board a ship for Moerdyke, in order to avoid a bad ferry, which we must otherwise have been obliged to cross. Mrs. Montagu and I were extremely cross at being obliged to go on board at nine o'clock at night, but there was no remedy, so we pouted, and vowed we would not stir from the inn till the ship was under sail, and we kept our word. All the rest of the company went to bed in cabins, as close as coffins, but we remained in the state-room all night. About nine in the morn we got to Moerdyke, most miserably fatigued, and from thence by land to Breda, which is about twelve miles. It is one of the prettiest towns I ever saw: in the great church is the tomb of Henry Engelbert, Count of Nassau, by Michael Angelo.

"From Breda we went to Antwerp, where Mrs. Montagu and I were extremely entertained by hearing the music at the cathedral, as it happened to be a Popish festival. This morning we came to Bruxelles; the avenue from thence to this place, for above two miles, is beyond description beautiful, and finer driving than through St. James's park. We have been this evening to wait on Lady Primrose, and there met a Bruxelles lady, who, unfortunately for her, desired to be introduced to us, for I happened to be in a talking fit, and as I always talk bad French much more boldly than I do good

English, there was no end to my larum; so the poor soul is gone home blessing herself, crossing herself, and praying to every saint in her calendar to deliver her from ever more attempting to be introduced to a learned lady. I write in great haste, and half asleep. We are to stay here till Monday, and then proceed to Bruges, but I hope it will not be more than ten days before we reach England."

To ———.

Bruxelles, *Sept.* 10, 1763.

" I hope you have received the letter I sent you last week from the Hague, where we staid till last Monday. We dined one day with Sir J. Yorke, the next with Count Bentink, at his country-house, which is about half a mile from the town. The weather was so unfavourable we could not see his gardens, which I was sorry for, as from the windows they looked more in the English taste than any I have seen abroad. Madam Bentink, who is lately married to the Count's youngest son (Captain Bentink, whom I believe you know) dined with us— she is coming to live in England. On Sunday we went to see Mr. Fagel's library, which is a very fine one. His house is extremely handsome. At the end of the library is a room which looks into the Prince of Orange's garden, which makes it delightfully green and pleasant. We dined that day with Prince Lewis of Brunswick; all the foreign ministers were there; the entertainment was very noble—about forty-five dishes in each course, and a desert. There is something very agreeable in the ease and politeness which one always meets at the foreign tables, and in the exact regularity of the attendance. In the evening we were all invited to Sir J. Yorke's country-house to supper, to meet a large party of Dutch ladies, but my head said no, and I was too much tired, pleasant as the day had really been, to hold out any longer, though I most sincerely wished it. On Monday we went to Rotterdam, and then in a vile vessel to Moerdyke, where, to our great mortification, Mrs. Montagu and I were obliged to spend the night, for sleep we had none, though we lay down on the seats in the state room. As for Lord Bath, he was so very impatient to get into his delectable hole, that he went off early in the afternoon. The people all turned into their beds with great glee, and slept as well as could be without air. Mrs. M. and myself were much fatigued when we arrived at Moerdyke next morn; but thank God we had very fine weather. Our navigation was through a river, but so near the embouchure that it is more like a sea, and in bad weather very unsafe. If we had gone by land, there would have been a ferry to cross of four miles long, where the father of the late Prince of Orange was drowned in his coach.

" There is only one miserable house at Moerdyke; Mrs. Montagu was very ill here; but we thought it best to proceed to Breda, where those who had had a night's rest ordered a dinner, but we found sleep a more necessary convenience, and after drinking some tea we went to bed. My head next day revenged itself, as I well knew it would, for the violence that had been committed on it the night before, and effectually prevented my walking about Breda as much as I wished, for it appeared a very pretty town; we however saw the church. The next day we went to Antwerp, where we arrived before it was dark, and I was very glad to lay my aching head on a pillow.

" The next day we went to see the curiosities of the place. Antwerp is a fine city, and the cathedral a very noble Gothic building, ornamented with innumerable fine paintings by Rubens and Vandyke, who were both born at Antwerp. It happened to be the birth-day of the Virgin, who is the patroness to the city, so the music was particularly fine. With the sight of

this

this church and the Jesuits' I was quite exhausted, so went to the inn, and sat quietly down, while the rest of our party visited the other parts of the city. I regretted not being able to go with them to take a view of the Scheld, which is four times as wide as the Thames at Chelsea. By the time they returned, I was sufficiently recovered to go with Mrs. Montagu to vespers, which was very fine.

" From Antwerp we came yesterday to Bruxelles, and I felt great pleasure in finding myself again in this delightful country, after the dismal views of Holland. The road from Antwerp hither is delightful. In driving through the streets of Bruxelles, I was astonished to see every window I looked at shattered to pieces, or mended with paper panes; literally, I believe, there was not one whole; a strange sight in such a city. Upon enquiry, I found the reason of this demolition was a storm of hail, which had fallen some weeks ago; it did not last above ten minutes, and providentially happened about two in the morning, or in all probability many people must have been killed. A lady of this place told me last night that some of the hail-stones weighed a pound: it was accompanied with such lightening that people thought the city was on fire. The next day after being so much melted, she described some of the hail-stones, which she had seen herself, as big as walnuts. The magistrates have been obliged to send to other countries for glasses to assist in repairing the windows. The price of glass has been so much raised by it, that it has cost the landlord of the inn where we are upwards of fifty pounds to mend his windows.

" This evening we are going to see Madame Cobenzel, and to-morrow are to dine there. Monsieur Cobenzel is first minister to the Empress Queen in the low countries, and keeps an open table, where all strangers are invited. On Monday we propose to go to Ghent, and from thence to some other towns in Flanders, and so on to Calais. I hope by the week after next to inform you we are safely arrived in England, and I do not design to dispatch my letter till then; but I was willing to write here, as I had a leisure hour, while Mrs. Montagu is gone to sundry shops, where I have nothing to buy, nor any money if I had; so she left me to sit quiet for any expedition we may have in the afternoon."

Deal, *Sept.* 20.

"I have now the pleasure to inform you, that, thank God, we are all returned safe to England. We arrived at Calais on Friday night, but the wind was not sufficiently favourable for us to come away till yesterday morning. The tide was so strong against us, that for three hours we could only tack, and keep along the coast of France; so that we were seven hours in our passage. Mrs. Montagu was not in the least degree the worse for her voyage; but I was, as usual, grievously seasick. It was exceeding fine weather, which was very comfortable to us after the blustering winds which we had heard all along the coast for the week before, as we travelled from Bruges to Dunkirk. We met with but little worth seeing after we left Bruxelles and Ghent. All the way from Bruges, through Nieuport, Ostend, Dunkirk, and quite to Calais, we had only disagreeable views; as bad as the country from Deal to Sandwich, and the first flat marshy port of the isle of Thanet; so I was very glad when we were got to Calais. The bason at Dunkirk is very pretty, and little is as yet done towards the demolition of it.

"I parted from my friends this morning as they were setting out from Dover to London, and immediately came in a post-chaise to Deal, where I had the great blessing of finding my father and all friends well. I am sorry to tell you Rover is such an unthankful swine, that he has gone and forgot me."

To Miss TALBOT.

Calais, *Sept.* 18, 1763.

"By this time, my dear Miss Talbot, I imagine you have received an account of our proceedings as far as the Hague, which we left the day after my letter was writ. We went from thence in a yacht to Rotterdam, where I remember nothing more remarkable than buying half a book at a stall, which was overlooked by a statue of Erasmus, for whom I have not a sufficient degree of reverence to think the book at all the better for that circumstance. At Rotterdam Mrs. Montagu and I were thunderstruck by the fearful information that we were to embark on board a ship, and sail all night in order to arrive at the Moerdyke. This navigation might have been avoided; but even in the journey by land we must at last have been obliged to pass the Moerdyke ferry, which is four miles long, and very troublesome. It was in this very passage the Prince of Orange was drowned, by the fatal rashness of sitting in his coach.

"Much was said to reconcile us to this nocturnal expedition; of the conveniences of the cabins and beds, which, upon examination, we found to be very good cabins and very good beds for people who can breathe without air, and who chuse to sleep in a place as close and as narrow as a coffin: but we having no kind of inclination to be buried alive, insisted on having the state room to ourselves for the night, and resigned the beds below to the gentlemen who were so charmed with them. We set sail at nine at night in very calm, fine weather, and arrived at the Moerdyke at nine the next morning. There is only one house here situated in the midst of a miserable swamp, and so damp, that the smell was ready to suffocate us. Mrs. Montagu had the cramp in her stomach with the fatigue of the preceding night; but it was too dangerous to attempt any repose here; so as fast as we could procure a miserable, ragged, dirty thing called a coach, we hurried away to Breda, which is only twelve miles, and there we immediately went to bed.

"The next morning we were to set out for Antwerp; but we first walked a little about Breda, which is, I think, nearly, if not as fine a town as the Hague. In the church is a very noble monument of Henry Engelbert, Count of Nassau. The tomb is supported by the figures Regulus, Cæsar, Hannibal, and Alexander. The two first and the Prince were the work of Michael Angelo: whoever was the sculptor, they are certainly very fine. We staid all the next day at Antwerp; but to have seen every thing there, would have required a much longer time. The cathedral is a fine Gothic building, and ornamented with many paintings of Rubens and Vandyke. As it happened to be the birth day of the Virgin, who is their patron, the service, I believe, was particularly fine and magnificent. The procession of the priests and choristers through the aisles, from one chapel to another, made a fine appearance.

"There was a great variety of instruments, and the music in the highest taste; but the light graces of Italian music are surely but ill adapted to the solemnities of religious worship. They are, however, very well adapted to the fopperies of Popish idolatry, and were perfectly conformable to the dress of the Virgin, who was extremely in gala, and dressed out like a fine lady for a ball. In the evening Mrs. Montagu and I went to hear vespers. We wanted to know what part of the service the priests were then singing: upon applying to a lady who was looking in a book, she answered that she could not tell;

tell ; *car on dit ce qu'on veut.* A fine system of public worship!

" We went to see the Jesuits' church; but all the Jesuits' churches seems to me quite alike, extremely *elegantes et riantes,* and very much like mere fine rooms. The Calvaire at the Dominican convent is said to be an exact model of that at Jerusalem. The monk who made it travelled twice on foot to Jerusalem, that he might complete his model. It is an artificial rock, I should suppose at least fifty foot high, and crowded with statues of saints and figures of animals from the bottom to the top, on which is placed a crucifix. In the hollow beneath is a representation of the sepulchre, and of the body lying on a kind of tomb-stone, covered with a net work of wire, with a place either left open, or torn away, for the convenience of kissing the hand. On the walls of the enclosure are figures carved in wood and painted, representing souls in purgatory, and surrounded by flames. The court leading to the Calvaire is so crowded with sculpture large as life, that it resembles a statuary's shop. The excessive whiteness of the figures on the rock, has a very disadvantageous effect; and indeed the whole appearance is ill contrived for so solemn a representation: but I think the general characteristic of all the Popish spectacles is finery and glare; and one scarcely ever meets with any thing awful and sublime. On the contrary, it is shocking to observe how the most sacred subjects are debased and profaned by trifling and improper representations.

" In going from Antwerp, the avenue to Bruxelles, for about two miles, is more beautiful than St. James's Park. We staid two days at Bruxelles, and saw Prince Charles's cabinet; but I have too little taste for *vertu* to be struck with any thing I met with there, as I have more curiosity about human creatures, and am particularly pleased with the ease and agremens of a German entertainment. I should have been very glad to have dined at Count Cobenzel's the next day; but my head dispatched me to a pillow.

"We next proceeded to Ghent, and I was pleased with an opportunity of seeing the cathedral again; the sculpture there is much better than any I have seen abroad, except at Breda. From Ghent we went to Bruges; but saw nothing there of any consequence. Our guide led us about to sights not worth seeing, till it was too late for my only object of curiosity there, the tomb of Mary of Burgundy. At Bruges we took leave of the beautiful views of Flanders, and past through a disagreeable road and a dismal marshy flat country to Dunkirk. The bason at Dunkirk is very fine, but little is yet done towards demolishing it: it is surrounded by a strong stone work, which, by the treaty, is to be destroyed: all that is hitherto done is the stopping up somewhat more than half of one of the canals. Our engineers are miserably harrassed and perplexed by the vile chicanery of the French; for every line in which they propose what is to be done, the French return whole sheets full of quibbles and difficulties*."

Dover, *Sept.* 20, 1763.

"So far was writ while we were at Calais waiting for a fair wind, which, I thank God, conveyed us all safely to this place yesterday afternoon, after a passage of about seven hours. This morning my friends are to set off for London, and I for Deal; but I was willing to give you the information of our landing before I leave Dover, for fear I should be too much engaged at first coming home, to save the post. My best respects attend his Grace and Mrs. Talbot. I hope you will soon give me the pleasure of knowing you are all well."

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* The national character still continues the same. See the progress of the late negociation in 1806.

Although, perhaps, as the countries through which Mrs. Carter passed are so well known, there may not be much novelty, or any great information, contained in these letters; still, it is supposed, that they will generally be deemed not uninteresting. Written undoubtedly to amuse her friends only, and with no view to publication, they shew the genuine first impressions which the objects she saw, and the persons she met with (some of them well known in the world) made on a mind of considerable powers, and of uncommon candour and simplicity. Add to this, that it is delightful, not only in these, but in all her letters, to observe how compatible a true spirit of piety and devotion is with cheerfulness. Oppressed by perpetual head-achs, frequently confined to her chamber while her friends were amusing themselves abroad, and unable to bear fatigue, there is a playful liveliness, and even gaiety, in her style, that shews a heart at ease, and sufficiently proves that religion and happiness go hand in hand.

This tour, as may well be supposed, considering who and what her companions were, was to Mrs. Carter a most delightful one. Indeed it might be considered as an epoch in a life varied with so few events. She always dwelt upon it with peculiar pleasure even to the last; and had the most perfect recollection of every circumstance attending it. When the editor of these letters and his brother, at different times, many years afterwards passed over the same ground, she took a particular interest in corresponding with them, and in enquiring on their return most minutely concerning the observations they had made. And she was very anxious to learn what difference existed as well in the appearance, as in the political and religious state of the countries through which she had then passed, between the time when she was there, and twenty or thirty years afterwards.

Great and striking indeed was the moral difference, though rivers, hills, towns, and churches were perhaps the same. Knowledge was more generally diffused; superstition was much decreased; and blind obedience to superiors, civil as well as ecclesiastical, was no more: but whether, on the whole, religion and virtue have in proportion gained ground; whether the sum even of mere human happiness has been, or will be hereafter, enlarged by such changes of manners and opinions, may at least be doubted: and to assert the one or the other with justice, must require the experience of many years yet to come, when the present dreadful convulsions shall be at an end.

It appears by a letter from Miss Talbot to Mrs. Carter soon after her return, that she had sometimes ventured to give copies of the letters which she had received from her while abroad. In this she says:—"Do not beat me. Extreme poverty is a pitiable excuse, though not a full one. To spare my own poor head, and yet send Lady Grey[*] a tolerable pacquet, I have once or twice enclosed to her a letter of yours during your travels. On returning me the last she writes what I will now transcribe."

"Thanks for the conclusion of Mrs. Carter's travels. I am sorry to observe on them that her health seems worse, or at least her head-achs more frequent than in their beginning; and Spa does not seem to have had much effect. I am also very sorry to tell you that my Lord[†] has been quite shocked by the slighting manner with which she mentions Erasmus; whom he has been used to look up to with so much more reverence than she seems to do, that he wants to know her objections to him. He has always considered him, he says, as the founder of the Reformation, and the restorer of learning. That is, the first who aimed at either, and laid a solid foundation for his followers to build upon; who openly attacked superstition and ignorance, and taught mankind to think with freedom. He adds, that he looked at the statue at Rotterdam with a degree of respect so much greater than hers, he had like to have fallen into the other extreme, and joined in the invocation that some enthusiastic admirer is said to have made to it, "Sancte Erasme," &c. and in short to throw the gauntlet at once, that Erasmus is a much greater favourite with him than Epictetus. This is a *defi*, I think, in full form. If you will transmit the challenge, or make up the quarrel, it is now in your hands to do what you please with."

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[*] Marchioness Grey, who was well acquainted with Mrs. Carter, and always shewed a great regard to her.

[†] Lord Royston, afterwards Earl of Hardwicke, husband to Lady Grey.

To this challenge, Mrs. Carter gave the following reply:—

Deal, *Oct.* 4, 1763.

"Yes to be sure if I ever had an inclination to beat you, my dear Miss Talbot, it would be now; but unluckily you are too far out of my reach at present. If it had ever entered into my imagination that my letters would ever have travelled beyond Lambeth, they would certainly have been written with more reserve; and I should have been particularly cautious of speaking in a slighting manner of a character so generally admired, and even idolised, as that of Erasmus. Indeed I believe I was too flippant about him; but to say truth, in proportion as I honour his talents, to which I acknowledge the world is in many instances greatly indebted, I always find myself hurt and peevish, that some parts both of his life and writings were a disgrace to a very noble cause. For I have been told that his conduct was irregular, and some of his compositions scandalously indecent: and surely a wrong example, and a pernicious use of great powers of understanding, are never so shocking, so inexcusable, and so destructive, as in those who attempt reformation in religion.

" I say all this to vindicate my irreverence to the statue of Erasmus to you; for I dare not enter into controversy with my Lord Royston, even in defence of Epictetus. Poor Epictetus with mistaken opinions led an unblemished life, and did his utmost to prevail on others to follow his example. With the rightest and noblest principles, and so much greater a degree of illumination, the morals of Erasmus were much less irreproachable. Now which of these two was the more respectable character, the honester man, and one is almost tempted to add, the better Christian?"

To this justification of Mrs. Carter's disrespect for Erasmus, Miss Talbot made the following answer, which contains her own opinion of him, as formed from his life, which she had just been reading in order to be able to judge of the subject; and this concludes the controversy.

" Lord Royston desires I will make his peace with you about Erasmus, and say every thing for him that is handsome and polite. I am near the end of his life, and really think him *(Erasmus)* to have been a most useful, and zealous friend to learning; and without having the courage to intend it, a great promoter of the Reformation; and on these accounts, as well as for his liberal honest mind, and his mild and cheerful temper, deserving much grateful respect and kind regard. But in firmness of mind, strength of judgment, and steadiness of character, he is by no means to be compared to Epictetus. For his timidity I know how to make very great allowances from my own; and his fear of opposing things he saw to be wrong from the dread of introducing worse in their place, and his earnest desire of reconciling fire and water, was amiable, though it was not great. His ways of collecting money from all sorts of people, and becoming an universal pensioner, have a meanness in them, which is however more excusable when one considers what a loss the learned world would have had if such a man had heroically starved. Nor do I mean merely the *learned* world; but the revival of literature, which he so nobly and indefatigably promoted, has most certainly been the means of much essential good in many ways; and there are a thousand things in which I love him and agree with him cordially."

While Mrs. Carter was on the Continent, the premises which she had purchased, as mentioned before, for her dwelling-house at Deal, had been altered and repaired, and her father was settled in them. They consisted of several adjoining tenements, of which two were laid together for her own house, all held under the Archbishop of Canterbury, but by different leases. She wished, therefore, to have them all inserted in one lease; and her kind friend, the Archbishop, willingly granted her request, and wrote her the following good-humoured note on the subject, in one of Miss Talbot's letters.

Oct. 1, 1763.

"Madam Carter, I am glad to find that you are so prudent. And now it is my turn to shew you that I am prudent too. I have disposed Mr. Parry to acquiesce in the re-union of your leases. For as you will save money by that, I can the better whip you up in your fine: especially as I learn from Miss Talbot, that you like your house. Letting her know that, was not quite so discreet. But the wisest in their generation did not become so all at once. Under so able a master[*] as you have had for some months past, I do not doubt but you will come on apace. And who knows how much a few instances of *gude œconomy* may contribute to bring about a certain great event that hath been long depending?"

To this Miss Talbot subjoins:—"I could find in my heart not to write on the same paper with such malicious insinuations; but being somewhat œconomical myself in the article of paper, that prudent consideration has prevailed over my scruples."

But though the Archbishop was so willing to indulge Mrs. Carter by allowing her to hold her premises under one lease, yet when it was renewed he would take nothing for it, and sent her word that her fine did not satisfy him, and he would not receive it; to which she replied, that she must submit, and that her only comfort was, that if he screwed her up till she broke, nobody was like to be so great a loser by her bankruptcy as he was.

After Mrs. Carter's return from Spa, she passed the winter as usual in her lodgings in Clarges-street. During the first part of it, Miss Talbot was on a visit at Canterbury. In one of Mrs. Carter's letters to her while there, she shews her opinion of two characters at that time of great note, in language more pointed, warm, and expressive than she generally used. "I lately heard," says she, "that Churchill within two years has got 3,500l. by his ribald scribbling. Happy age of virtue and of genius in which Wilkes is a Patriot, and

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[*] Lord Bath: alluding to his supposed love of money, an imputation against which Mrs. Carter so ably defends him in a letter already inserted. The "great event" hinted at in jest, is his marrying Mrs. Carter; an idle report, or, as Miss Talbot calls it, a "malicious insinuation" wholly unfounded: for certainly neither one party nor the other had ever an idea of the kind.

Churchill a Poet!" Volumes could not have expressed her opinions in politics, morality, and poetry, more strongly.

And in the same opinions she persevered to the end: indeed she rarely adopted them lightly, or without conviction, and therefore seldom changed them. Of the two persons above named she always thought ill, both as to their public and private transactions, when some, even good persons, were more favourably inclined towards them. Since party prejudices have ceased to operate with respect to both these worthies, their fame has been rapidly declining; and few persons will now be shocked at Mrs. Carter's contemptuous expression concerning them. Whatever benefits may be supposed to be derived to the country from the exertions of Wilkes, there are not many now who will hazard a panegyric upon his patriotism, any more than on his virtues: and whatever the keenness and force of Churchill's satires might formerly appear to be, when the local and temporary objects of them were familiar to the readers, their attraction has now ceased; and considered abstractedly as poems, their character is higher than their deserts. Indeed they are perhaps oftener praised than perused; and that which Pope said of Cowley, may as properly be applied to Churchill, "Who now reads Churchill?" But there we must stop; for the remainder of the quotation has no reference to the character of Churchill's poetry[*].

It may have been observed that Mrs. Carter in her letters mentions Lord Bath's health as being particularly good during their continental tour. These appearances, however, proved to be fallacious, and the Spa waters had no permanent good effect.

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[*] "Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit.
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric, art;
Yet still we love the language of his heart."

He died, not indeed suddenly, but unexpectedly, in the following summer; that of 1764. He left no issue; for Lord Pulteney died before him without children, and therefore the whole of his large property descended to Lieut. General Pulteney, his only surviving brother. Many persons who had expected legacies were much disappointed; and all Mrs. Carter's friends were surprized that Lord Bath had left nothing to her. She herself, however, always said that she had no right to expect any such mark of friendship from him, and that he had never given her reason to hope for it. The General enjoyed, or rather was embarrassed with, his great acquisition of wealth not many years. He died in the autumn of 1767, leaving his fortune to his nearest relation, Frances, wife of William Johnstone, Esq., who then took the name of his wife's family, and became afterwards, by the death of the Baronet, his elder brother, better known by the name of Sir William Pulteney.

Hardly were the contents of the General's will known, when Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney settled an annuity of one hundred pounds upon Mrs. Carter, by way, as they delicately expressed it, of fulfilling Lord Bath's intentions. But indeed the whole of the transaction was so handsome and liberal, and does so much honour to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney, that the letters which passed on this subject ought to be made public. They are as follows:—

To Mrs. CARTER.

Cleveland Row, *Oct.* 23, 1767.

" Madam,

" I understand some time ago that you had the strongest reason to expect from what Lord Bath had said, that you would have been mentioned in his will for an annuity. At that time I wished that it might ever be in my power to fulfil that intention, which Lord Bath's sudden illness probably prevented his executing himself. General Pulteney's goodness to Mrs. Pulteney and myself, has put me in the situation I wished for: and I could not think of delaying to acquaint you that I hereby oblige myself to pay you an annuity of one hundred pounds a-year during your life: and that I shall order a proper deed to be made out to render you still more secure, if possible, in the regular payment of that sum. I mentioned this to Mrs. Pulteney, who joins me heartily in this intention; and if I had not been expeditious, would have got the start of me in executing it.

I am, &c. &c.

WILLIAM PULTENEY."

To WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq.

Deal, *Oct.* 31, 1767.

" Sir,

" I find myself at a loss for words to express my sense of the very uncommon act of generosity for which I am so highly indebted to you and Mrs. Pulteney. Before I can avail myself of the goodness which you both discover for me, I must beg leave to take notice of one particular in your letter, as I should be utterly unworthy of the favour which you designed me, if I could allow myself to owe it to any motive that was founded on a mistake. You mention my having had the strongest reason to expect from what Lord Bath had said, that I should be named in his will. It would be very dishonest in me not to declare that this is a circumstance in which you have been misinformed. Whatever expectations the world might infer in my favour from the friendship with which I was honoured by my Lord Bath, he never said any thing to myself, nor, so far as I know, to any other person, that could lead me to think he designed me an annuity, or any other legacy, in his will.

" If, after this declaration, which I thought myself indispensably engaged to make, you and Mrs. Pulteney continue in the same sentiments, I shall receive the great favour which you were so good to intend me with the most sensible gratitude: and shall always esteem an obligation conveyed with so much generosity, delicacy, and kindness, not only as conferring a considerable advantage, but doing me a real honour.

" I most sincerely congratulate you and Mrs. Pulteney on the equitable disposition of General Pulteney's will. I beg leave to assure you both of my most cordial wishes for your long and prosperous enjoyment of that, and every other blessing. I entreat you both to believe that I feel the most affecting sense of my obligations to you; and am, with the most perfect gratitude and esteem, &c. &c.

E. CARTER."

To Mrs. CARTER.

Nov. 3, 1767.

" My dear Madam,

" Mr. Pulteney has just received your letter, and desires me to assure you, that we are happy to have it in our power to contribute to the convenience or pleasure of Mrs. Carter; that Lord Bath ought to have done it; and I hope you will give us leave to settle it as soon as possible after the present hurry."

I am, Madam, &c. &c.

FRANCES PULTENEY."

The deep sense which Mrs. Carter entertained of this obligation, and of which she never lost sight to the day of her death, added to her regard for Lord Bath's memory, and her personal esteem for those who had done her so great a favour, made her take the most particular interest in the welfare of all that family. Her warm good wishes had been with Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney before Lord Bath's death; and both she and Mrs. Montagu had used all their endeavours to persuade both him and the General to that act of justice towards them, which the General afterwards performed. She delicately hints at this circumstance in a letter which she wrote on the subject to her friend Miss Sutton, who was a relation of the Pulteney family. " I heartily congratulate you," says she, " on the disposition of the General's will, which has made so equitable and so noble an appointment for Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney. I am also impatient to acquaint you, that by a very uncommon instance of generosity, they have had the goodness to settle an annuity of a hundred a-year on myself; which Mr. Pulteney, with the greatest delicacy and politeness, represents as fulfilling Lord Bath's intention, if it had not been prevented by his sudden illness. I flatter myself you will be pleased with this intelligence, as it respects my advantage and you will be pleased with it on a more general account, as indicating a disposition of making a very generous use of that fortune, which we both so heartily concurred in our wishes might be bestowed in the manner which it is. You will easily imagine that the gratitude which I feel upon this occasion, renders it a very pleasing recollection to my mind, that I had always formed such ardent good wishes for Mrs. Pulteney, at a time when it was impossible they could proceed from any other motive than the justice of her claims, and a perfectly disinterested good-will."

In the same liberal point of view Miss Talbot seems to have considered this generous action; for in her answer to Mrs. Carter's communication of it to her, she says:—"Do not think I am so delighted with your having the disposal of a little more paltry money; for I know no definite sum that is equal to your spirit: but my joy, and yours too, is that the possessors of so noble a fortune set out on its enjoyment with a spirit so every way right; and that shews, I think, it is likely to be a blessing to themselves, by making it, as far as wealth can be, one to others."

It ought to be added here, that the kindness of all this family to Mrs. Carter never abated. After Mrs. Pulteney's decease, Mr. Pulteney always paid her the most marked and flattering attention; and Miss Pulteney, now Countess of Bath, with whom she corresponded regularly, seemed to have for her almost the affection of a daughter*.

About three years before Mrs. Carter died, Lady Bath represented to her father that every thing was then so increased in price, that 100l. was much less valuable than when the annuity was granted, and Sir William generously added 50l. to it. This increase Lady Bath continued to give after Sir William's decease, though the original bond was still for 100l. only. The whole was always paid together on the Midsummer quarter; and when Mrs. Carter died in February, and of course half a year of it only was due, Lady Bath liberally sent Mrs. Carter's executor a draft on her banker for the whole 150l. to be paid immediately.

The death of Lord Bath affected Mrs. Carter very much, though the circumstances of it were such as to give his friends as little pain as possible. "He left the world," said she in a letter to Mrs. Vesey, "in possession of every comfort it had to bestow. With faculties unimpaired, and a temper unruffled *; and after a long enjoyment of the repose and dignity of age, unaccompanied by the pains and the weaknesses which often render the close of life so burthensome to the owners, so tedious to their attendants, and so pitiable to their friends."

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* Very soon after the revival of the title of Bath in Miss Pulteney, she appointed Mrs. Carter's eldest nephew, the Rev. Thomas Pennington of Thorley, Herts, the first of her domestic chaplains.

This generous donation, added to what her uncle had left her about a year before †, placed Mrs. Carter very much at her ease in point of circumstances. Her habits of life indeed were such that a very little sufficed her. She dressed as plain and with as little expence as possible, considering her situation; but was always delicately neat and clean, both in her clothes and person. Cold water (except a little Hungary or Lavender water, with which she used to rub her head) was her only cosmetic from her youth; but of that she used a profusion. She eat but little meat at dinner, but was fond of

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* Lord Bath was not only good tempered, but even facetious; he loved to pun, and being a scholar, he dignified that species of wit by punning sometimes in Greek. A few months before he died, Mrs. Carter says in a letter to Mrs. Montagu:—"My Lord Bath's Greek in your last note is as unintelligible to me as the Calmuck language, and I have puzzled myself to no purpose in endeavouring to find it out. It pleased me, however, as a proof of his being well and in spirits. Whenever he desists from Greek and punning, I take it to be just as bad a symptom as if he lost his appetite."

† This was her father's brother, at whose house, as has been mentioned, she used sometimes to reside in the early part of her life. He had been a silk merchant, in partnership with the late Mr. Vere of Bishopsgate-street (whose sister he had married) uncle to the present banker of that name. He had quitted business for some years, and died without issue in 1765. He left to his brother, Dr. Carter, and his children, upwards of 14,000l. (including 1000l. given to his brother before) besides almost as much to other branches of his own, and his wife's family. With her share of this, in her father's life time, Mrs. Carter purchased 1,500l. stock in the old South-Sea annuities.

pastry and vegetables; and never eat any supper at all. She drank lemonade, or milk and water, at her dinner, and one glass of wine when she dined in company, as a matter of civility, which quantity she never exceeded. But for the last three or four years of her life she was ordered by her physician to drink more wine, and then she usually drank also a small glass of port before dinner.

But sparing as she was to herself in every respect, to others she was bountiful as liberality itself. Her gifts to her relations, and to some friends who were poor, and her charities to the indigent, were such, that it might have been supposed that her moderate income could never have supplied them. She used to say with her usual good sense, that it was only in personal expences that any person of small fortune could or ought to save; because every situation in life required, with respect to society, a certain expence and establishment corresponding to it. After her father's death, therefore, when she kept house by herself at Deal, she lived with much hospitality, visited all her neighbours, saw a great deal of tea and some dinner company. It was indeed at all times delightful to see in how easy and pleasant a manner she mixed in the usual society of a country neighbourhood. Beloved, caressed, and even courted as she was by the wise, the good, and the great, her genius and acquirements seemed to sleep, when to have displayed or given scope to them, might have made the company sensible of their own deficiencies.

Hence many persons were acquainted with her, who, till they were told of it by others, never knew that she understood any language but her own, or was ever ten miles from her native town. She sipped her tea, (which she did in pretty large quantities) chatted on different subjects, and played her cards like the rest of the company. Of this last amusement indeed she was rather fond, and a little inclined to be proud of her skill in the science of whist, which indeed she certainly played not ill, though she could hardly be said to excel in it. But every tendency towards gaming, or high play, she checked and discouraged with all her power; and very soon after whist became the general game, when the reign of quadrille had ceased, she laid down to herself a rule from which she never afterwards departed, of playing for no higher than threepenny points. In this peculiarity her friends in the country (and in town also, where she sometimes played in small parties) made a point of indulging her; and there was always some person who would oppose her on her own terms, though the general stake was higher.

Somewhat before the time of which we have been speaking, Mrs. Carter's indignation had been roused, as far as her usual mildness could allow it to be, by the violent attacks made on her old and respected friend Dr. Johnson, in consequence of his edition of Shakespeare. She gave vent to it in the following letter.

To Miss TALBOT.

Deal, Nov. 25, 1765.

"Have you not felt a high degree of indignation at the scandalous ribaldry with which Mr. Johnson has been treated in the papers? I have not read his Shakespeare, for my copy is in town; but whatever fault the critics may find in it, surely nothing of this kind can at all excuse such treatment of an author, who in other works has deserved so much honour. As I do not recollect any instance in which Mr. Johnson has employed his learning and his genius to expose ignorance or insult dullness; but, on the contrary, has, I think, been remarkably candid and tender, this unprovoked malice against him is the more abominable. Do pray be very angry about it: I am outrageous *.

"I am quiet enough, however, as to the dispute between Dr. L. and the B. of G. (*Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester*) who, as he is the genuine successor of Ishmael, must be content to take his fate. I am very sorry, however, he has met with the chastisement he too well deserves from one of his own order. It is a pity they did not both battle it out in Greek, which is the best language in the world for a hearty scold."

Although, as has been observed, Mrs. Carter lived upon the most friendly terms with her neighbours in the country, yet the whole of her time at Deal was not spent with them. She had occasionally some of those friends with whom she lived in town, residing in that neighbourhood. In particular that most amiable and excellent woman the late Countess of Holdernesse passed, for many years, great part of every summer there. She resided, by the leave of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports latterly, in Deal Castle; and before that time, while Lord Holdernesse held that office, in Walmer Castle, about a mile from the town. This lady honoured Mrs. Carter with her particular esteem, which was returned on her part with the warmest attachment. Both in town and country they were very frequently together; and especially in the latter it was the source of great pleasure to them both, that they were such near

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[*] The following Epigram by Dr. Johnson, found among Mrs. Carter's papers, in his own hand writing, and evidently addressed to her, has never, I believe, been published before.

Quid mihi cum Cultu? Probitas inculta nitescit,
Et juvat Ingenii vita sine arte rudis.
Ingenium et mores si pulchra probavit Elisa,
Quid majus mihi spes ambitiosa dabit?

near neighbours. Sometimes her Ladyship had visitors with her who were friends to both; at others, she had no company except her grand-children*. When this was the case, she would now and then partake of Mrs. Carter's humble fare; and with the most perfect ease and good-humour sit down to sixpenny whist with her country neighbours.

In one of her letters to Miss Talbot about this time, Mrs. Carter relates an amusing incident that occurred during one of her visits to Lady Holdernesse, which shall be related in her own words.

"I dined at Walmer Castle on Wednesday, and walked the greatest part of the afternoon on the sea-side, with Lady Holdernesse and Lady Mary Coke. On returning to the Castle in the evening, at the foot of a pretty steep green hill, we saw a girl in stout contention with a cow, which she was lugging by the horns to pull her up the hill. Lady Mary called to the girl, and offered to assist her, which, probably taking it as a fine lady insult, she refused. And there might have been tugging and resisting to this hour, if Lady Mary, with the agility of a mountain nymph, had not descended to the bottom, and soon discovered she was not to be trifled with, like the poor girl: of this the cow was so well convinced, that she gallopped up the hill before her Ladyship as hastily, though not so lightly, as a kid. The graceful airs and motions of Lady Mary, and the awkward precipitation of the cow, and in short the whole transaction was odd and diverting to a high degree: and so it appeared to the girl, who fell into such intemperate fits of laughing, that she could scarcely hold the cow after it was in her possession.

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* The Duke of Leeds, and his brother, Lord Francis Osborn; and their sister, now Countess of Chichester.

"Lady Mary enquired much after the Archbishop and you. She was to leave Walmer Castle yesterday morning. Mr. Mason* is there at present, or rather is gone to visit Mr. Gray, who is at Denton†."

Early in August, 1768, Mrs. Carter had the misfortune of losing her old and highly respected friend, Archbishop Secker. He left her no legacy in his will; but he had made her a present of 50l. before, and had besides lent her 150l. which he never meant to receive again. As this, however, did not appear in his will, her scruples urged her to offer to repay the money to his executors, Mrs. Talbot and Dr. Burton, which they were unwilling to receive. The following letter, however, from the present Bishop of London, then his Grace's chaplain, to whom, with Dr. Stinton, his papers were left to be overlooked and arranged, sufficiently shewed his kind intentions with respect to that loan, and quieted her scruples on the subject.

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* The Poet. Lord Holdernesse was much attached to him, and gave him the living of Aston, in Yorkshire, on which he resided till his death, and where he realized some of the scenery of his "English Garden."

† Denton Court near Barham Downs, then the residence of the Rev. William Robinson, younger brother of the late Lord Rokeby, and of Mrs. Montagu. He was a College friend of Mr. Gray, and their intimacy continued through life. Denton is now the beautiful seat of Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq. a gentleman well known to the world by his poetical talents, and the variety of his acquirements in different branches of literature. He married, secondly, Mary, youngest daughter of Mr. Robinson above mentioned. His eldest son, by his first wife, inherits, from his maternal uncle, Mr. Barratt, the elegant and distinguished mansion called Lee Priory, so much admired by the late Horace, Earl of Orford; to whose taste indeed some of its improvements are owing.

To Dr. BURTON.

Lambeth, *March* 22, 1770.

"Agreeably to your desire I have searched the late Archbishop's narrative, and find in it the following passage, which I have copied word for word."

"This year (1763) I lent Mrs. Carter, to whom, I believe, I had given about 50l. before, 150l. upon her note, without interest. And I do not intend that she shall repay it me."

The Archbishop indeed left also a sealed letter for Mrs. Carter, which Miss Talbot notified to her, adding that she was anxious to deliver it into her own hands; but the purport of this is not now to be known, as the letter itself was not found among her papers at her decease, nor any memorandum concerning it. Immediately upon his Grace's death, Mrs. Carter left Deal, where she then was, and went to the house of affliction at Lambeth, where Mrs. and Miss Talbot were lamenting the kind friend with whom they had resided for upwards of two and forty years. From thence she wrote the following letter to Mrs. Vesey.

"I am much obliged to you for the concern you express for my friends and me on the late melancholy event at Lambeth. You rightly judged how much I must be struck by the death of this great and good man, with whose friendship I had been honoured for more than twenty years, and to whom I had such innumerable obligations.

"The whole amount *(of the Archbishop's fortune)* when compared with the great preferments which he had enjoyed from his first setting out, is a mere trifle: and he has left a noble example to his successors in this, as well as so many other instances. The extent of his charities is scarcely to be imagined, and his great revenues in the Church were a general blessing. It is grievous to hear every day of the desolation of such numbers as owed the best part of their subsistence to his bounty. Nor was he only charitable, but kind and generous to a degree, which can be known only by those who were acquainted with his private and domestic life. I have seen a catalogue of his manuscripts, which are to be deposited in the library at Lambeth; and well as I was acquainted with his unwearied application, it surprized me to find such monuments of solitary studiousness in one who had been so much engaged in the active duties of his station, which he executed with an exactness and a diligence beyond any person I ever knew."

With her friends at Lambeth Mrs. Carter remained for some weeks, and assisted them in the painful and affecting occupation of removing from the palace, and getting another habitation. Mrs. Talbot took a house in Lower Grosvenor-street; but a secret malady had long been preying upon her daughter's frame; and the time was fast approaching when her pure and virtuous spirit was to return to Him who gave it. Her health had been visibly declining; and in October, 1769, she took to her bed, and was soon given over. Her disorder was then discovered to be a cancer, which had for three years been kept a profound secret from all her friends, except the Archbishop, and, latterly, Mrs. Carter, principally from the pious wish that her mother might not have the grief of seeing her languish of a disease which had been pronounced incurable. Contrary to all expectation, however, she rallied again, and lived to the 9th of January, 1770, when she expired with the greatest fortitude and most devout resignation, in the forty-ninth year of her age. " Her patience through all her sufferings," said Mrs. Jeffreys, a lady who was then with her, in a letter to Mrs. Carter, " you are well acquainted with: it exceeds all description. Chearfulness does not express her countenance or manner (I mean on Sunday last;) there was a joy I never shall forget, founded, I am certain, on the very few hours she hoped to remain here; and she told me she had that feel within her that spoke her happiness near."

This was a severe stroke to Mrs. Carter, and most deeply felt; nor did she ever speak of Miss Talbot to the day of her death, without the most affecting expressions of esteem and tenderness. What her opinion and feelings concerning her were at the time, may be collected from the following extracts of letters to Mrs. Montagu:—

" You will be kindly solicitous about me, if you happen to have heard that my dear Miss Talbot is past all hope of recovery. To herself this event will be a blessed change, from a state of long and constant suffering to that distinguished degree of happiness which her uncommon goodness has infallibly secured; but to the friends who were intimately acquainted with her virtues, the loss will be inconceivably great. Amidst all that I feel for myself on the removal of such a friend, I feel still more from what I suffer in thinking on the situation of Mrs. Talbot."

" If I hear that there is a probability that my dear friend's illness is likely to linger on, I will propose going to her. The trial will be dreadful to my weak mind; but it is the last sad duty I can pay to a friend, to whom my obligations as well as my affection are inexpressible. When all is over, I trust I shall be enabled to compose my thoughts to that peaceful resignation, with which I desire always to submit to the Divine will. But it is impossible for my mind to repose, while this sad suspence continues, and I know her to be in a state of suffering.

When that is past, her happiness is eternally secure; and I shall have no other grief but the sense of my own unspeakable loss."

"I do not apologize to you for writing in this manner, for though the fear of passing for a hypocrite may, as you observe, be a reason for the suppression of many pious thoughts in a mixed company, it can scarcely, one would think, operate upon an intimate correspondence with particular friends; and where religion is the leading principle of the mind, one knows not how to account for a total silence on a subject, in which there is so strong and mutual an interest; at least, I am sure there is no friendship worth cultivating where this is not the common tie."

Accordingly Mrs. Carter not only offered, but earnestly pressed her friend to allow her to come to her; but she exerted herself to prevent her, by writing her a short letter in her own hand, which was the last she received from her. She had however the comfort of seeing her before she died, as Miss Talbot survived till some days after she came to town at her usual time, soon after Christmas. Upon this melancholy occasion, she wrote the following pious and affecting letter to Mrs. Vesey:—

Clarges-street, *Jan.* 15, 1770.

"You will be so kindly solicitous about me, my dear Mrs. Vesey, when you see in the papers a confirmation of the reality of my apprehensions about my dear Miss Talbot, that I cannot forbear writing you some account of myself. I am tolerably well, and my spirits, though low, are very composed. With the deepest feeling of my own unspeakable loss of one of the dearest and most invaluable blessings of my life, I am to the highest degree thankful to the Divine goodness for removing her from the multiplied and aggravated sufferings which, in a longer struggle with such a distemper, must probably have been unavoidable. The calm and peaceful sorrow of tenderness and affection, sweetly alleviated by the joyful assurance of her happiness, is a delightful sentiment compared with what I have endured for the last two or three months.

" Two or three days before her death, she was seized with a sudden hoarseness and cough, which seemed the effect of a cold, and for which bleeding relieved her; but there remained an oppression from phlegm which was extremely troublesome to her. On the 9th this symptom encreased, and she appeared heavy and sleepy, which was attributed to an opiate the night before. I staid with her till she went to bed, with an intention of going afterwards into her room, but was told she was asleep. I went away about nine, and in less than an hour after she waked; and after the struggle of scarcely a minute, it pleased God to remove her spotless soul from its mortal sufferings, to that heaven for which her whole life had been an uninterrupted preparation. Never surely was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manners, of a peculiar and more engaging kind than in any other character I ever knew.

" I am just returned from seeing all that was mortal of my angelical friend deposited in the earth. I do not mean that I went in ceremony, which, had it been proper, would have been too strong a trial for my spirits, but privately with two other of her intimate friends. I felt it would be a comfort to me, on that most solemn occasion, to thank Almighty God for delivering her from her sufferings, and to implore his assistance to prepare me to follow her. Little, alas! infinitely too little have I yet profited by the blessing of such an example. God grant that her memory, which I hope will ever survive in my heart, may produce a happier effect.

"Adieu, my dear friend, God bless you, and conduct us both to that happy assembly, where the spirits of the just shall dread no future separation! And may we both remember that awful truth, that we can hope to die the death of the righteous * only by resembling their lives."

Mrs. Talbot was upwards of eighty years of age when she met with this irreparable loss, which she bore with greater fortitude and resignation than could well have been expected. She survived her daughter many years, and indeed lived to the very advanced age of ninety-two. In the latter part of her life, her eyesight and her hearing in a great measure failed her, yet she kept up a constant correspondence with Mrs. Carter till within a few months of her death. Her last letters are perfectly sensible, but so ill written, as to shew there was a great defect in the hand which wrote them, as well as in the eyes which guided it. She died of a paralytic attack.

The heavy misfortune of losing her daughter, and the gradual failure of her faculties, were alleviated to the good old lady, as far as possible, by the unremitted kindness of a large circle of most respectable acquaintance, who seemed to make it their business to prevent her from suffering from them. And the author of this sketch has seen with delight, in his early years, the young, the high-born, and the beautiful, at her house, vyeing with each other in their attentions to its venerable mistress, and appearing to derive the highest gratification from contributing to her amusement.

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* "Oh, let me die his death," all Nature cries,
"Then live his life,"—all Nature falters there.
Young's Night Thoughts.

Into Mrs. Carter's hands, as the dearest friend of her beloved daughter, Mrs. Talbot put her manuscript papers, leaving it to her discretion what parts of them she would publish. The first that she selected bore the title of "Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week;" a small pamphlet, but of great value, both from the elegance of the language, and the warm as well as rational piety with which it abounds. This little work was much admired, and had, as indeed it still has, a wonderful and almost unexampled sale. To this Mrs. Carter soon afterwards added two volumes in duodecimo, of Essays, Poems, and other detached Pieces, which were then, and still are, highly approved of by all good judges of literary composition, and by all who wish well to the cause of religion and virtue *. Few persons can read the poems without lamenting that she wrote so few. Of the first especially, which begins "Awake, my Laura," it is difficult to say whether the thoughts are most just, or the expression of them most elegant and poetic. The prose essays are written with so much spirit and vivacity, that they are as amusing as they are instructive; so that though most of Miss Talbot's friends have been long since numbered with the dead, they have passed through several editions. The last, which includes the whole, was published in one volume, octavo, in 1795, and a new one will probably be soon required.

The person mentioned in the second essay, under the name of Cynthio, was a real character, well known both to Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Talbot; but they wished not to disclose his name, though they thought it proper to contradict a report which was then spread, that it was meant for another person, for whom they knew it was not designed. These papers Mrs.

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* But while they instructed and edified some, they served, it seems, to *divert* others; for Mrs. Carter says in a letter to Mrs. Talbot in 1772, "Lord J—— must be of a very facetious disposition, if all the good he derived from the Essays was the being *diverted*."

Carter printed on her own account, Mrs. Talbot having nothing to do either with the first expence, or subsequent profits, which eventually were not inconsiderable. It is evident, therefore, that she was not misled by her affection for the author, and her selection of the papers was made with her usual judgment. "I do not believe," says she, in a letter to Mrs. Talbot, "that I shall be a loser; and I have a better opinion both of the sense and virtue of the world, than to think it in the least degree probable, but that such a work will meet with the approbation it so justly deserves." The event proved that she was right; and the excellence of her motives for wishing them to be printed, appears very evident from the following paragraph in another letter to Mrs. Talbot. "I imagine by this time a good part of a third edition *(of the Reflections on the Days of the Week)* is sold off. What a comfort it is to think on the diffusive good which that dear angel has communicated to the world, of which she is now enjoying the reward! What a blessed change to herself from the suffering state of the last sad year!" This was written in December, 1770, when Miss Talbot had not been dead more than eleven months.

Not long after the Archbishop's death, and before that of Miss Talbot, Mrs. Carter lost another very dear and highly esteemed friend in Miss Isabella Sutton *, who died in November, 1768. It was to her that she addressed those beautiful lines which begin "Heir of immortal Being;" and of her that she wrote the Elegy beginning "Yes, weak humanity." She appears to have been a very amiable, accomplished, and virtuous character*, and Mrs. Carter never spoke of her but with much affection and deep regret. Lady Bath, to whom she was related, had an original portrait of her in her usual dress, which now appears a singular one, and with her accustomed kindness, had a copy of it taken and sent to Mrs. Carter a few years since; and she always considered it as a very precious gift, and valued it highly; as does the present possessor of it for her sake.

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* She was sister to the late Sir Richard Sutton, Bart. and daughter to Sir Robert Sutton, K. B. a gentleman well known in the diplomatic line, having been ambassador to the Hague, Constantinople, and Paris. Sir Robert was great nephew to the first Lord Lexington, and had the honour of being Bishop Warburton's early, perhaps first, patron. Miss Sutton's mother was daughter and coheiress of Benjamin Tichborne, Esq. and widow of Charles, third Earl of Sunderland.

Miss Sutton's health was extremely weak, and her spirits at times very low; hence she was often apt to see the evils of human life in a very melancholy point of view, and to undervalue its advantages. To counteract this painful, and sometimes even fatal propensity, Mrs. Carter always particularly exerted herself with that genuine spirit of Christian content, chearfulness, and hope, which she possessed in so eminent a degree. One of her letters to her upon this subject is not only excellent in itself, but is curious, as being evidently the foundation of the poem already mentioned, "Heir of immortal Being," &c. which was written a few months after.

To Miss SUTTON.

October 27, 1762.

"It is by our own fault if human improvement ever stands still. The languors of illness are as much the subject of life, as the vigorous spirits of health; and the powers that are insufficient for active exertions of understanding, and for high attainments, are equal to the duty of unrepining submission to the disappointment of favourite aims, and of thankful enjoyment of every permitted good.

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* Mrs. Carter's letters were returned to her after Miss Sutton's decease, and on the paper which contained them, Mrs. Carter had written the date of her death, and the following well known lines from Horace, Lib. i. Ode 24.

Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas
Quando ullam invenient parem?

"No: it is impossible that it could be from serious conviction; it must be merely an accidental transient thought, that made you speak of annihilation as 'preferable to staying always in such a world as this.' Surely, my dear Miss Sutton, life, with all its portion of toils and sufferings, is mercifully diversified with such a mixture of ease, and even of positive delight, as must render it greatly preferable to non-existence. Was every prospect to be limited by the grave, what inexpressible horrors must one feel, at the thought of quitting such a system of creation, as engages the attention by every form of variety, strikes by every wonder of magnificence, and charms with every grace, and every elegance of beauty! How terrible to close one's eyes upon the flowery earth and radiant sun, to 'leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day *,' and sink into a cold, dark, eternal night! Then to think of losing all sense of intellectual pleasure, all the tendernesses of affection, and all the excellencies of virtue †!

"From this dreadful extinction, God be thanked, we are graciously secured; and as much as I have said in profession of my attachment to this world, I heartily join with you in rejoicing that it is not to last for ever. Yet I have but little curiosity concerning any other particulars about a better, than those which are revealed to us. Content and thankful for the promise which He 'who cannot lie' has made, that all who endeavour to fulfil the conditions of happiness shall infallibly

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* Gray's Elegy.

† These mournful ideas are evidently only on the supposition of there being no life after this; for the thoughts of the passage from this state of existence to another (usually called, but improperly, *death*) never affected Mrs. Carter's mind with melancholy. She used to say, that in all her meditations on that subject, she never suffered her mind to dwell on the shroud and the coffin, but passed at once from this life to a better.

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be happy, and convinced that he alone knows what will make us so. The general ideas of perfect health, perfect security, and perfect virtue, are sufficient to support the mind in the hours of pain and languor; to console it amidst the anxieties of precarious good; and to elevate and encourage it amidst the humiliations of mortal frailty, vainly struggling for an entire conquest over those corruptions of a disordered nature, which can never be completely subdued, but in that state where alone the 'spirits of the just will be made perfect.'

" It is very many years since I read Burnet's 'State of the Dead,' but I am going to read it again, that I may accompany you. I remember in general that he is a very lively and entertaining writer.

" So far as I have read, I perfectly subscribe to your judgment of Mr. Hume's History. The order and civility of modern times is indeed an inestimable blessing, and however unwilling Mr. Hume might be to allow it, is certainly the effect of Christianity. Barbarity was the disgrace of heroism, not only amongst our rude and violent ancestors, but amongst those nations which are so often extolled as abounding with examples of the highest virtue. Modern compilers give us a fine picture of the manners of heathen antiquity; but their own historians are more honest, and from them one discovers as high instances of barbarity, even among the polished and enlightened Greeks, as could be practised by the most savage parties of scalping Indians *. The battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Platea, were great actions, and performed in a noble cause, and these are extolled by all authors through all ages; while little mention is made of the horrors of the Peloponnesian

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* See " The beneficial Effects of Christianity," &c. by the present Bishop of London, printed 1806, in which this argument is most ably and clearly stated, and proved by the most undeniable historical facts. There is a striking similarity between that excellent work and the reasoning in this letter.

war, and innumerable others, by which the heroes who so gallantly opposed the Persian tyranny, endeavoured to tyrannize over each other, and pursued their quarrels through such a series of rapine, treachery, and bloodshed, that the relation makes one shudder.

"It is no wonder that the savage manners of nations, professing Christianity, should be so little softened in those dark ages when the Christian Religion was so little understood, that the endowment of a monastery was thought a sufficient atonement for a violation of all the duties of humanity. But ever since the restraints of Popery have been removed, and the Gospel allowed to speak for itself, there has been an astonishing alteration for the better in the general appearance of the Christian world.

"By your account of Rousseau's book, I fear it is likely to do much more harm than good, which seems to me the case with all his writings that I have seen. It is pity he does not pursue his own favourite scheme of running wild, and grazing among the animals, whose morals would be in no danger of being relaxed by his stories, nor their principles poisoned by his philosophical whims."

In the year 1769 was published the first edition of Mrs. Montagu's celebrated Essay on Shakspeare. The name of the author did not appear in it, and was unknown to most, if not all, of her most intimate friends, except Mrs. Carter. She was in the secret from the beginning of her undertaking the work, and even looked over the manuscript, in order to correct any trifling inaccuracies of diction, or of punctuation, which might escape the diligence of the ingenious and elegant writer of it. The world, indeed, unwilling to believe that a woman of fashion, gay and admired as Mrs. Montagu was, could be capable of producing so able a piece of criticism, when she acknowledged it, gave the credit of it to Mrs. Carter; and even those who affected to be most candid, supposed that she had corrected, improved, and made it fit for the press. This she always in the strongest terms denied, and constantly affirmed that she was not able to produce so excellent a performance *. Probably indeed she could not, however sound her judgment, and however deep her learning; for the wit, the spirit, the nice, accurate, and distinguishing criticism, and the well deserved severity which characterise that much admired work, were wholly foreign from Mrs. Carter's usual style, both of writing and conversation. Yet no one was more sensible of the beauties of the Essay than she was, and no one could enjoy more the well-earned fame of her friend. A few short extracts from some of her letters will shew the opinion of the public concerning the work before the author was known, and will also confirm the truth of her having had no other share in it than such as has been mentioned.

To Mrs. MONTAGU.

"As my brother is a very enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, you will imagine I was very impatient for him to read the Essay. Pray applaud the fortitude of my virtue, which held out against all the commendations which he bestowed on it, without giving the least intimation of the author, whom I suffered to be characterised by *he* and *him*, with a most exemplary acquiescence, while I was inwardly wild to oppose such an injury."

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* The same observation may also be made of Mr. Montagu, to whom some persons chose to attribute it. Mr. Montagu was a man of sense, a scholar, and a mathematician, but must have been quite unequal to a work of this nature. His literary pursuits were of a very different kind.

"I will certainly look over the Essay before I come to town, though I have been too ill and too dispirited *(about Miss Talbot's dangerous state)* to apply to any thing for some weeks past. I believe I told you how much the Douglas's were charmed with it: they kept it such an unmerciful time, that I could not get it out of their hands for Mrs. Pennington to finish it before she left Deal. She was greatly pleased with what she read of it, and has sent me a thorough chiding, from having heard since she went the name of the author, and holds it very monstrous and unsisterly, that when I heard her so strongly commend it, I would not give her the pleasure of hearing by whom it was writ. Indeed it seems to me to be downright affectation to conceal it any longer, though I have not yet ventured to own it, I have not denied it. It gives me great pleasure that it was at first a secret, as it helped you to that unprejudiced applause of the work, which it might have been difficult to separate from a regard to the author. But now I think one *may lawfully* speak out."

"I had a letter this week from Mrs. Howe*, who mentions the general applause given to the Essay by all whom she has heard name it; and adds, that nobody whom she has met with guesses at the author. How can the people be so dull?"

To Mrs. BLOMER, Canterbury.

"I had a letter yesterday from Mrs. Duncombe, in which she mentions a report of my having a share in the Essay on Shakspeare, which my vanity would very gladly confess if it was true; but it is absolutely without foundation, and neither

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* The Honourable Mrs. Howe, widow of John Howe, Esq. and sister to the late Earl, and present Viscount Howe. This lady was a very intimate and highly esteemed friend of Mrs. Carter for a great number of years, and constantly corresponded with her.

I nor any other friend of the author have the least pretension to this honour, as the composition was entirely her own; of which nobody who is acquainted with her very uncommon talents could form any doubt. She neither does, nor ever pretended to understand Greek, but every thing necessary for her purpose in that work is to be found in translations. I beg therefore that you will be so good to make use of every opportunity to contradict the groundless notion of my having any hand in the Essay. I should be very sorry to be guilty of any theft, and certainly particularly averse to stealing any part of the justly acquired reputation of my friend."

To the remarks contained in this work upon Voltaire's ignorance of the meaning of the author, whose works he had ventured to criticise, the vanity of that presumptuous pretender to universal literature was deeply sensible. He never forgave Mrs. Montagu for it, with whom he had previously been acquainted when in England, nor could ever afterwards bear to mention her name but to ridicule or abuse her. In wit and quickness of repartee, however, the English lady was not unequal to the French genius; and when she was at Paris in the year 1776, and was told in company that Voltaire had said it was "no wonder that some pearls should be found in Shakspeare's *enorme fumier*," she immediately replied, in allusion to the critic's well known plagiarisms, that it was "to that *fumier*, however, that M. de Voltaire was indebted for some of his best corn." An answer which, when repeated to that too celebrated writer, threw him completely off his guard, and drew from him a torrent of vulgar abuse.

This excellent composition met with the reception which it so well deserved, and was soon translated into French, and other modern languages *. The consequence of this was, that the attention of the Continent was immediately excited towards Shakspeare, who was but little known before out of our own islands, and ultimately towards English literature in general. A complete translation of his plays was made into French soon after Mrs. Montagu's publication, which is said to have considerable merit, and had great success. It served to convince the Continent of the truth of what she had asserted; that Voltaire either did not understand that difficult author, or else wilfully misrepresented his meaning. This was an unpleasant alternative, and he knew not which to chuse; he acted therefore prudently perhaps, though not liberally, in declining to make any reply to the work, and contenting himself with abusing the writer of it.

But highly as Mrs. Carter thought of this Essay, and much as she was gratified by its success, her habitual piety made her continually urge Mrs. Montagu to employ her genius on some work which might be of more general utility. "I cannot part with the wish," says she in one of her letters to her, "of seeing you engaged in some work more equal to the great talents which you enjoy, and more immediately appropriated to the honour and service of Him by whom they were bestowed; some work that, while it was useful, and you could make it entertaining, to the world, would be applauded by angels, and registered in heaven."

This advice, which, it is to be lamented, that Mrs. Montagu's want of leisure, or of inclination, did not permit her to follow, was in exact conformity to Mrs. Carter's general turn of mind. In that, piety was always the leading principle. She admired,

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* An Italian poem also was addressed to Mrs. Montagu on this occasion by Lorenzo Pignotti, which possesses great merit. In the dedication the author thanks her for the present of her work, which was given him by Lady Elizabeth Compton. It was printed at Florence in 1779.

and warmly felt, the beauties of works of genius and fancy; but in her estimation, *the one thing needful*, duty to God and man, in its highest sense, superseded all the rest. Hence the works of art, and the beauties of nature, equally turned her thoughts in gratitude to Him who has granted us faculties and senses capable of giving and receiving so much innocent pleasure. To her therefore every occurrence of life, and every appearance of nature, however common, was a subject of delight and thanksgiving. She saw the sun rise, and it called forth these reflections in a letter to a friend. "Envy me, who not content to catch the rising sun from a chamber window, rambled this morning by moonlight to the top of a hill, from whence I saw the first opening of the morning; and at my return saw the whole creation gradually wakening into life and beauty by the illumination of the advancing day. I felt, I hope with a due degree of thankfulness, the blessing of being in health and motion, and capable of enjoying the charming scene around me; while so many were tossing about on a bed of pain, or crippled by debility, and so many harassed by distressing cares."

Another morning she walked out, and it was her birth-day, and she thus expresses the ideas which rose in her mind on that occasion: "I have begun this week at least with more activity than the last; and in an open field attended the levee of the morning, who threw a beautiful crimson scarf over her wintry lead-coloured robes. It is my birth-day. I believe, and with the deepest gratitude I ought to speak it, there are very few people who have so many reasons to be fond of life as myself; and sufficiently attached to it I am; and yet perhaps there are not many to whom the thoughts of its being so far advanced would give less concern. In a course of travelling, though the road be ever so pleasant, and the company ever so good, one cannot help sometimes feeling that one is not at home, and looking forward to the journey's end*. How thankful ought one to be that there is at last a home where all who do not wilfully take a wrong path, will be sure to find that repose and security of enjoyment, which in the most prosperous journey can never be found on the road."

One more short instance of the same kind shall be added. Miss Talbot had desired her to send her a journal of her life at Deal; she replies, "What journal could I transmit from hence, but a table of the tides, or a register of the weather, which forms the greatest diversity of my life in this place? And how thankful ought one to be for days not marked by calamity, nor blackened by the horrors of guilt!"

In writing the memoirs of one who had so many friends, and whose heart was so alive to affectionate impressions, it is painful to be so perpetually obliged to record the afflicting circumstances of their loss, which so much diminishes the value of life. This is indeed one of the heaviest taxes to which length of days is subject, and which must be paid in exact proportion to the warmth of the heart, and to the duration of life. After a certain period, every year no doubt takes something from the value of present existence†, but happily leads the well regulated mind at the same time to look forward to another to come. The loss of every friend breaks a link of the chain which holds to this earth; not that the pious subject of these Memoirs needed to be so painfully reminded of futurity, for it was never absent from her mind; yet though none could be more resigned to the will of God, her feelings were acute, and she suffered much from the death of those she loved and esteemed.

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* Nothing can give a more exact picture of Mrs. Carter's way of thinking upon this subject, both in sickness and in health, than this beautiful dilatation of the Apostle's metaphor—*Strangers and pilgrims on the earth,* &c. The admirably expressed character of the Baron in Prior's Henry and Emma might have been her motto,

"Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die."

† Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes, said Horace; a melancholy reflection to those who had no expectation of a better life. No wonder then that they spoke of the loss of this, and of the shortness and uncertainty of its joys, with such deep and bitter regret!

In the year 1773, the good and amiable Lord Lyttelton left this world for a better. Mrs. Carter's regard for, and high opinion of him, have been mentioned before. "Endeavour," she says in another letter to Mrs. Vesey at this time, "to raise your spirits from the melancholy chambers of the grave, to those glad regions of immortality and happiness, where I trust our excellent friend is rejoicing in his escape from the sufferings of probationary life. It would be absolutely selfish to wish him back to a world where his trials derived their most painful acuteness from the sensibility of his virtue.

"I join with you in wishing that there may be a well writ life of good Lord Lyttelton, but I am very far from being equal to such a task*.

"Though I agree with you in the great use which may be derived from an account of the life of a character of distinguished excellence, I differ from you with regard to the persons who will receive benefit from works of this kind. They contribute, as every thing else does, to make the good better, but seldom or never to reform the bad. Those whom you justly characterize by the title of 'unfeeling scoffers,' are as impenetrable to example as they are to reason; though, as you say, they may be silenced, they will not be convinced; for conviction is not an operation of the head, but of the heart. This is the doctrine of inspiration, and common sense and experience bear ample testimony to its truth.

"You say Lord Lyttelton 'became a Christian † from philosophical enquiry.' But upon that enquiry he entered with a mind undisturbed by passion, and unbiassed by prejudice; and consequently with a heart full of virtuous dispositions. Had his head been ever so speculative and philosophical, with the pride, and malevolence, and dissoluteness of Bolingbroke, or the pert paradoxical vanity of Hume, with all his enquiries he had remained an unbeliever."

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* It appears from this, and other circumstances, that Mrs. Vesey wished her to undertake to be Lord Lyttelton's biographer.

† How sincere he was in that conviction may be learnt from all his works, especially that excellent one "on the Conversion of St. Paul."

This virtuous and exemplary nobleman was succeeded in his title and estates by his only son Thomas, a man of a very different character. With great abilities generally very ill applied; with a strong sense of religion, which he never suffered to influence his conduct, his days were mostly passed in "splendid misery," and in the painful alternations of the most extravagant gaiety and the deepest despair. The delight, when he pleased, of the first and most select societies, he chose to pass his time for the most part with the most profligate and abandoned of both sexes. Solitude was to him the most insupportable torment, and to banish reflection he flew to company whom he despised and ridiculed*. His conduct was a subject of bitter regret both to his father and all his friends. None seemed to feel it more than Mrs. Carter, as she was well acquainted with the young man, who indeed paid her a great deal of attention, and admired his talents and elegant manners as much as she detested his vices.

The remarkable circumstance of the dream or vision which preceded his death, is well known. Mrs. Carter mentions it in these words in a letter to Mrs. Vesey.

"We have received a very circumstantial and authentic account of Lord Lyttelton's dream which you mention. Through all the affectation of disregarding it, it appeared plainly, I think, that it made a strong impression on his mind, though not in such a way as seemed to be much for his benefit, or he would have made a different kind of preparation for the event*. Whether the prediction and the event was or was not a mere coincidence, I do not pretend to decide. But to those who consider it a warning, it must bear a strong testimony to the truth of, *If they believe not Moses and the Prophets,*" &c.†

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* There seems to have been a great similarity between his character and that of another celebrated profligate, the Duke of Wharton, as drawn in the high colouring of Pope's pencil in his Essay on the "Ruling Passion."

Mrs. Carter seems not to have known that to Lord Lyttelton's disordered fancy the vision is said to have appeared in the form of Miss ——, a young lady whom he had seduced with circumstances of peculiar profligacy, and who was then dead‡.

In the year 1774 Mrs. Carter had the misfortune of losing her father, after a pretty long illness, during which she nursed him with the greatest care and affection. The good old Doctor died in the eighty-seventh year of his age, much lamented by all his children. His faculties, except being rather deaf, were unimpaired, and his death was as free from any considerable suffering either mental or bodily, as his life had been good and pious. In a letter to Mrs. Talbot at this time, Mrs. Carter

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[*] That reasoning seems by no means conclusive. In all cases of supposed warnings, whether occasioned by a troubled conscience within, or by any natural, though perhaps not easily accounted for, circumstance without, God only can judge of the effect which may be produced by it on the heart. Lord Lyttelton never appears to have braved the prediction, though he often alluded to it in conversation; and God only knows what resolutions of amendment he may have made; how sincerely determined on repentance; and how fervent have been in private prayer to Him during those three days.

[†] Luke xvi. 31.

[‡] There is also a nonsensical and unmeaning story, but not very generally known, of an apparition of Lord Lyttelton himself at Dartford, on the night of his decease, to a friend who was just returned from the Continent. This friend is still living, a gentleman in a high line of society, and well known in the gay world.

Carter speaks of this event in these terms:—"My health is, I thank God, better than I could have expected it to be, after so long a confinement, attended with so much anxiety: I have an inexpressible loss: but I have great reason to be thankful to the divine goodness which extended the enjoyment of such a blessing as my father's life was to all his family, to so long a date. He retained his understanding and senses to the last; and left a world which he had for some time wished to quit, with such an unruffled calm and composure, as I trust was an earnest of a blessed change."

This event made no great difference in Mrs. Carter's establishment or way of life, excepting that she had no longer the use of a carriage, which her father had kept for some years, His fortune was divided among his children; but the house, as mentioned before, was her own; and her income was now sufficient to enable her to live in it with much comfort and hospitality.

Dr. Carter was not only highly respected, and much beloved by all his children, but was also a man of distinguished character, both as a Christian and a scholar*. His life had always been remarkably pure, and his mind very strong. Of this last quality he gave a remarkable proof in a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning which did much mischief, when a fire ball passed close by his house, and fell with a tremendous explosion. One of his daughters, afterwards Mrs. Pennington, terrified almost out of her senses, burst into his study where he was quietly reading, crying, "Oh, Sir, the day of judgment is come." "Well, child," said he, with the utmost composure, "and when could it come in a better time for you?"

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* When Dr. Carter died, he was Rector of Woodchurch, and of Ham, (where he was buried) and Perpetual Curate of the Chapel of Deal, which last preferment he had held above fifty years. Before this he had been Vicar of Tilmanstone, Perpetual Curate of Sutton, and One of the Six Preachers of the Cathedral Church of Canterbury. The two last he had resigned to his son-in-law, Dr. Pennington.

But though Mrs. Carter's income was now sufficiently easy for her situation, it met with a farther increase in the following year very unexpectedly, although by means of an event which had been for some time gradually approaching. In the winter of 1775, Mr. Montagu died. He was many years older than Mrs. Montagu; but they had lived together very happily, and he shewed his great affection and esteem for her by leaving to her sole disposal the whole of his large fortune, some few legacies excepted; of which the largest was 1000l. to Lord Sandwich, who was his nearest relation in the male line. To the honour of that nobleman it should be mentioned, that he was present at the opening of his cousin's will; and though it might be supposed to be no inconsiderable disappointment to him,he was the first to express his satisfaction, and pay his compliments to Mrs. Montagu upon so valuable a proof of her husband's love and confidence.

One of the first uses to which Mrs. Montagu applied her fortune, was to increase by it the comforts of her less affluent friend. She immediately, even in the same winter, settled upon Mrs. Carter an annuity of one hundred pounds, and secured it to her by a bond. It should seem that at first Mrs. Montagu desired this instance of her liberality to be kept secret; for Mrs. Carter thus expresses herself concerning it in a letter to her, dated June 30, 1775.

"Indeed, my dear friend, you must dispense with the silence you enjoined me, with regard to your goodness towards me; for I am sure you would not wish me to carry the appearance of ingratitude to you, and of unkindness to the rest of my friends, in concealing from them what would give them pleasure. Miss Cooper mentioned it to me in a letter which I received this week: and it was mentioned to me again in one from a friend in this neighbourhood, who heard it from Mrs. William Robinson *; and therefore if I was ever so desirous to obey your commands, it would be to no purpose."

Had it therefore even been her wish, as it appeared to be that of the donor, that this addition to her income should not be known, it would have been impossible; but to her grateful and affectionate heart such a secret would have been very painful, and she always seemed to feel a delight in relating the many instances of kindness which she had received from her friends. This was Mrs. Carter's last acquisition of income, or fortune, excepting a legacy of two hundred pounds from her old friend Mrs. Talbot, and an annuity of forty pounds, a few years after, from one of her earliest and most valued friends, Mrs. Underdown, whose only daughter had married her eldest brother.

But in proportion as the hand of death deprived Mrs. Carter of many of her old friends, so she also acquired many new ones: some, who many years younger than herself, revered her like a parent, while they loved her like a sister: some, who surrounded with affluence, and living in all the splendour and gaiety of high life, knew how to value the simplicity of her manners, the correctness of her taste, and the excellence of her heart. The friendship of some of these accompanied her even to the tomb, and softened the languor of her declining strength by the most delicate, kind, and unremitted attentions.

The regard which was thus shewn her, Mrs. Carter had no means of repaying but by sincere affection, and no heart

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* Wife to the Rev. William Robinson, Mrs. Montagu's brother.

could be warmer, no affection more sincere, than that which she bore to her friends. Their joys and their troubles were her's; and she could enter into the feelings of a wife and a mother as if those characters had belonged to herself. I cannot here resist the temptation of copying a part of two of her letters, though they relate to a lady, happily for her friends and the world, still living; and she can hardly be displeased at knowing the opinion which a friend so much beloved expressed concerning her, between thirty and forty years since. The first was to a lady, since deceased, in the country, in these words:—" I believe you do not know Lady Dartrey *. She is very happily for me one of my most intimate and amiable friends, and a blessing to all who are in any degree within her reach." The other was to Mrs. Vesey, as follows:—" You have sent dear Lady Dartrey to me, I thank God, in very comfortable health, which I hope Bristol will confirm against the attacks of the winter. There is nothing surprizing in your tendency to love her prodigiously. The more you become acquainted with her, the more irresistible you will find it. Her understanding is clear, lively, and elegant: her imagination highly poetical; her virtues are fixed on the steadiest principles of religion, and her heart is amiable to a degree, which, to any one not perfectly acquainted with it, can scarcely be described."

The affectionate regard of this lady, as well indeed as of Lord Cremorne himself, continued with unabated warmth to the last hour of Mrs. Carter's life, and always formed one of its chief comforts and greatest delights.

From this period of her life, Mrs. Carter could hardly be considered in the light of a professed literary character. After the publication of the third edition of her Poems, in

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* Now Viscountess Cremorne.

which some were added which had not appeared before, she wrote nothing for the press. Her head-achs were very frequent and violent, and often prevented her from reading or writing any thing which required much attention. At such times, when she was able to sit up, she was glad to have recourse to any novel, or modern romance, provided the tendency, or moral, of it was good. These she read with much pleasure, especially if removed from real life, from the delineation of which she did not derive much satisfaction. The novels of Mrs. D'Arblay are indeed exceptions to this rule; for she thought very highly of them, especially of Evelina, the first published; she had them all, and read them with increasing approbation more than once.

But of Mrs. Charlotte Smith's * works in general she highly disapproved; and was indeed hardly willing to give her credit for the genius which she was generally allowed to possess; the reason of which was, that she thought their morality at least very defective, and in some of them positively bad. Upon the same principles she was very partial to all Mrs. West's publications, both in prose and verse, as not only displaying a very considerable, and indeed very remarkable, share of genius, under so many disadvantages, but as being calculated to do much good in the world, and as having the morality of them founded upon the only unerring basis, that of religion †.

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* This lady's misfortunes are now ended by the hand of death; but her works remain behind. Would that authors would consider that awful responsibility they incur when they publish, for the evil which perhaps they do, or the good which they might have done!

† Mrs. West dedicated her "Tale of the Times," a work both moral and entertaining, to Mrs. Carter. She was introduced to her a year or two before she died: and Mrs. Carter was as much pleased with her manners and conversation, as she had been with her writings.

But of all authors of this class, Mrs. Carter thought most highly of Mrs. Radcliffe, and was most delighted with the perusal of her Romances. The good tendency of all her works, the virtues of her principal characters, supported on the solid foundation of religion, the elegance of her style, and her accurate, as well as vivid, delineations of the beauties of nature, appeared to her such as to raise Mrs. Radcliffe to a degree of eminence far superior to any writer of romance of the present day. Of her, however, she had no personal knowledge, any more than of Mrs. Smith; but she was well acquainted with Mrs. D'Arblay, whose worthy and respectable father, Dr. Burney, she had long known, and slightly with Mrs. West, of whose character she thought as highly as she did of her works.

Few ages have probably been more fruitful than the present, in literary performances of various kinds, and often of great merit, by female writers; but a few years since the world was surprized by a work from a young lady, in the very highest rank of genius, and that in which, perhaps, of all others, women have least succeeded. Their attempts in the tragic line of the drama have generally failed *; and it was reserved for the present age to see more of the genuine spirit of Shakespeare revive in the tragedies of Miss Joanna Baillie †, than has inspired any author since his time. This was also Mrs. Carter's opinion, when the first volume of her Plays was published without her name; and her judgment must therefore be free from prejudice. No one then supposed it was written by a woman; but when she found it was by a female author, a young one too, and hitherto unknown to the literary world,

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* Mrs. Hannah Moore's "Percy" is certainly, and possibly some others may be, exceptions to this general rule.

† It is almost superfluous to say, that Miss J. Baillie is youngest sister to Dr. Baillie, of Grosvenor-street.

world, she felt a triumph, which those who know her partiality to her own sex will easily believe. She was previously acquainted with Miss Baillie a little, and much better since, and had a great regard for her person, as well as respect for her extraordinary talents.

These, however, were acquaintances of a much later date than the time of which we are speaking: but at no period of her life was Mrs. Carter particularly anxious to be known to literary persons. Unless their characters were such as to please and interest her in other respects, she rather declined than sought their acquaintance; and it was always irksome and painful to her to be held up to view herself as an object of curiosity, and to have persons introduced to her on account of her literary reputation.

Hence it was, perhaps, that scarcely any author of equal note and celebrity was so little known to, or acquainted with, her contemporary labourers in the fields of learning or poetry. Not that she was in the smallest degree envious of their fame, or jealous of her own reputation in the world; but if the personal characters of admired writers were not good, if the productions of their genius were in any respect likely to do harm, or to be injurious to the cause of religion and virtue; or if, lastly, there seemed to be the least tendency towards levelling and democratic principles, either in the publications themselves, or in the characters of the authors of them, she then always steadily refused to read such works (if she had been told the tendency of them beforehand) or to have any communication with the writers.

Certainly indeed it must be confessed that Mrs. Carter was not wholly free from prejudice upon these subjects; and when she had once imbibed such opinions, either from the report of others on whom she thought she could depend, or from her own observations, they were not easily removed. But her prejudices were all on the side of order, virtue, and religion; and her dislikes were confined to such things, or persons, as she thought might do harm to her fellow-creatures. Her mind was strongly impressed with the necessity of obedience to Government, "not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake:" hence in all the political disturbances which occurred during her life, she had always a strong bias towards the crown; and this tendency was greatly increased in the present reign, by her very high opinion of, and great veneration for, the personal character of his Majesty*. It may be easily supposed, therefore, that her ideas on religious subjects were of a similar nature.

She was warmly attached to the Established Church; and this sentiment was moreover probably much strengthened by her intimacy with some of its most respectable members in character, as well as elevated in rank. Among these she had in particular the happiness of numbering the present Bishops of †London and Durham, as well as Archbishop Secker, and Bishop Hayter, already mentioned.

From

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* She was indeed very partial to all the House of Hanover; and used to say, that the three Kings of that line were the three best Monarchs that ever sat in succession on the throne of England.

† It is hoped that his Lordship will pardon the liberty which the author takes of inserting a letter from him to Mrs. Carter, which does so much credit both to his head and heart.

January 4, 1798.

"Although you and I have long been very good friends, I don't think I ever had the gallantry to present you with a new-year's gift. I now wish to mend my manners in this article; and as we are both of us a little past our prime, it would not suit either of us to wait very long for any thing. I will therefore enter upon a new course (as all penitents ought to do) without delay, and will in one respect at least begin the new year well, by desiring you to accept, as a new-year's gift, the living of Thorley, in Hertfordshire, for your nephew, Mr. Pennington*."—"In offering you this benefice, I

* The author's elder brother, who had for some years been settled in his Lordship's Diocese, and had the honour of being personally known to him.

have

From principles like these it may readily be gathered what Mrs. Carter's opinion was concerning the French Revolution. She considered it from the beginning as a tissue of injustice, impiety, and rebellion against lawful government; and entirely agreed with Mr. Burke, with whom she was well acquainted, in his celebrated Letters on that subject. She always thought with him, that the lives of the unfortunate King and Queen of that miserable country would be sacrificed; but she was too good a Christian, and her mind too little subject to passion, to approve of his hint concerning the unhappy Queen's Roman fortitude, or of some other parts of that brilliant work, which contain more declamation than argument.

Another cause which prevented Mrs. Carter from cultivating the society of men of letters in general so much as might have been expected, was also a prejudice, though of a different kind. This was her extreme partiality for writers of her own sex. She was much inclined to believe, that women had not their proper station in society, and that their mental powers were not rated sufficiently high. Though she detested the principles displayed in Mrs. Woolstonecroft's wild theory concerning the "Rights of Women," and never wished them to interfere with the privileges and occupations of the other sex, yet she thought that men exercised too arbitrary a power over them, and considered them as too inferior to themselves. Hence she had a decided bias in favour of female writers, and

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have more than one source of gratification. I have the satisfaction, in the first place, of giving competence and comfort to a worthy young man, whose exemplary conduct and attention to his parochial duties are highly spoken of by his parishioners: and I have also the great pleasure of testifying my regard for a most excellent lady whom I have long known and reverenced, whose talents, learning, and piety are an honour to her sex, and to the age in which she lives; and who is the oldest and most intimate surviving friend of my revered patron and benefactor, Archbishop Secker; who, were he now living, would not, I think, be displeased with this mark of my attention to one whom I know he highly esteemed and loved."

and always read their works with a mind prepared to be pleased, if the principles contained in them were good, and the personal characters of the authors amiable. For both these were with her in every case indispensable; and for this reason her judgment was sometimes hardly allowed to exert itself in such a manner, as probably it would otherwise have done.

These reasons may perhaps in some degree account for the cold approbation with which she always spoke of Burn's Poems; a circumstance which would otherwise be very surprising. She considered him as an imprudent, and, in some respects, even a dissolute man; and was not inclined to make those allowances for his conduct to which most other persons thought him entitled. Hence his glowing imagery, the warmth of his fancy, and the originality of his genius failed in making that impression upon her mind which they did on the world in general; and thus her aversion to the smallest relaxation in moral principle prevented her not only from acknowledging, but even in a great measure from feeling the various beauties of his poetry. Something, however, of this apparent prejudice with regard to Burn, may be attributed to the dialect in which the greater part of his best Poems are written. This, to her as well as to many others, proved a source of difficulty which made the perusal of them troublesome. She did not understand it, and disliked the being obliged perpetually to refer to a glossary, which must necessarily weary the attention, and take from the effect of the poetry.

These same causes also operated upon her with respect to Chatterton's (or Rowley's) Poems. His dissolute life, and his melancholy end equally shocked her feelings and her principles; and though she acknowledged the beauties of Ella, and of some others of the Poems, yet she read them with little pleasure, as she was unable to read them with ease; and there may be some doubt whether she ever gave them a second perusal. She always vindicated her friend Lord Orford (then Mr. Horace Walpole) for his neglect of him; because, as she said, Chatterton's first introduction to him was attended with a confessed falsehood: and indeed the mystery which hung over the whole of those Poems afterwards, and which has never been clearly removed, was such as mere Industry needed not to have recourse to, and which Genius ought to have disdained. That a man who appeared before the world in so doubtful a character, and with such vague pretensions, should want a patron, can therefore hardly now be thought surprizing: especially in this age, when the patronage of men of letters by the great seems to be completely abolished; and genius, even when accompanied with virtue, might languish for want of encouragement; but that, from this very circumstance, authors are now happily obliged to trust solely to that best of all patrons, that best of all judges of literary merit, the public.

There was, however, a Poem published very late in Mrs. Carter's life, with which she was more pleased than she had been with any work of the same kind for many years. This was Walter Scott's "Lay of the last Minstrel." With this Poem she was very conversant, and considered it as one of the finest, both as to the conduct of the story and the descriptions contained in it, which had been produced for a long while*.

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* It may be worth while, as a matter of curiosity, to point out the passage which most particularly delighted Mrs. Carter: this was the description of the scenery at Melross Abbey; especially these lines:

"The pillared arches were over their head,
And under their feet were the bones of the dead."

From this passage she thought the classic pencil of Sir George Beaumont might make a fine picture.

But while Mrs. Carter's days were gliding on so calmly as to be almost unmarked by events, their uniformity was once more disturbed by a most unlooked for circumstance, which served however to prove her veneration for her deceased friend Mrs. Pulteney, as well as her sincere regard for her surviving husband and daughter. This was no less than a journey to Paris, in October, 1782, where Lady Bath, then Miss Pulteney, was left for some time in a convent for education. To such an undertaking at her time of life, and in her state of health, nothing could have tempted her but the grateful affection which she bore to every individual of that family. The following letter to a friend was written soon after her return from thence.

"Have you heard that I have lately flown to Paris? And do you not wonder what could send me there? Indeed it was neither to see fine sights, nor to import new fashions. It was merely an office of friendship and gratitude for great obligations that carried me on an expedition by no means pleasant to myself with my kind of health. Mr. Pulteney was going to place his daughter in a convent, and both were desirous that I should accompany her. I could not, from a selfish regard to my own ease, refuse this little attention to the daughter of my kind and generous friend, for whose memory I have a tender regard.

"I was absent in all but sixteen days, and only one week at Paris; and as this was chiefly employed in the business of preparations for Miss Pulteney's going into the convent, you will not suppose I could see much; but I might have seen more if my wretched head would have allowed it. As we drove a good deal about, I had an opportunity of seeing pretty much of the exterior of Paris. The buildings are magnificent; the streets so contemptibly narrow, that I saw very few wider than Fetter Lane. This renders them so dangerous for walkers, that it is wonderful that accidents do not happen every hour. Indeed we had a sorrowful proof that they are not very safe for carriages, as we were overturned in endeavouring to pass a waggon. As the pannels of the coach were glass, this adventure was sufficiently perilous; but, God be thanked, we received no hurt.

"The only pleasant part of Paris which I saw, was the quay on the banks of the Seine, which is wide and clean, and very safe walking, and perfectly free from any bustle of commerce. I think it is disputed whether London or Paris stands on most ground. The difference of population, I think, is striking. If there were as many people walking about Paris, as in London, the streets would be impassable. I visited some of the most remarkable churches; but did not attempt the picture galleries at the Palais Royal, &c. as my head was too weak to bear the attention of looking at them. Notre Dame is a handsome Gothic building, but not comparable to the Cathedral of Amiens, which is one of the noblest and most venerable structures I ever saw; and, to the great satisfaction of my national vanity, was built by the English.

"We had a fine passage to Calais of only three hours and a quarter. But very different was the return. We were eighteen hours, for the most part in a storm, by which probably I should have been more frighted, if I had not been stupefied by falling into successive fainting fits."

As they were absent upon this tour only sixteen days, that time did not allow Mrs. Carter to make many, or very accurate, observations, even if the state of her health would have permitted her to use greater exertion. They went by the way of Abbeville and Amiens; at this last place she observes, "the cathedral is a very noble building. The façade highly ornamented. The screen is much admired, but to me appeared an absurd mixture of Gothic arches, and Corinthian capitals." Of the road from Calais, she says, that "it is very dull, but the country well cultivated. From Clermont to Paris, for the most part, very pleasant; the ground finely broken, and the hills beautifully wooded."

Her concise memoranda concerning Paris, which it was probably her intention at the time to fill up afterwards, but for which either health or inclination were wanting after her return, are as follows:—

"Notre Dame very inferior to Amiens. Paintings said to be good. One or two pieces of tolerable sculpture, particularly an Archbishop. Louvre, outside vast, heavy, disagreeable. Thuilleries, part a wretched flower-garden, box-scrolls, &c. Walks tolerable. Fountains, jet d'eau, like a broken pipe. Garden very narrow, and much shorter than St. James's Park. The view terminated by the Place de Louis 15. St. Roc. One of the altars a Calvaire; a hollowed rock, the perspective carried cross a broad isle to another altar-piece, which terminates the view by a crucifix.

"Place de Louis 15. unfinished buildings, very noble.

"Place de Vendome, a fine square, houses all of equal heighth.

"Sorbonne. The tomb of Richlieu, by Girardon. The sculpture exquisite: the Cardinal supported by Religion, and Science weeping at his feet.

"St. Sulpice, a very noble Grecian building. The pillars of the portico immensely great. The altar-piece an ascension in Stucco: the light finely thrown from a window, painted in very faint colouring, like rays.

"The Carmelites. The chapel very rich and gaudy. The paintings good. A fine annunciation, by Guido. Madame de la Valliere, by Le Brun, (as a Magdalen) thought to be his masterpiece *. Opposite to her a Magdalen in the Desart, by a scholar of Le Brun.

"Church of the Celestins, very dark and dismal, but many fine monuments. The tomb of Anne of Burgundy, wife to the Regent Duke of Bedford. The Queen of Charles V. The heart of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis. The heart of Charles IX. with an inscription denoting his zeal for the Catholic Religion. Over one of the altars a beautiful Magdalen, by Mignard.

"Sainte Chapelle, built by St. Louis: the windows very richly painted. The Priests being at Mass prevented our seeing the choir. Boileau buried here."

These hints are curious, as shewing what objects particularly attracted Mrs. Carter's attention, and in what light she considered them; but her head-achs were bad during almost all the few days she was in Paris, and she could avail herself but little of Mr. Pulteney's attentions, who was anxious to make her some amends for the trouble of her journey, by shewing her every thing remarkable which the shortness of their time would have allowed them to visit.

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* This is expressed with Mrs. Carter's usual correctness. That piece is *thought to be* Le Brun's masterpiece; but she was of a different opinion, and said that the figure had more the air of a Bacchante than of a Magdalen; but this criticism affects only the design, not the execution of it. Mrs. Carter had a very good French engraving from this picture, with the following lines beneath:

> "Magdala dum gemmas baccisq; monile coruscum
> Projicit, ac formæ detrahit arma suæ,
> Dum vultum lachrymis et lumina turbat, amoris
> Mirare insidias, hac capit arte Deum."

From which the author may be concluded to be an Italian as to his wit, and a Moravian as to his religion; but indeed there is a greater similarity between the Roman Catholics (of warm countries especially) and the Moravians, than the latter are willing to allow.

This was indeed a great undertaking at her time of life, being then sixty-five years of age, and by no means either healthy or active; for she was rather inclined to corpulency, and such a scheme, independent of her fears of the sea, and her dreadful sufferings upon it from sickness, sadly broke in upon her quiet and retired habits; but she considered it as an act of friendship due to a family to which she had so much reason to be attached; and as such it was always very kindly acknowledged by them.

However to travelling in England Mrs. Carter had no objection; for upon such occasions she always went with friends whose style of travelling was such as, joined to the excellence of English inns, prevented her from feeling any of those inconveniences, from which, in her state of health and at her age, she suffered so much abroad. About this period of her life she went long journies for two or three succeeding summers with Miss Sharpe*, a single lady of large fortune, with whom she was upon terms of great friendship and intimacy. One of these was into the West; another was as far north as Raby Castle; in which last tour they paid several visits to different friends in the country. One of her letters to Mrs. Vesey during this journey gives an account of some part of it in the following manner:—

" On entering Yorkshire we found our views greatly improved, the lands well cultivated, and the prospects very picturesque. The entrance into York we thought very striking. The Minster is certainly a stupendous building; but the breadth of the middle isle so shortens the apparent length, that it is measured only by stepping; a kind of conviction which produces no effect on the imagination. On Tuesday we entered the Bishoprick of Durham. The banks of the Tees are in some parts of the road very romantic; but the river, like other rivers which depend on mountain torrents, makes but a shabby terraqueous kind of a figure in summer.

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* Now widow of Andrew Douglas, Esq. of Ednam House, Kelso, whose first wife was Mrs. Carter's youngest sister. This lady has printed a well-written character of Mrs. Carter since her decease, in which she does justice to its excellence.

"We reached Staindrop by dinner, and took up our abode with Mrs. Vane[*] till the Monday after. You know something of her; how much you would esteem and love her if you knew more! She has formed a very pretty retirement, and in a year or two will be shaded by trees of her own planting, which are already in a very flourishing state. Her house is within a few steps of Lord Darlington's Park, and scarcely a mile from Raby Castle, where he lives in all the real and useful magnificence of an English nobleman, improving the country all round him, and furnishing employment to the poor who can work, and support to those who cannot.

"From Staindrop we came on Monday last to reside for about a fortnight with our excellent friends in this place[†]. Mr. Smelt's house is just built. It is large, convenient, and handsome; of a particular and very agreeable kind of construction. The river Swale winds through his lawn, and is half discovered through the trees of a pretty wood on one side of it. The fields in immediate view on the other side of the river are covered with sheep and cattle, and the distant prospect bounded by very high hills."

In a letter to Mrs. Montagu during the same tour, Mrs. Carter says:—"On our way home we dined with an acquaintance of Miss Sharpe's, at Pomfret. Do pray pity me, who, you know, have such a curiosity for any monument of the "days of other times," that I was not able to see a castle belonging to John of Gant, which makes a most stupendous appearance as it is seen from the road, and is still habitable, though going fast to ruin. The fatal prison of unhappy Richard is almost entirely mouldered away. It stands, or rather stood, about half a mile distant from the palace of his uncle; but it was not in my power to take a view of these vestiges of our old English magnificence, and old English ferocity.

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[*] The Honourable Mrs. Raby Vane, aunt to the present Earl of Darlington. She has been dead many years, and was much lamented by Mrs. Carter, who had great affection and sincere regard for her.

[†] Langton, the seat of Mr. Smelt, a gentleman well known and highly respected in the world.

"If you can make an excursion in your next journey, do let it be to John of Gant's Castle, and with your imagination perfectly at liberty, wander through the gloomy apartments, and converse with the melancholy spectres of the race of York and Lancaster. But whether one sees John of Gant's Castle or not, surely every thinking mind, on recollecting the history, must feel the utmost gratitude for the blessing of living in times of order and settled government, and should start with horror at every transaction which has the least tendency to bring back the miseries of civil war."

Such is the manner in which even those objects that merely strike the fancy of most others, enabled Mrs. Carter's well regulated mind to make useful, pious, and practical observations. And similar to her writing was the general style of her conversation; in which she never neglected any opportunity, especially when in company with young persons, of making those things which are usually considered merely as amusing, become also the means of conveying knowledge to the head, and improvement to the heart.

As it has been observed that Mrs. Carter was not particularly desirous of being personally acquainted with those who were eminent merely for literary talents, it is proper also to mention that a great part of her most intimate friends, though not professed authors, were yet of a literary turn; for nothing was more gratifying to her than conversation on subjects connected with learning, excepting those which concerned the far dearer interests of religion and morality. For in speaking of her character it should always be remembered, that however distinguished she might be in those respects, yet her wisdom, her genius, and her learning were but secondary parts of it. That in which she chiefly excelled, and by which she was of much more consequence to society than by her other knowledge and acquirements, was her constant attention to the important interests of piety and virtue. Of these she never at any time lost sight, and always delighted in calling the attention of those with whom she was conversing, to those great objects. Especially while servants were in attendance at meals, she made a point, as far as it could be done without breaking through the customs of society, to give the conversation such a turn as might be useful to them. So that, indirectly and incidentally as it were, she often contrived to impress upon their minds truths of the greatest consequence, which perhaps made sometimes a deeper impression than if delivered from the pulpit by the most eloquent preacher. And in fact they always listened to instruction so conveyed with the most earnest attention; and in all families where she was accustomed to visit intimately, shewed her the most marked and zealous attention. Indeed her manners were so gentle, and her tone of voice so sweet, that it was almost impossible to be uncivil to her. And I have heard a lady of high rank, who was one of her dearest friends, and with whom she lived a great deal, declare, that she attributed much of the general good conduct of her servants, of whom there was a large establishment, to their listening so frequently to such conversations; in which indeed, it ought to be added, that nobody was better qualified, or more willing to join, than herself and her Lord.

But let it not from this be supposed that Mrs. Carter's presence ever threw a damp over society, in age any more than it did in youth, or checked innocent mirth and cheerfulness by ill-timed gravity, or abrupt introduction of more serious subjects. So far from this being the case, no one delighted more than she did in pleasantry, wit, and lively conversation. She was no stern and rigid monitor, for her religion was in her heart, and not in her countenance; it was such as it ought to appear in one who believed that in reality "its ways are ways of pleasantness," and that "all its paths are peace."

From this turn of mind it may be readily supposed that she could have no intimate friends who were not virtuous and good. Of such she could indeed boast of a greater number, eminent for their worth and talents, and many of them possessed of the additional advantages of wealth or rank, than has generally fallen to the share of any one person. And this her pious mind always considered as one of the greatest blessings which the goodness of Providence had bestowed upon her, without (as she was wont to observe with her usual humility) any merit of her own to deserve it. Nor indeed was the friendship of those who loved her confined to mere personal attentions and civility, but was shewn by more valuable and lasting effects. The annuities which made her situation so easy with respect to income, have already been noticed; and she was also enabled, by means of some of her friends, to promote the interests of a great many of her relations in their respective professions*.

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* Of this the author himself is one instance; for it was principally owing to the late Archbishop Moore's respect for Mrs. Carter's character (with whom he had a very slight personal acquaintance) that he gave him the living of Westwell; which, by the kindness of the present Archbishop, he has been allowed to exchange for the living where he now resides.

But though it is true that Mrs. Carter did not particularly cultivate, or seek for, the acquaintance of men of letters merely as such, yet she frequently met with many of great note at the houses of her friends. Especially at Mrs. Montagu's splendid table she saw a great variety of persons eminent in various ways: and at Mrs. Vesey's, the friend of them both, and the delight of all who knew her, there were frequent evening meetings without form, of persons of both sexes distinguished either for learning or genius.

To these parties it was not difficult for any person of character to be introduced. There was no ceremony, no cards, and no supper. Even dress was so little regarded, that a foreign gentleman who was to go there with an acquaintance, was told in jest, that it was so little necessary, that he might appear there, if he pleased, *in blue stockings.* This he understood in the literal sense; and when he spoke of it in French called it the *Bas Bleu* Meeting. And this was the origin of the ludicrous appellation of the Blue Stocking Club, since given to these meetings, and so much talked of*.

Nothing could be more agreeable, nor indeed more instructive, than these parties. Mrs. Vesey had the almost magic art of putting all her company at their ease, without the least appearance of design. Here was no formal circle to petrify an unfortunate stranger on his entrance; no rules of conversation to observe; no holding forth of one to his own distress, and the stupifying of his audience; no reading of his works by the author. The company naturally broke into little groupes, perpetually varying and changing. They talked or were silent, sat or walked about, just as they pleased. Nor was it absolutely necessary even to talk sense. Here was no bar to harmless mirth and gaiety: and while perhaps Dr. Johnson in one corner held forth on the moral duties, in another two or three young people might be talking of the fashions and the Opera, and in a third Lord Orford (then Mr. Horace Walpole) might be amusing a little group around him with his lively wit and intelligent conversation.

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* The origin of this name has been ascribed by some (among others, I think, by Sir William Forbes, in his life of Beattie) to the blue stockings worn by Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, a learned and well known Naturalist; but Stillingfleet died in December, 1771, long before those meetings acquired that appellation. And Mrs. H. Moore's Poem on the same subject was not published till 1786. Her opinion and Mrs. Carter's, on the circumstance which gave rise to the name, agreed.

Now and then perhaps Mrs. Vesey might call the attention of the company in general to some circumstance of news, politics, or literature, of peculiar importance; or perhaps to an anecdote, or interesting account of some person known to the company in general. Of this last kind a laughable circumstance occurred about the year 1778, when Mrs. Carter was confined to her bed with a fever, which was thought to be dangerous. She was attended by her brother-in-law, Dr. Douglas, then a physician in town, and he was in the habit of sending bulletins of the state of her health to her most intimate friends, with many of whom he was well acquainted himself. At one of Mrs. Vesey's parties a note was brought to her, which she immediately saw was from Dr. Douglas. "Oh!" said she, before she opened it, "this contains an account of our dear Mrs. Carter. We are all interested in her health: Dr. Johnson, pray read it out for the information of the company." There was a profound silence, and the Doctor, with the utmost gravity, read aloud the physician's report of the happy effect which Mrs. Carter's medicines had produced, with a full and complete account of the circumstances attending them.

In these parties were to be met with occasionally most of the persons of note and eminence in different ways, who were in London either for the whole, or part of the winter. Bishops and Wits, Noblemen and Authors, Politicians and Scholars,

"Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place,"

all met there without ceremony, and mixed in easy conversation. Mr. Vesey himself was in the Irish parliament, had a large and respectable acquaintance, and was a gentleman of no mean abilities; and Mrs. Vesey was the charm of every society. Even to very young persons admittance was not refused, and the author of this account still remembers these meetings with delight, to which he was indebted for some of the most pleasant as well as instructive evenings of his early years. Here were to be seen, at different times, some who once seen can never be forgotten: Mr. Burke, (himself an host) Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Montagu, Mr. Horace Walpole, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Pery, who was Mr. Vesey's intimate friend; Mr. Maty, George Lord Lyttelton, and sometimes his son, who with his usual inconsistency, seemed to take pleasure in the society at Mrs. Vesey's; Mr. Garrick, Mr. Mason, Mr. (now Sir William) Pepys, Mr. Cambridge, Mrs. Boscawen, Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, Mrs. Hannah More, Mr. J. H. Browne, Mr. Langton, Mr. Cole, Mr. Bowdler, Dr. Burney, with a long catalogue of other persons of note, and occasional visitors, eminent for character or literature, or else aspiring to the acquaintance of such as were.

This society was also frequented by Dr. Beattie, when he was in London, as well as by his good and amiable historian, Sir William Forbes. Dr. Beattie was a very intimate friend of Mrs. Montagu, and well acquainted with Mrs. Carter. In one of his letters to the former lady, published in his life, he thus expresses himself about Mrs. Carter.—"Mr. Dilly will also send you a copy of this book addressed to Mrs. Carter, which I must beg, Madam, you will take the trouble to forward to her, with some apology, to make it acceptable to her. It is a tribute of respect and gratitude which I owe to her extraordinary genius and virtue, and to the pleasure and instruction I have received from her writings."

On occasion of the laughable mistake, mentioned before, which gave the name of *blue stocking* to these parties, Mrs. Hannah More published in 1786 a little Poem, under the title of "The Bas Bleu;" in which she gives a short sketch of them, and of some of the principal persons who were accustomed to meet there, with equal spirit, truth, and humour. The characters, though short, (Mrs. Vesey's excepted, which is given more at length) are uncommonly appropriate, and the ease which distinguished this society from most others, and especially those which were professedly learned or witty, is admirably pointed out.

Since Mrs. Vesey's death, there were at the same time, and in a great measure frequented by the same company, as well as by others, two societies established upon a plan nearly similar. Once a week during the winter, Lady Herries, wife of Sir Robert Herries, then of St. James's-street, and Mrs. Hunter, wife of the celebrated Mr. John Hunter, of Leicester-square, opened their houses to receive evening company, on different days. Both these ladies are well known, and their assemblies were frequented by many persons both of rank and talents, and were conducted in a very easy and liberal manner. Any lady or gentleman of character might, without any difficulty, obtain an introduction to them. There was no restraint, and no circle. Many persons of both sexes were to be met with here, who had before frequented Mrs. Vesey's, of whom Mrs. Carter was one, who had a great esteem for both these ladies; and there was generally a great deal of literary, instructive, and amusing conversation at these parties.

But there was another society of a different kind, to which Mrs. Carter belonged, in London, and of which, while her health permitted, she was a very active as well as zealous member. This was an institution for the relief of the poor, principally reduced housekeepers, in the five western parishes of the metropolis under the jurisdiction of Westminster. It was set on foot, and wholly managed, by ladies, about the year 1780, or perhaps before that time. Most of Mrs. Carter's friends belonged to it, and she was one of the original subscribers. The business was carried on by a committee for each parish, who employed persons well recommended as their agents, to make such enquiries on the spot, concerning the objects who wished for relief, as the ladies could not make in person. The meetings were held in turn, at the houses of such of the subscribers as could accommodate so large a party with the least inconvenience. No persons were relieved without the strictest enquiries having been made concerning their character and real situation; and the business was conducted at separate tables with great order and regularity. Every one subscribed what they chose, and most of the ladies took at times some share of the trouble. That Mrs. Carter's active charity was willing to take a part in both, can excite no surprize; and that the affluent should spare some of their wealth (and that no niggard portion) to the poor and distressed, is, by the blessing of God, no matter of wonder in this land; but in this case many ladies, living in the gay and fashionable world, of high rank, and even of youth and beauty, gave not only their money, but what was much more to them, their time, to the indigent, and seemed to think the loss of it for such a purpose no sacrifice *.

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* It is believed that this institution still exists under the name of "the Ladies Charitable Society.

At one of Mrs. Vesey's parties, Mrs. Carter met that singular but worthy character, Lord Monboddo. Her curiosity was strongly excited to hear his conversation, but in that wish she was disappointed. She related the incident in a letter to Mrs. Montagu in these words:—

"The most fashionable object in all polite circles at present is Lord Monboddo, who you know has writ to prove, that human creatures, in their natural state, have tails like a cat. I have been in a room with him, but have not heard him speak, though our dear Mrs. Vesey did all she could to procure me that honour. As I was sitting in a cool corner among some quiet people of my own sort, without tails, she dragged me into the hot crowd that was listening to my Lord Monboddo, and had no sooner stuck me to his elbow, than he went to another part of the room, and I walked back, *re infectâ*, to my corner. Seriously, I hear he is very pleasant and unassuming, with an astonishing quantity of erudition. You will be pleased to hear that he declares he has received more information during the time he has conversed with the societies in London than he ever found before *."

But a much greater honour than an introduction to Lord Monboddo was afterwards conferred on Mrs. Carter, and one infinitely flattering to the loyalty of her heart, as well as highly gratifying, on account of the great personal respect which she bore to the Royal Family. Mrs. Carter had the happiness of reckoning among her most intimate and valued friends, Lady

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* It was probably at this same time that Lord Monboddo visited Oxford. The author saw him there in the music-room, dressed in a pompadour coloured coat, and a large white grizzle wig. All the young men, as well as their seniors, paid great respect and attention to the venerable old gentleman, and he seemed much gratified by it.

Charlotte Finch, and her two daughters, Mrs. Fielding and Miss Finch, and, as mentioned before, Lady Cremorne. These ladies, who saw the Queen frequently, and were honoured by her Majesty's particular regard, had probably mentioned to her occasionally a friend to whom they were so warmly attached; and indeed Mrs. Carter had had the honour of seeing some of the Princesses in Lady Charlotte's apartments more than once. Her Majesty was therefore pleased to desire that Mrs. Carter should be introduced to her by Lady Cremorne, and she received that distinguished honour at Lord Cremorne's house at Chelsea *.

The Queen had the goodness to enter into conversation with her, with such engaging sweetness and condescension, as to put her very soon at her ease. The conversation lasted for about an hour, and turned, among other topics, upon German literature. After that time, her Majesty was pleased often to enquire after Mrs. Carter of Lady Charlotte Finch and Lady Cremorne; and several times did her the honour of lending her German books, and of sending her very flattering and obliging messages.

But this was not the only attention which Mrs. Carter received from the Royal Family. About two years before her death, the 15th Regiment of Light Dragoons, of which the Duke of Cumberland is Colonel, was quartered in the barracks near Deal; and when his Royal Highness came into that country to inspect his regiment, he did Mrs. Carter the honour of a visit at her own house. He staid with her about half an hour, conversing with the most perfect ease and good humour,

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* This happened in the year 1791. Mrs. Carter thus mentions it in a letter to Mrs. Montagu: "I perfectly subscribe to all your encomiums of the Queen and Princesses. I had the honour to be a witness of the truth of them two days before I left town, when I received her Majesty's commands to attend her at Chelsea."

while his attendants and some officers, who were going to dine with him, waited at the end of the street. A great many of the neighbours collected round the house, and were delighted to see so fine a young man of that exalted rank, pay so marked an attention to their venerable and respected townswoman. His Royal Highness was acquainted with Mrs. Carter before this time, as he had seen her at Lady Charlotte Finch's.

A short time before this, the Princess of Wales was for some months in the Isle of Thanet, in the house which is now inhabited by Lord Keith. Her Royal Highness knew Mrs. Carter by character, and sent her a message by her nephew *, that she would come to Deal, and drink tea with her at her own usual hour, from which she would not suffer her to depart. This condescending attention to her age, and regular mode of life, was received by Mrs. Carter with all due and grateful respect. Her Royal Highness came, with two ladies who were with her, to tea, before six o'clock, and staid for above two hours. Nothing could be more polite, affable, and easy, than her conversation was. It turned a good deal upon literary subjects, both English and German, and upon the manners and modes of life of the inhabitants of those two countries †.

It is a circumstance well known, that upon all the coast there is, or rather was, a very considerable contraband trade carried on; and the temptations to benefit by it are so great, that it requires a very strong mind, and very strict principles, in those who reside in that neighbourhood, always to resist them. But Mrs. Carter possessed both these, and had so much respect for the laws of her country, that no consideration could induce

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* Captain Benjamin Carter, of the Royal Navy, who was employed upon that station, and had the honour of being known to her Royal Highness.

† The author, who was then residing with Mrs. Carter, had the honour of being present at this visit. During the Duke of Cumberland's he was absent, and did not return till just as his Royal Highness was quitting the house.

her knowingly to violate them. Hence it may well be concluded, that she never smuggled the minutest article, either directly or indirectly; nor would ever purchase any thing, even from a public shop, which she had reason to believe to have been so obtained. To this rule she adhered to the last, nor ever, in any one instance of her whole life, deviated from it.

In this exemplary strictness Mrs. Carter had indeed been brought up from her childhood. Her father never bought any smuggled commodities, nor would allow his family to do it; and her eldest brother, who still resides in Deal, rigidly and conscientiously adheres to the same principle. The light in which Mrs. Carter considered this trade, and the conduct of those who encouraged it, may be best learnt from the following extracts of two of her letters, of which the first was written in 1765, and addressed to Miss Sutton:—

"Has not your political spirit been exceedingly stirred by the late commotions in the state? But perhaps the quiet and *eloignement* of the country may have calmed your zeal, and left you only those pacific virtues of patriotism, which, under all revolutions, may be practised with equal ease. No system of politics can prevent an observance of the laws of one's country, nor good wishes and prayers for its prosperity. I am sure you are very hearty in the last articles; and remember, when we parted, the good resolutions which you declared concerning the first. The only instance of supernumerary patriotism, which I design to practise, shall be to remind you of it. So if ever I see a prohibited gown, or a smuggled pair of ruffles, in your possession, you must expect no quarter; for I positively will not admit it as an atonement for one illegal act, that you are ever so well disposed to hang half the ministry. For upon what principle but illegal acts of some kind or other did ever any ministry deserve to be hanged?"

The other letter was to Mrs. Montagu in 1784:—"I am certainly very far from wishing to defend the practice of smuggling; yet I cannot help pitying these poor ignorant people, brought up from their infancy to this wretched trade, and taught by the example of their superiors to think there can be no great harm in it, when they every day see the families of both hereditary and delegated legislators loading their coaches with contraband goods. Surely in people whom Heaven has blest with honours, and fortune, and lucrative employments of government, the fault is much greater than that of the poor creatures whom they thus encourage. The stealing a loaf by a half-starved beggar is a pitiable breach of honesty. The stealing a jewel by one possessed of all the necessaries and comforts of life is execrable, and without excuse."

But though Mrs. Carter held this trade in so much aversion, yet her usual judgment and goodness of heart prevented her from extending that principle to the persons of those who practised it. Hence she never withdrew her assistance, her countenance, or her advice, from such of her poorer neighbours as were engaged in it; nor wearied her richer acquaintance with perpetual remonstrances, which there was little reason to suppose would be of any avail. She left them in both cases to their own conscience, and the laws of their country, and was contented with giving no encouragement to it herself, and bearing her testimony against it whenever it became the topic of conversation.

Among Mrs. Carter's friends, and occasional correspondents, she had the pleasure of numbering the celebrated Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, a gentleman, the suavity of whose manners, and the graces of whose conversation, were such, that it was scarcely possible to know, and not to admire and love him. He was one of those unfortunate characters who have reversed the rule of Horace *, and who will hardly appear so good and amiable to posterity as they did to their contemporaries. His posthumous letters shew him to have been a man of very different principles from what his conversation led the world in general to think them. Licentious in his ideas respecting women, and a Latitudinarian, at least in religion, if his conversation had resembled his letters (if their tendency indeed be such as is generally attributed to them) Mrs. Carter would never have been so delighted with it, nor have thought of him so highly. But this was not the case, and she was much hurt at the posthumous publication which so greatly tended to lessen her respect for the memory of a friend whom she had esteemed so long. Certainly when Lord Orford conversed with, or wrote to her, there were no traces to be observed of that truly French, light, and frivolous way of thinking, which is so evident in his printed letters, however pleasant and entertaining they may be. Two of his letters to Mrs. Carter, which shall be subjoined, will prove that he could write in a more serious style. The last of them is particularly interesting, as shewing how far his long experience in politics, aided by an acute and penetrating mind, could foresee the progress of that wonderful phænomenon, the French revolution, then in its infancy.

To Mrs. CARTER, at Deal.

Berkeley-square, June 13th, 1789.

"Dear Madam,

"Dr. Douglas has been so good, at your desire, as to enquire after me, and will let you know that I mend, though slowly,

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* Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes,
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.
Lib. i. Epist. 1. 13.

as is very natural at my age, and with my shattered limbs. I cannot however content myself, though your kindness would be so, with a mere answer that is satisfactory enough. You must allow me to add my own thanks, as I feel much obliged, and am proud of your thinking me at all deserving to interest your sensibility, though I am not conscious of sufficient merit. I do not mean, however, to misemploy much of your time, which I know is always passed in good works, and usefully. You have therefore probably not looked into ———'s travels*. I, who have been almost six weeks lying on a couch, have gone through them. It was said that Addison might have written his without going out of England. By the excessive vulgarisms so plentiful in these volumes, one might suppose the writer had never stirred out of the parish of St. Giles. Her Latin, French, and Italian too, are so miserably spelt, that she had better have studied her own language before she floundered into other tongues. Her friends plead that she piques herself on writing as she talks—methinks then she should talk as she would write. There are many indiscretions too in her work, of which she will perhaps be told, though B—— is dead.

"I shall remove to Twickenham next week, to enjoy my roses at least, since I have lost my lilacs and nightingales. I ought, I know, dear Madam, to beg you not to take the trouble of answering this; but when you have had the great good nature of remembering my gout, how ungrateful it would be to deny myself the pleasure of hearing that you have not suffered much lately by your head-achs. I dare not flatter myself that they are cured, for when are constitutional evils quite removed? We who have intervals, and still more, on whom Providence has showered comforts even when we are in pain, must recollect what more durable sufferings exist, and how many miserable beings have no fortunes to purchase alleviations. This I speak for myself, who know how far I am from deserving any of the blessings I enjoy. You, my dear Madam, have led a life of virtue, and never forget your duties; it would be strange then if I confounded you with

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* The name of the writer of these travels is omitted, as she is still living. Those who are conversant with the literature of that date may possibly guess it.

Your very respectful,
And obliged humble servant,
HORACE WALPOLE."

To Mrs. CARTER, Deal.

Strawberry Hill, July 25, 1789.

" Dear Madam,

" I have the pleasure of sending you a little present that I venture to say will be very agreeable to you. It was written by Miss More at her late visit to the Bishop of London. Mrs. Boscawen shewed it to me, and I was so charmed, that I wrote immediately to the authoress, and insisted on printing a few copies, to which, with meek modesty, she consented, though she had not had any such intention. The more I read it, the better I like it: it is so perfect that I do not think a word could be amended, and yet it has all the ease and freedom of a sketch. The sense, satire, irony, and compliments, have all their compleat merit *.

" As I love to extract some satisfaction out of grievances, I hope that this bad summer has been favourable to your head-

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* This beautiful and highly finished little poem is called " Bonner's Ghost." It was written by Mrs. Hannah More, and printed at Strawberry Hill. Mrs. Carter could not but be delighted at so elegant a compliment from the pen of one of her friends to the Christian virtues of another.

achs. I hope too that the almost incessant rains have not damaged the corn and hops in your county. It ought to be a consolation to us too, that the badness of the season has been our greatest calamity, while such tragic scenes have been acting in France, and perhaps may continue to be extended in that country. Were they to stop now, it would not be without such a humiliation of the House of Bourbon as must be astonishing. Their government was certainly a very bad one; but I cannot conceive that such a sudden and tumultuary revolution can at once produce a good and permanent constitution, when not only all the principles and spirit of the nation must be changed, but the whole system of their laws and usages too, and where the rights and privileges of the various provinces are so discordant and so different. The military, though that is extraordinary, may have been seized with this rapid enthusiasm—but are as likely to revert to their old spirit—and if the royal power is in a manner annihilated, will the nobility and clergy escape? If they are preserved from fear, will the people be much relieved? And if those two bodies are crushed, how long will the popular government be tranquil? I pretend to no authentic information on what is passing, and less to penetration; but I do not conceive that the whole frame and machine of a vast country can be overturned and resettled by a *coup de Baguette*, though all the heads in it have been changed as much as when millions of Goths invaded nations, and exterminated the inhabitants.

"Excuse this vague speculation, but for this last week I have heard of nothing else but this strange revolution. Nobody can talk on any other subject.

I am, with the greatest regard, Madam,
Your most obedient humble servant,
HORACE WALPOLE."

P.S. "I must

P. S. "I must add a few words of reflection. What a lesson ought this great convulsion to be to Politicians! France, esteemed the most stable of all governments, has plunged itself into this catastrophe by its intrigues. By wasting its treasures to embroil other countries, it embarrassed its finances; the war to deprive us of America increased its debt: the pursuit of a marine to rise on our fall, swelled that debt. A reform became expedient, and disgusted the nobility, who were at the head of all regiments. Soldiers only make risings and riots; they are Generals and Colonels who make rebellions. I need pursue my reflections no farther."

Mrs. Carter had a very sincere regard for Lord Orford, and was much concerned when he died. He was her contemporary, born (I think) in the same year, and she had been very long acquainted with him, and received much attention from him. She was much hurt that many of the letters which appeared after his death had not been suppressed, and thought that the unguarded effusions of his pen, when writing to his friends, ought not perhaps to be considered as his serious sentiments, and therefore should not have been given to the public. And indeed there are but very few persons whose conversation is always so pure, and whose pen is always so guided by principle, as to bear that all which they say or write should be made known to the world. Of these few, Mrs. Carter was one. How far this is true with respect to her conversation, her surviving friends can judge for themselves; but with regard to her letters, the editor of those which are given in these Memoirs will assert, that though other considerations have prevented him from publishing a series of them, yet in the immense number of them which are in his hands, there is not one which would not do credit to her head, her heart, and the purity of her Christian principles.

About five years before Mrs. Carter's death she suffered the afflicting loss of her old and long-tried friend Mrs. Montagu. Her strength had been failing for some years, and her eyes had been gradually decaying, so that at last she had little or no sight in them. In one of her last letters to Mrs. Carter she mentioned this circumstance in a very affecting manner, and added that one of the last uses which she would make of them should be to write to her. Mrs. Carter, as might be supposed, severely felt the loss of one of her oldest friends to whom she had been so much obliged; but perhaps her own advanced time of life, and the thoughts of her own approaching departure, made her less keenly sensible to it than she would have been had it happened some years before.

Most of her own contemporaries, and the friends of her earlier years had already sunk into the grave; her two sisters were gone, and her own sun was now fast declining towards its west, but without a cloud. She was deeply impressed with a sense of the mercies she enjoyed; she had the blessing of many and valuable friends, and of an easy income, both acquired principally by her own merit; that for which Macbeth wished in vain

———" that which should accompany old age,
" As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

she possessed; and by their means had been enabled to provide for several of her relations, and among them in some degree for him[*] whose hand has endeavoured, though faintly, to record her virtues. She was always ready, therefore, to obey the awful summons whenever it should arrive; but that was delayed beyond her own expectation, as well as that of others;

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[*] She frequently said in the last two or three years of her life that she should not have a wish with regard to this world ungratified, if she could see the author of these sheets better preferred, or leave him in such a situation as to enable him to live in her house at Deal.

and her lamp continued to burn till no fuel was left to supply it.

About nine years before her death, she returned from London at her usual time much disordered by a complaint which was supposed to be the Saint Anthony's fire. In the course of the summer she was reduced by it to the lowest extremity, and was given over by her medical attendants, and by all her friends. She thought herself going, and was prepared for the important change. Though her strength failed, her spirits never flagged, and she spoke of her approaching departure with the most pious hope and resignation, and even with cheerfulness. Her life, she said, had been a prosperous and happy one, and if it pleased God she would be glad to live longer; if it was his pleasure to take her, she was ready and willing to depart, and trusted to his mercies through Christ for the forgiveness of her sins.

It pleased God, however, that she should return from the very verge of the grave; but her recovery was slow, and incomplete at best. Her disorder hung about her to the last; and she never recovered her former strength. Before that time she used to walk to breakfast with her sister Pennington, who lived about five miles from Deal, without being tired, even when the weather was bad; and would sometimes return to Deal on the day which she had appointed, through a deep snow, when the roads were impassable for a carriage, and without suffering either from the wet or the fatigue. But after this long illness she never walked there, nor to any other considerable distance. Walking, or any great exertion, became too much for her; and though she was willing to take exercise, and felt the necessity of it, a growing heaviness and indolence, increased by pain, constant, though not violent, often prevented her from using the necessary means of regaining some share of strength.

But

But though after this long and severe attack Mrs. Carter never did recover her strength, yet her health became tolerably good, and she was able in a great measure to enjoy again the society of her friends. Her intellects never failed, and her judgment remained equally clear and good to the last. She had a slight degree of deafness, which, added to a comprehension naturally not very quick, sometimes made it difficult to her to understand any person who spoke fast, or at a distance, or to mix in discourse where there were many talkers: and she had a particular dislike, almost amounting to a natural antipathy, to quick speaking, or a loud tone of voice. Her own voice was remarkably sweet, and well modulated; owing to which, assisted by the soundness of her judgment, few persons ever read aloud to a small company, for her voice was not strong, in a more clear and interesting manner than she did, either prose or verse.

About four years after the first attack above mentioned, Mrs. Carter had a second, perhaps of the same kind, or rather, as it then seemed, a complete breaking up of her constitution. She was then in town, and so rapid was the progress of her disorder and the decay of her strength, that it was soon supposed that she could not survive long. The skill of Sir Francis Milman and Dr. Fraser, who attended her, seemed to be exerted in vain, and she was reduced so low, that, by her own desire, her executor was sent for by express, and came to London by night with her eldest brother, Mr. Carter, hardly expecting to find her alive. Yet such was the goodness of her constitution, that she rallied again, and recovered, in a certain degree, her health. But from that time she was an invalid; and though not confined to her room, nor unable to mix in small parties, yet her strength was evidently wasting; and to most of her friends it was sufficiently evident, that she was journeying slowly, but surely, towards *the house appointed for all living.*

From this time she was subject to frequent and very alarming faintings, which attacked her suddenly *, and without the least warning. One of these had indeed preceded her last illness. She was unable to study, or even to read, but for a very short time together, and writing became very painful to her. She slept, or rather dozed, for several hours in the day; and for the last year or two retired to bed seldom later than eight o'clock, (at least in the country) and often much earlier.

But though these were symptoms but too sure of the failure of her bodily powers, those of her mind still remained unimpaired. In that respect, excepting want of quickness, which was a constitutional defect, and certainly somewhat increased, she exhibited but few marks of old age. Her memory, as is generally the case, was not very tenacious of passing events unless of great importance; but it retained all that she had known of books, or of earlier transactions; and her opinion was as sound and her judgment as good of any book she read, or of any question proposed to her, as at any period of her life. Her piety was as fervent, her temper as mild, and her wishes for those she loved as warm as in the time of her strongest health. Even the desire of accumulation, which so generally increases in age, had no power over her benevolent disposition; and she saved less and gave away more in the last three years of her life than she had ever done before.

During all the summer of 1805 she had been in a very low and declining state, evidently growing weaker, and falling away very much, though her appetite was tolerably good. She thought herself going, but had the most anxious desire to

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* This was the case when one day, two years before she died, she had dined at the author's house with other company, and had eat a good dinner, and seemed remarkably well. She fainted so suddenly, but without falling from her chair, that some of the company thought she was sleeping. She was led home and put to bed, and was the next day as well as usual.

see her kind and valued friends in London once more. As the time drew nearer in which she usually took her annual journey to Clarges-street, she appeared in some measure to gain strength, and seemed on the whole better. Perhaps the wish to go induced her to exert herself to the utmost. On the 16th of December, her birth-day, she was able to dine with her nephew, which was the last time she went out in Deal, and seemed less fatigued than usual, and he then hoped that she would be able to bear her journey, and would probably return to Deal again.

But this event she herself considered as very doubtful; and before she went she desired the author to read to her the whole of her will, that she might explain her wishes to him concerning the execution of it. These were principally confined to two requests, one, that he would give 100l. stock to one of her nephews, to whom she had given less than to his brothers previously; and the other, that she might be buried wherever she might happen to die, with as little expence as possible. She earnestly wished him even to promise that her funeral expences should not exceed a certain sum, and that so low as to oblige him to answer only in general terms that they should be as low as possible, consistently with decency and her situation in life.

* On the 23d of December, Mrs. Carter left Deal for the last time, and on the following day arrived in Clarges-street. Excepting her great weakness, which made it difficult for her to get into, or out of, the post chaise, she bore her journey pretty well. For some days after her arrival she seemed to be better, and was able to dine, in very small parties, with Lady Cremorne, and some of her other nearest friends, several times.

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* A day or two before she sat off, Mrs. Carter received the Sacrament at home from the author, with her usual calm piety, as she had done several times before, with the consent of the Rector of Deal.

On the fourth of January, 1806, the author received from her a short letter, the last, he believes, that she ever wrote. It is perfectly well written in all respects; but she complains in it that she was "sadly tired with writing it." Soon after this her strength declined so fast, that she was hardly capable of holding a conversation at all; and by the middle of January she was entirely confined to her own apartments, and in a few days after to her bed. Every attention which kindness could bestow upon her was exerted by friends who had long known and loved her. But their friendship, and the skill of Dr. Fraser, were equally without success, and had no other effect than that of smoothing the couch of death.

Her senses remained till within a few hours of her decease; but she was so weak as to be unwilling, and indeed hardly able, to speak at all. This was probably the reason why she not only refused to suffer the author to be sent for, but even positively forbid him to come, as he wished to have done, in every letter which her maid wrote to him. So that he had no idea that her end was so near till Mr. Carter, her eldest brother, who had been to town to see her, told him that she had but a very short time to live. He arrived therefore in town too late, and found that his excellent and revered relation had breathed her last early in the morning of the same day.

Mrs. Carter expired without a groan or a struggle about three o'clock in the morning of the 19th of February, 1806. Mrs. Nugent *, who had called in the evening to enquire after her, finding that she had but a few hours to live, and recollecting a wish that Mrs. Carter had expressed to her respecting some necessary arrangements upon that melancholy occasion, kindly chose not to quit the apartment till all was over, and she had given the proper directions.

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* Wife to Vice-Admiral Nugent; a lady for whom Mrs. Carter had a great regard.

As Mrs. Carter's whole life had been a constant preparation for death, she had none to make in particular in her last illness: she spoke but very little even to Lady Cremorne, whom she certainly loved better than any person out of her own family; and her chief wish seemed to be that she should be left in quiet. She said nothing about her situation or danger, excepting that when her maid applied to her about some money concerns, she told her that she could not attend to them, and she must settle every thing of that kind with her nephew; meaning that nephew who was her executor. She always appeared perfectly composed; of death she had certainly no dread; and for a longer life she had then probably no wish.

Of Mrs. Carter's general character little or nothing need be said; if it has not sufficiently appeared in the Memoirs of her life, the writer of them has executed his office very ill. Her letters will speak for themselves: the editor of them is well aware that to some of her friends he will appear to have published too many of them, and to others too few; to both he can only reply, that he has been solely guided by what he believes would have been permitted, or forbidden, by herself. He is fully persuaded, that if her purified spirit could look down upon this world, still partaking of mortal feelings, it would find no cause for displeasure in this volume. Few persons indeed can know her opinions better than the author of it. He always lived with her upon the most affectionate and confidential terms. He had the advantage of being partly educated by her, and of residing a great deal with her at all periods of his life; and for some years previous to his marriage, entirely. After that time he lived very near her, and was happily enabled still more effectually by that connection to smooth the path of her increasing infirmities, and to add to the comforts of her declining years.

This recollection, he trusts, will always be, as it now is, a source of gratification and pleasure to him; for though, in early youth, her instructions might sometimes seem irksome to him, and her moral and religious opinions too strict, yet they soon ceased to appear in that light, and made a deep and lasting impression upon his heart: and if there be in him any love of virtue and religion, it is principally owing to the inestimable benefit of her precepts, conversation, and example. God grant that they may produce in him the fruits which she so earnestly desired, and that he may be found worthy hereafter to join her in the blessed society of the *spirits of the just made perfect.*

Mrs. Carter's funeral was, according to her own request, as private as possible, though many of her friends wished to have sent their carriages, and paid every respect to her remains. She was interred in the burial ground of Grosvenor Chapel (an appendage to the Church of St. George, Hanover-square, in which parish she died) and was attended to the grave by three of her nephews, Mr. Pennington, Major Williamson, who had married Mr. Carter's eldest daughter, and the author of this account. On the stone which covers her grave is the following epitaph:—

"Under this stone are deposited the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, of Deal, in the county of Kent; a lady as much distinguished for piety and virtue, as for deep learning, and extensive knowledge.

"She was born at Deal, December 16, 1717, and died in Clarges-street, in this parish, sincerely lamented by her relations and numerous friends, February 19, 1806, in the eighty-ninth year of her age."

A mural monument of marble has also been erected to her memory in the chapel of the town of Deal, with this inscription.

"Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, a native and inhabitant of this town, where her benevolence and virtues will be long remembered.

"She was eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicolas Carter, D.D., for upwards of fifty years Perpetual Curate of this Chapel, by Margaret, sole daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne, of Bere, in the county of Dorset, Esq.

"In deep learning, genius, and extensive knowledge, she was equalled by few; in piety, and the practice of every Christian duty, excelled by none.

"She was born December 16, 1717, and died in London February 19, 1806, and was interred there in the burial ground of Grosvenor Chapel."

By Mrs. Carter's will she divided her fortune among her relations in such proportions as she thought right, appointing the author of these Memoirs her executor, and residuary legatee.

Besides the legacies to her relations, and forty pounds to each of her maid-servants, Mrs. Carter left small tokens of affectionate regard, consisting of books, trinkets, pictures, or rings, to these friends:—Mr. and Mrs. Douglas; Lord and Lady Cremorne; Lady Charlotte Finch; Mrs. Feilding; Miss Finch; Lady Charlotte Wentworth; Mrs. Iremonger; Mrs. Pitt; Lady Beaumont; Mrs. D'Oyley; Mrs. Orde; Mrs. Hannah More; Mrs. Goodenough; Mrs. Duncombe; Lady Hesketh; Countess of Bath; Mrs. De Luc; Lady Herries; Miss Bowdler; Honourable Mrs. Howe; Mrs. Blosset; Lady Wake; Miss Wake; Miss C. Wake; Countess of Chichester; Mrs. Dickenson; Miss L. Dickenson; Mrs. Crofton; Mrs. Harcourt; Miss A. M. Clarke; Mrs. Nugent; Mrs. Kennicott; Lady Jones; Miss Shipley; Dowager Countess Spencer; Honourable Mrs. Boscawen; Mrs. Barnard; Mrs. Hunter; Bishop of London, and Mrs. Porteus; Miss Grant; Countess of Holdernesse; Mrs. E. Codrington; Mrs. Lawrance; Mrs. Kittoe; and Mrs. Fleetwood. Besides these she desired her executor to give a Greek Testament to Miss Knight, (which, however, she afterwards gave herself,) a ring to Miss Brisac, and one to Mrs. Bowne, her landlady in Clarges-street.

Of this valuable list of friends, Mrs. De Luc, Lady Holdernesse, and Mrs. Boscawen, had paid the debt of nature before Mrs. Carter; and Mrs. Goodenough, Lord Sidmouth's sister, a lady to whose affectionate friendship for her the author was under great obligations, survived her but a few months *.

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* There are several original pictures of Mrs. Carter: one, which was painted for Mrs. Montagu by Miss Read upwards of forty years since, was given by Mr. Montagu to the author, and is reckoned a very good likeness. Another, done many years before that time for Mrs. Rooke, is now in the possession of Mrs. Blossett. Laurence began one a few years ago, which promised to be a great likeness, but was not finished. The print given in this volume, is taken, by the obliging permission of Lady Charlotte Finch, from a cameo in her Ladyship's possession, done by Joachim Smith about twenty-five years ago in wax, which is a very good and striking likeness.

END OF THE MEMOIRS.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Θεον σεβȣ και ϖαντα ϖραξεις ευθεως.
Υϖερ Ευσεβειας και λαλει και μανθανε.

INCERT.

TO THE

EARL OF BATH.

My Lord,

THE world will judge the more favourably of this Collection, from being told that it was printed by your desire; and my own scruples about the publication will be the less painful, if you accept it as a testimony of the gratitude and respect, with which I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged

And most obedient humble servant,

ELIZABETH CARTER.

WHATEVER honour the Author of this Collection may derive from the following fine Verses, there is no part of it on which she sets so high a value, as the being allowed to declare, that she is indebted for them to Lord Lyttelton.

ON READING

MRS. CARTER'S POEMS

IN MANUSCRIPT.

Such were the notes that struck the wond'ring ear
Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloe's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
Accorded to seraphic voices, sung
" Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace, and good-will to men!"—Resume the lyre
Chauntress divine, and ev'ry Briton call
Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
More pow'rful than the song of Orpheus, tame
The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
Of bold Impiety—Greece shall no more
Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
Of Britain's poetess the Virtues twine,
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of Montagu to fix it on her brows.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Poems are all corrected from the author's manuscripts, with their respective dates, and the names of the persons to whom they were addressed, supplied wherever they could be ascertained, which indeed was mostly from Mrs. Carter's own communication to the editor. A few notes are added by way of illustration.

The Poems which are reprinted from Cave's edition in 1738, are preserved more as literary curiosities than from their intrinsic merit; in which, though some of them are not deficient, they are very unequal to those which were her later productions. But it should be remembered, that they were all written before Mrs. Carter had attained the age of twenty years, and that they were thought at the time to be extraordinary proofs of early genius. With respect to those which have never before appeared in print, they were selected from among several others, which, having had a cross with a pencil drawn over them, it was supposed her maturer judgment chose to reject. On those which are given to the Public there was no such mark of reprobation, and it was therefore thought that the Editor might exercise his own discretion concerning them.

☞ Those Poems which have never been published before are distinguished by an *.

Those which have never appeared but in Cave's edition in 1738, by ‡.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

IN DIEM NATALEM. 1735.

> ——— vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,
> Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
> Labitur & labetur, in omne volubilis ævum.
>
> Hor.

THOU Pow'r supreme! by whose command I live,
  The grateful tribute of my praise receive:
To thy indulgence I my being owe,
And all the joys which from that being flow.
Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their destined courses round this sphere,
Since thy creative eye my form survey'd,
Midst undistinguish'd heaps of matter laid.
Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd,
The vagrant particles in order join'd:
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp'd thy sacred image on my soul:
A soul susceptible of endless joy,
Whose frame nor Force, nor Time can e'er destroy:
Which shall survive, when Nature claims my breath,
And bid defiance to the darts of Death;

To

IN DIEM NATALEM.

TU Deus Omnipotens, quo dante, hoc æthere vescor,
  Debita tu laudum præmia numen habe :
Esse mihi, indulgens hominum Pater, ipse dedisti,
  Ipse voluptates, hoc quot ab esse fluunt.
Vix annus ter sextus adhuc sua sydera torsit
  Bisve novem longos sol tulit orbe gyros,
Ex quo virgineâ hæc sine formâ massa jacebat,
  Te lustrante, rudi semisepulta chao.
Te formante, lutumq; elementaq; prima coibant,
  Nexaq; membra stabant, ordine quæq; suo.
Te partes formante ligat symphonia concors,
  Et tua sacrâ animam signat imago notâ.
Das animam æquiparem superis, æviq; perennem
  Quam non vis perdet, non teret atra dies.
Hæc manet ætherea è corpore cum volet aura,
  Hæc falcem mortis, telaq; dura fugat.

Hæc

To realms of bliss with active freedom soar,
And live when earth and skies shall be no more.
Author of life! in vain my tongue essays,
For this immortal gift to speak thy praise!
How shall my heart its grateful sense reveal,
Where all the energy of words must fail?
O may its influence in my life appear,
And ev'ry action prove my thanks sincere!
Grant me, great God, a heart to Thee inclin'd:
Increase my faith, and rectify my mind:
Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred ways,
And to thy service consecrate my days.
Still as thro' life's perplexing maze I stray,
Be Thou the guiding star to mark my way.
Conduct the steps of my unguarded youth,
And point their motions to the paths of Truth.
Protect me by thy providential care,
And warn my soul to shun the Tempter's snare.
Thro' all the shifting scenes of varied life,
In calms of ease, or ruffling storms of grief,
Thro' each event of this inconstant state,
Preserve my temper equal and sedate.
Give me a mind, that nobly can despise
The low designs, and little arts of vice.
Be my religion such as taught by Thee,
Alike from pride and superstition free.
Inform my judgment, regulate my will,
My reason strengthen, and my passions still.
To gain thy favour be my first great end,
And to that scope may ev'ry action tend.
Amidst the pleasures of a prosp'rous state,
Whose flatt'ring charms th' untutor'd heart elate,

Hæc resoluta petit sedes habitatq; beatas
  Postquam abiere oculis, sydera, terra, fretum.
Aucta, benigne Parens! tanto quâ munere linguâ
  Qua laudem æternam dicere voce queam?
Quâve ope cor fundet sensum, quâ gaudia spiret,
  Vis ubi sermonis, vanaq; verba cadunt?
O utinam memorem pietas me vitaq; monstrent!
  Atq; ferat gratam pectore quicquid ago!
Corde, Pater, toto vivam tibi dedita, mentem
  Corrige, & accumula pectora plena fide.
Te monstrante iter insistat cæleste puella
  Desq; viam hanc mulier, des pede carpat anus.
Dumq; erro incertas vitæ perplexa per undas,
  Tu mihi sis magnes, tu mihi sydus eas.
Dirige tu infirmæ vestigia læta juventæ,
  Inq; vias veri Tu bone flecte gradus.
Pasce manu, Pater, et curâ defende perenni,
  Disce Orci ut fugiam præda petita plagas.
Humanæ facies vitæ quæcumq; resurgat
  Otia seu hinc rident, seu furit inde dolor,
"Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,"
  Mens intacta malis sit mea parq; sibi.
Des animam vitii turpes quæ spernere noscat
  Nobilis insidias, artificesq; dolos.
Sit mea relligio data Te divinitus; inflat
  Quam non hinc fastus, non premit inde timor.
Sit mihi judicium rectum, sit recta voluntas,
  Ipsa regam affectus, me ratio alma regat.
Efficiam quæ facta probas; hoc fine quiescam:
  Hanc metam vitæ munera quæq; petant.
Gaudia dum cingunt, rapit et mea vela secunda
  Aura, quibus nimium mens tumet alta bonis

Ne

May I reflect to whom those gifts I owe,
And bless the bounteous hand, from whence they flow.
Or, if an adverse fortune be my share,
Let not it's terrors tempt me to despair:
But fixt on Thee a steady faith maintain,
And own all good, which thy decrees ordain.
On thy unfailing providence depend,
The best protector, and the surest friend!
  Thus on life's stage may I my part sustain,
And at my exit thy applauses gain.
When thy pale herald summons me away,
Support me in that dread catastrophe.
In that last conflict guard me from alarms,
And take my soul expiring to thy arms.

Ne fugiat, bona cui tanta hæc accepta referri
  Par sit; at unde fluunt sit mihi nota manus.
Sive me in adversâ teneat certamen arenâ
  Nec male vitam orem, spe neq; lapsa cadam.
Ast armata fide stabili, Deus optime, credam
  Optime agi quod agis, nam tibi velle bonum est.
Viribus hinc validis pendere et numine discam
  (Rerum O summa salus, præsidiumq; !) Tuo.
    Sic agat humano partes, spectanda, theatro,
  Exeat et plausu mima superba tuo.
Pallida cumq; tuo jussu Mors ostia pulsat,
  Da scenam ut superâ nex bene claudat ope:
Tu, Pater, extremo hoc certamine pelle timorem,
  Emissamq; animam corpore tolle sinu. *

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* There is no name to this Latin translation, and they are copied exactly from the original. Their chief merit, though there are indeed some good lines amongst them, consists in the closeness of the translation; couplet being constantly rendered for couplet throughout, in the same number of lines as the original, which must have been attended with no small difficulty.

* EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY. 1735.

Sleep here, fair Saint, secure from mortal woes,
And shelt'ring Angels guard thy soft repose.
Let pious awe each bold attempt restrain,
That no rude hand thy sacred dust profane.
Rest undisturb'd till Jesus bid thee rise,
Then quit the tomb, and wake to endless joys.

ANACREON. ODE XXX. 1734.

Αἱ μουσαι τον Ερωτα, &c.

The Muses once, intent on play,
  Young Cupid roving caught:
With flow'ry wreaths his hands confin'd,
  And bound to Beauty brought.

Fond Venus ranges all the plain,
  To seek her little joy:
And soon a pow'rful ransom brings,
  To free th' imprison'd Boy.

But tho' releas'd, the captive god
  Refus'd to quit his chains:
And still to Beauty's gentle sway
  A willing slave remains.

Diffugere Nives, redeunt jam Gramina Campis, &c.
Hor. L. 4. Ode 7.

‡ TRANSLATED. 1736.

Now Nature quickens with the vernal breeze,
Again their leafy honours deck the trees.
The smiling Earth renews her blooming pride,
And less'ning streams within their channels glide.
The Nymphs and Graces on the plains advance,
And in gay circles lead the sprightly dance.
The various changes of the seasons show,
That nought immortal must be hop'd below.
The swift-wing'd hours this serious truth convey,
Whose rapid motion hurries on the day.
The flow'ry Spring bids blust'ring tempests cease,
To Summer's reign the flow'ry Spring gives place;
That too must fly when Autumn yields her store,
And Winter next resume its gloomy pow'r.
Yet as the Moon renews her silver horn,
Each dormant season shall to life return.
But we, when destin'd to that darksome place
From which nor Tullus' wealth, nor Ancus' race,
Nor ev'n Æneas' piety could free,
Are nought but fleeting air, and lifeless clay.
Who knows if Heav'n will add to-morrow's sun,
To crown those minutes we've already run?
Then each delight to sooth thy mind prepare;
What's spent in this, shall 'scape a greedy heir.
When Fate has once consign'd thee to the tomb,
And the stern Judge pronounc'd thy final doom;
Nor Wit, Descent, nor Piety can aid,
To rescue thee from Death's eternal shade.

For neither can the goddess of the Wood
Free her chaste favourite from the Stygian flood;
Nor Theseus (all his valiant efforts vain)
Release Pirithous from th' infernal chain.

‡ A RIDDLE. 1736.

Nor form, nor substance in my being share,
I'm neither Fire nor Water, Earth, nor Air;
From Motion's force alone my birth derive;
I ne'er can die, for never was alive:
And yet with such extensive empire reign,
That very few escape my magic chain.
Nor time, nor place my wild excursions bound;
I break all order, Nature's laws confound;
Raise schemes without contrivance or design,
And make apparent contradictions join;
Transfer the Thames where Ganges' waters roll,
Unite th' Equator to the frozen Pole;
Midst Zembla's ice bid blushing rubies glow,
And British harvests bloom in Scythian snow;
Cause trembling flocks to skim the raging main,
And scaly fishes graze the verdant plain;
Make light descend, and heavy bodies rise,
Stars sink to earth, and earth ascend the skies.
If Nature lie deform'd in wint'ry frost,
And all the beauties of the Spring be lost,
Rais'd by my pow'r new verdure decks the ground,
And smiling flow'rs diffuse their sweets around.
The sleeping dead I summon from the tomb,
And oft anticipate the living's doom;

Convey offenders to the fatal tree,
When law or stratagem have set them free.
Aw'd by no checks my roving flights can soar
Beyond Imagination's active pow'r.
I view each country of the spacious earth;
Nay, visit Realms that never yet had birth:
Can trace the pathless regions of the air,
And fly with ease beyond the starry sphere.
So swift my operations, in an hour
I can destroy a town, or build a tow'r;
Play tricks would puzzle all the search of wit,
And show whole volumes that were never writ.
In sure records my mystic pow'r's confest,
Who rack'd with cares a haughty Tyrant's breast;
Charg'd in prophetic emblems to relate
Approaching wrath, and his peculiar fate.
Oft to the good by Heav'n in Mercy sent,
I've arm'd their thoughts against some dire event;
As oft in chains presumptuous villains bind,
And haunt with restless fears the guilty mind.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c.
Hor. Lib. 1. Ode 22.

‡ IMITATED.

A VIRTUOUS man whose acts and thoughts are pure,
Without the help of weapons is secure;
Without a quiver or impoison'd spear,
His stedfast soul forgets the sense of fear.
Whether through Libya's burning sands he goes,
Or Caucase horrid with perpetual snows;

Surveys those regions where Hydaspes strays,
Or tost by tempests in the raging seas;
Safe in his own intrinsic worth remains,
And arm'd with that each obstacle disdains;
Toils, dangers, difficulties, all defy'd,
His passport Virtue, Providence his guide.
If plac'd by Fate beneath the torrid zone,
Scorch'd by the fury of too near a sun;
Or sent where never Phœbus' cheerful ray
Glads the dark climate with one glimpse of day;
Where no gay verdure decks th' unfruitful ground,
But Winter spreads its empire all around:
Amidst the terrors of that dismal scene,
His mind preserves a settled calm within.
To him the gloomy waste shall seem to smile,
And conscious Virtue ev'ry care beguile.
Virtue alike its tenor can maintain,
In splendid courts, or on a barren plain.

---

‡ Nullum Numen abest si sit Prudentia, sed te
Nos facimus Fortuna, Deam, Cœloque locamus.
Juv.

WHATE'ER we think on't, Fortune's but a toy,
Which cheats the soul with empty shows of joy;
A mere ideal creature of the brain,
That reigns the idol of the mad and vain;
Deludes their senses with a fair disguise,
And sets an airy bliss before their eyes.
But when they hope to grasp the glitt'ring prey,
Th' unstable fantom vanishes away.

So vap'ry fires mislead unwary swains,
Who rove benighted o'er the dewy plains.
Drawn by the faithless Meteor's glimm'ring ray,
Through devious paths, and lonely wilds they stray;
Too late convinc'd their sad mistake deplore,
And find their home more distant than before.
Could Mortals learn to limit their desires,
Little supplies what Nature's want requires *;
Content affords an inexhausted store,
And void of that a Monarch's wealth is poor.
Grant but ten thousand pounds, Philaurus cries,
That happy sum would all my wants suffice.
Assenting powers the golden blessing grant,
But with his wealth his wishes too augment.
With anxious care he pines amidst his store,
And starves himself to get ten thousand more.
Ambition's charms Philotimus inspire,
A Treas'rer's staff the pitch of his desire:
The staff he gains, yet murmurs at his fate,
And longs to shine first minister of state.
A coach and four employ'd Cosmelia's cares,
For this she hourly worried Heav'n with pray'rs.
Did this when gained, her restless temper fix?
No, she still prays—For what?—a coach and six.
Thus when through Fortune's airy rounds we stray,
Our footsteps rove from Nature's certain way;

---

* Man wants but little here below.
Goldsmith's Ballad.

Nec trepides in usum
Poscentis ævi pauca.
Hor. Lib. 2. Ode 11.

Through endless labyrinths of error run,
And by the fond delusions are undone;
Still vainly reaching at a transient bliss,
Pursue the shadow, and the substance miss:
'Till after all our wond'ring schemes, we find,
That true content dwells only in the mind.
Those joys on no external aid depend,
But in ourselves begin, and there must end.
From virtue only those delights must flow,
Which neither wealth nor titles can bestow.
  A soul which uncorrupted Reason sways,
With calm indiff'rence Fortune's gifts surveys.
If Providence an affluent store denies,
It's own intrinsic worth that want supplies.
Disdains by vicious actions to acquire
That glitt'ring trifle vulgar minds admire.
With ease to Heav'n's superiour will resigns,
Nor meanly at another's wealth repines.
Firmly adheres to Virtue's steady rules,
And scorns the fickle deity of fools *.

---

* This Poem is particularly curious, as being the only attempt at satire which Mrs. Carter ever made; at least no other is now remaining. If it be not a very happy one, it should be remembered, that she was under twenty years of age when she tried her powers in this kind of composition, to which she had in general a great dislike. In this instance she seems to have taken Dr. Young for her model.

‡ ON THE DEATH OF HER SACRED MAJESTY QUEEN CAROLINE[*].

Ιση Θεοισι πλην το κατθανειν μονον[†].
Eurip.

When Heav'n's decrees a Prince's fate ordain,
A kneeling people supplicate in vain;
Too well our tears this mournful truth express,
And in a Queen's a parent's loss confess:
A loss the gen'ral grief can best rehearse,
A theme superior to the pow'r of verse.
Though just our grief, be ev'ry murmur still,
Nor dare pronounce His dispensations ill,
In whose wise counsels, and disposing hand,
The fates of monarchies, and monarchs stand;
Who only knows the state for either fit,
And bids the erring sense of man submit.
Ye grateful *Britons* to her mem'ry just,
With pious tears embalm her sacred dust.
Confess her grac'd with all that's good and great,
A public blessing to a favour'd state;
Patron of freedom and her country's laws,
Sure friend to virtue's and religion's cause:
Religion's cause! whose charms superior shone
To ev'ry gay temptation of a crown!
Whose awful dictates all her soul possess'd,
Her one great aim to make a people bless'd.
Ye drooping Muses, mourn her hasty doom,
And spread your deathless honours round her tomb:

---

[*] This poem was presented to King George II. by Sir Robert Walpole.

[†] Equal to the gods, only excepted the necessity of death.

Her name to long succeeding ages raise,
Who both inspir'd and patroniz'd your lays.
Each gen'rous art, sit pensive o'er her urn,
And ev'ry grace and ev'ry virtue mourn.
Attending Angels, bear your sacred prize
Amidst the radiant glories of the skies,
Where God-like Princes, who below pursu'd,
That noblest end of rule, the public good,
Now sit secure *, their gen'rous labour past,
With all the just rewards of virtue grac'd.
In that bright train distinguished let her move,
Who built her empire on a people's love.

‡ TO MR. DUCK †, OCCASIONED BY A PRESENT OF HIS POEMS.

Accept, O Duck, the Muse's grateful lay,
Who owns a favour which she can't repay.
Good-nature, sense, and modest wit must claim
The honours of an universal fame:
These gifts procure thee, that which few attend,
In ev'ry reader to obtain a friend.
Ev'n snarling critics must forget their rage,
And love the author, tho' they blame the page.

---

* Post ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras, hominumq; colunt genus, &c.
Hor. 2. Epist. i. 6.

† Stephen Duck, the thresher, patronised and pensioned by Queen Caroline, an amiable man, though a bad poet. In these lines his Muse seems to have inspired Mrs. Carter, for they are the worst she ever wrote; and of this she was sensible herself, and never liked to hear of them. Had they not been published before, they would not have been inserted here.

For ev'ry line discovers what thou art,
And speaks the language of an honest heart;
A temper fix'd in ev'ry changing state,
Nor meanly sunk, nor giddily elate;
A happy art which truth with sweetness blends,
And lashes vice, yet never once offends.
 Or if some fair description grace thy song,
Soft are the numbers, and the image strong.
On the bleak margin of the sea-beat shore,
When Richmond's scenes shall charm my eyes no more,
Thy verse the gay ideas shall renew,
And all the beauteous prospect glad my view.
 Happy thy studies on that blissful plain,
Blessed with the smiles of a propitious Queen.
Oh let thy Muse in mournful colours paint,
——But here, alas! the pow'r of verse is faint.
How just our grief when Carolina fell,
Let truth, let science, and religion tell.
 Yet pleas'd, the Muses through the gloom survey,
The cheerful glimm'rings of a rising day,
Illustrious offspring of a Queen, whose name,
Till time shall cease, must be the boast of fame,
Form'd by her precept, by example fir'd,
Shall copy those bright virtues she inspir'd:
Like her shall patronize each useful art,
And sooth the anguish of the drooping heart;
With gen'rous pity hear the orphan's pray'r,
Forbid the sigh, and stop the falling tear;
The mournful graces to their bloom restore,
And be what Carolina was before.
 May he on whom the fates of Princes wait,
The watchful guardian of the good and great,

With ev'ry god-like virtue form their mind,
And make them public blessings to mankind.
Then late, oh late! to realms of bliss remove,
Where their great parent sits enthron'd above.

Felices animæ quibus hæc cognoſcere primis,
Inque domos superas ſcandere, cura fuit.
Credibile est illas, pariter vitiisque locisque
Altius humanis, exeruisse caput.
OVID. FAST.

1738.

WHILE clear the night, and ev'ry thought serene,
Let Fancy wander o'er the solemn scene:
And, wing'd by active Contemplation, rise
Amidst the radiant wonders of the skies.
Here, Cassiopeia fills a lucid throne,
There blaze the splendors of the Northern crown:
While the slow car the cold Triones roll
O'er the pale countries of the frozen pole,
Whose faithful beams conduct the wand'ring ship
Through the wide desart of the pathless deep.
Throughout the Galaxy's extended line,
Unnumber'd orbs in gay confusion shine:
Where ev'ry star that gilds the gloom of night
With the faint tremblings of a distant light,
Perhaps illumes some system of its own
With the strong influence of a radiant sun.
Plac'd on the verge, which Titan's realm confines,
The slow revolving orb of Saturn shines;
Where the bright pow'r whose near approaching ray
Gilds our gay climates with the blaze of day,

On those dark regions glimmers from afar,
With the pale lustre of a twinkling star.
While, glowing with unmitigated day,
The nearer planets roll their rapid way.
Let stupid atheists boast th'atomic dance,
And call these beauteous worlds the work of chance:
But nobler minds, from guilt and passion free,
Where Truth unclouded darts her heav'nly ray,
Or on the earth, or in th' ethereal road,
Survey the footsteps of a ruling God:
Sole Lord of Nature's universal frame,
Thro' endless years unchangeably the same:
Whose presence, unconfin'd by time or place,
Fills all the vast immensity of space.
He saw while matter yet a Chaos lay:
The shapeless Chaos own'd his potent sway.
His single fiat form'd th'amazing whole,
And taught the new-born planets where to roll:
With wise direction curv'd their steady course,
Imprest the central and projectile force,
Lest in one mass their orbs confus'd should run,
Drawn by th'attractive virtue of the sun,
Or quit th' harmonious round, and wildly stray
Beyond the limits of his genial ray.
To thee, Endymion [*], I devote my song;
To minds like thee, these subjects best belong;
Whose curious thoughts with active freedom soar,
And trace the wonders of creating pow'r.
For this, some nobler pen shall speak thy fame;
But let the Muse indulge a gentler theme,

---

[*] Mr. Wright, the Astronomer, mentioned in the Memoirs.

While pleas'd she tells thy more engaging part,
Thy social temper and diffusive heart.
Unless these charms their soft'ning aid bestow,
Science turns Pride, and Wit a common foe.

ON HEARING MISS LYNCH* SING. 1739.

Sweet Echo, vocal nymph, whose mimic tongue
Return'd the music of my Delia's song,
O still repeat the soft enchanting lay
That gently steals the ravish'd soul away.
Shall sounds like these in circling air be tost,
And in the stream of vulgar noises lost?
Ye guardian Sylphs, who listen while she sings,
Bear the sweet accents on your rosy wings:
With studious care the fading notes retain,
Nor let that tuneful breath be spent in vain.
Yet, if too soon this transient pleasure fly,
A charm more lasting shall the loss supply:
While harmony, with each attractive grace,
Plays in the fair proportions of her face;
Where each soft air, engaging and serene,
Beats measure to the well-tun'd mind within:
Alike her singing and her silence move,
Whose voice is music, and whose looks are love.

---

* One of the daughters of Dr. George Lynch, of Canterbury, and afterwards wife of Isaac Bargrave, of Eastry-court, Esq.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ROWE*. 1739.

Oft' did Intrigue it's guilty arts unite,
To blacken the records of female wit:
The tuneful song lost ev'ry modest grace,
And lawless freedoms triumph'd in their place:
The Muse, for vices not her own accus'd,
With blushes view'd her sacred gifts abus'd;
Those gifts for nobler purposes assign'd,
To raise the thoughts, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the first great CAUSE of things.
These glorious tasks were Philomela's part,
Who charms the fancy, and who mends the heart.
In her was ev'ry bright distinction join'd,
Whate'er adorns, or dignifies the mind:
Her's ev'ry happy elegance of thought,
Refin'd by virtue, as by genius wrought.
Each low-born care her pow'rful strains controul,
And wake the nobler motions of the soul.
When to the vocal wood or winding stream,
She hymn'd th' Almighty AUTHOR of it's frame,
Transported echoes bore the sounds along,
And all creation listen'd to the song:
Full, as when raptur'd seraphs strike the lyre;
Chaste, as the vestal's consecrated fire;

---

* First published in the Gentleman's Magazine. See the Memoirs.

Soft as the balmy airs that gently play
In the calm sun-set of a vernal day;
Sublime as Virtue; elegant as Wit;
As Fancy various; and as Beauty sweet.
Applauding Angels with attention hung,
To learn the heav'nly accents from her tongue;
They, in the midnight hour, beheld her rise
Beyond the verge of sublunary skies;
Where, rapt in joys to mortal sense unknown,
She felt a flame extatic as their own.
O while distinguish'd in the realms above,
The blest abode of harmony and love,
Thy happy spirit joins the heav'nly throng,
Glows with their transports, and partakes their song;
Fixt on my soul shall thy example grow,
And be my genius and my guide below;
To this I'll point my first, my noblest views,
Thy spotless verse shall regulate my Muse.
And O forgive, though faint the transcript be,
That copies an original like thee:
My justest pride, my best attempt for fame,
That joins my own to Philomela's name.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY. 1739.

Ιω Σκοτος εμον φαος, ερεβος
Ω φαεινον ὡς εμοι
Ελεσθ' ελεσθ' οικητορα
Ελεσθε μ'——

Sophocles. [*] *Αιας μαστιγ:* V. 397, &c.

Come Melancholy! silent Pow'r,
Companion of my lonely hour,
To sober thought confin'd:
Thou sweetly-sad ideal guest,
In all thy soothing charms confest,
Indulge my pensive mind.

No longer wildly hurried thro'
The tides of Mirth, that ebb and flow,
In Folly's noisy stream:
I from the busy croud retire,
To court the objects that inspire
Thy philosophic dream.

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews
With solitary steps I muse,
By thy direction led:
Here, cold to Pleasure's tempting forms,
Consociate with my sister-worms,
And mingle with the dead.

---

[*] Alas! shades of night, my day,
O darkness, light to me,
Take, oh take me away to dwell with you,
Take me away.——

Ye midnight horrors! awful gloom!
Ye silent regions of the tomb,
My future peaceful bed:
Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,
And ev'ry sorrow lie repos'd
In Death's refreshing shade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night,
Before my intellectual sight
In solemn pomp ascend:
O tell how trifling now appears
The train of idle hopes and fears
That varying life attend.

Ye faithless idols of our sense,
Here own how vain your fond pretence,
Ye empty names of joy!
Your transient forms like shadows pass,
Frail offspring of the magic glass,
Before the mental eye.

The dazzling colours, falsely bright,
Attract the gazing vulgar sight
With superficial state:
Thro' Reason's clearer optics view'd,
How stript of all its pomp, how rude
Appears the painted cheat.

Can wild Ambition's tyrant pow'r,
Or ill-got Wealth's superfluous store,
The dread of death controul?
Can Pleasure's more bewitching charms
Avert, or sooth the dire alarms
That shake the parting soul?

Religion! e'er the hand of Fate
Shall make Reflection plead too late,
  My erring senses teach,
Amidst the flatt'ring hopes of youth,
To meditate the solemn truth,
  These awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams disperse
The mist of error, whence our fears
  Derive their fatal spring:
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And soften to an angel form
  The pale terrific King.

When sunk by guilt in sad despair,
Repentance breathes her humble pray'r,
  And owns thy threat'nings just:
Thy voice the shudd'ring suppliant chears,
With Mercy calms her tort'ring fears,
  And lifts her from the dust.

Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
Beyond the range of low desires,
  In nobler views elate:
Unmov'd her destin'd change surveys,
And, arm'd by Faith, intrepid pays
  The universal debt.

In Death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
She sleeps, by smiling visions blest,
  That gently whisper peace:
'Till the last morn's fair op'ning ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
  Of active life and bliss.

ODE. 1739.

With restless agitations tost,
  And low immers'd in woes,
When shall my wild distemper'd thoughts
  Regain their lost repose?

Beneath the deep oppressive gloom
  My languid spirits fade:
And all the drooping pow'rs of life
  Decline to Death's cold shade.

O thou! the wretched's sure retreat,
  These tort'ring cares controul,
And with the cheerful smile of peace,
  Revive my fainting soul!

Did ever thy relenting ear
  The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
  And supplicate in vain?

Opprest with grief and shame, dissolv'd
  In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
  And dissipates our fears.

New life, from thy refreshing grace
  Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentle, best lov'd attribute
  To pity and forgive.

From that blest source propitious Hope
  Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft diffusive beam
  O'er Sorrow's dismal night.

Dispers'd by her superior force,
  The sullen shades retire,
And op'ning gleams of new-born joy
  The conscious soul inspire.

My griefs confess her vital pow'r,
  And bless the friendly ray;
Fair Phosphor to the smiling morn
  Of everlasting day.

THOUGHTS ON MIDNIGHT. 1739.

While Night in solemn shade invests the Pole,
And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul;
While Reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away:
To thee! all-conscious presence! I devote
This peaceful interval of sober thought.
Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of sacred silence thine.
  If by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from Virtue's path has stray'd:
If by example snar'd, by passion warm'd,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd,
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.

Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
It's utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.
But ah! how oft' my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve!
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft' when thy gracious Spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will his gentle aid represt,
And check'd the rising goodness in my breast,
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.
With grief opprest, and prostrate in the dust,
Should'st thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
But oh thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair:
From rig'rous Justice steals the vengeful hour;
Softens the dreadful attribute of power;
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.
All pow'rful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey:
Lest lurking Folly with insidious art
Regain my volatile inconstant heart.
Shall ev'ry high resolve devotion frames,
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
Or rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this still hour each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb.

Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
'Till the last morn it's orient beam disclose:
Then, when the great Archangel's potent sound,
Shall echo thro' Creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the sleep of Death, with joy survey
The op'ning splendors of eternal day.

A DIALOGUE. 1740.

SAYS Body to Mind[*], 'Tis amazing to see,
We're so nearly related yet never agree,
But lead a most wrangling strange sort of a life,
As great plagues to each other as husband and wife.

---

[*] When this Poem was first handed about in manuscript, some captious and frivolous objections were made to its tendency, which occasioned the following letter to Mrs. Carter from her father.

February 12, 1740-1.

" I cannot, even by the help of my spectacles, discern any thing in the Dialogue injurious to the orthodoxy either of reason or religion. I am aware, that some Sceptics will charge this position with contradiction. For what third party can carry it fair with two others, which are (say they) always quarrelling? Sed ad rem. I like the verses very well, and think the objection against *mud walls* improperly made. 'Twas the business of each litigant to run down its opponent. And truely (though it is a coarse expression for me to use to a lady) the body is no better. The interpretation of *Restlessness, Discontent,* is scarce less ridiculous than the sagacious conjecture of its intention to run down all *speculative knowledge*. Speculative knowledge, I suppose, comes from the exercise of the mind; and I was so dull at my first (and continue so at my second) reading of this piece, as to think the moral (or, if you please, the design) of it was to teach us, that the mind is the better part, and ought therefore to be chiefly cultivated by us. And why too should an endeavour to call us off from too great a love of our bodies to a greater regard to our mind, be interpreted *Spleen* and *Discontent*? In a word, I think them very pretty, and am not at all changed in my sentiments by the criticisms against them.

The fault's all your own, who with flagrant oppression,
Encroach ev'ry day on my lawful possession.
The best room in my house* you have seiz'd for your own,
And turn'd the whole tenement quite upside down,
While you hourly call in a disorderly crew
Of vagabond rogues†, who have nothing to do
But to run in and out, hurry scurry, and keep
Such a horrible uproar, I can't get to sleep.
There's my kitchen‡ sometimes is as empty as sound,
I call for my servants§, not one's to be found:
They all are sent out on your Ladyship's errand,
To fetch some more riotous guests in, I warrant!
And since things are growing, I see, worse and worse,
I'm determin'd to force you to alter your course.
  Poor Mind, who heard all with extreme moderation,
Thought it now time to speak, and make her allegation.
  'Tis I, that, methinks, have most cause to complain,
Who am crampt and confin'd like a slave in a chain,
I did but step out, on some weighty affairs,
To visit, last night, my good friends in the stars,
When, before I was got half as high as the moon,
You dispatch'd Pain and Langour to hurry me down;
Vi et Armis they seiz'd me, in midst of my flight,
And shut me in caverns as dark as the night.
  'Twas no more, reply'd Body, than what you deserv'd,
While you rambled abroad, I at home was half starv'd:
And, unless I had closely confin'd you in hold,
You had left me to perish with hunger and cold.
  I've a friend, answers Mind, who, tho' slow, is yet sure,
And will rid me, at last, of your insolent pow'r:

---

* The head.   † The thoughts.   ‡ The stomach.   § The spirits.

Will knock down your mud walls, the whole fabric demolish,
And at once your strong holds and my slav'ry abolish:
And while in the dust your dull ruins decay,
I shall snap off my chains and fly freely away.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON THE SEA-SHORE. 1741.

Thou restless fluctuating deep,
  Expressive of the human mind,
In thy for ever varying form,
  My own inconstant self I find.

How soft now flow thy peaceful waves,
  In just gradations to the shore:
While on thy brow, unclouded shines
  The regent of the midnight hour.

Blest emblem of that equal state,
  Which I this moment feel within:
Where thought to thought succeeding rolls,
  And all is placid and serene.

As o'er thy smoothly flowing tide,
  Their light the trembling moon-beams dart,
My lov'd Eudocia's image smiles,
  And gaily brightens all my heart.

But ah! this flatt'ring scene of peace,
  By neither can be long possest,
When Eurus breaks thy transient calm,
  And rising sorrows shake my breast.

Obscur'd thy Cynthia's silver ray
  When clouds opposing intervene:
And ev'ry joy that Friendship gives
  Shall fade beneath the gloom of spleen.

* TO MISS SARAH LYNCH [*]. 1742.

I HAVE lately, dear Mira, presented a prayer,
Which was safely conveyed to Apollo's right ear;
The intent of this pray'r was to beg his assistance
To write a few lines to a friend at a distance.
The god half agreed, asked on what I would write,
I answered on you, as I thought that I might.
On hearing my theme he fell into a passion,
And uttered such things as are past my expression.
"Would she scribble on *Pope* it might well be forgiv'n,
But Mira's a subject for none under heav'n."
"Besides," cries Apollo, and turned up his nose,
"Would *she* write in *verse*, let her first mend her *prose*."

TO MISS LYNCH. 1743.

WHILE thus my thoughts their softer sense express,
And strive to make the tedious hours seem less,
Say, shall these lines the name I hide impart,
And point their author to my Cynthia's heart?

---

[*] Afterwards wife of William Tatton, D. D. Prebendary of Canterbury, &c.

Will she, by correspondent friendship, own
A verse the Muse directs to her alone?
  Dear object of a love whose fond excess
No studied forms of language can express,
How vain those arts which vulgar cares controul
To banish thy remembrance from my soul!
Which fixt and constant to its fav'rite theme,
In spite of time and distance is the same:
Still feels thy absence equally severe,
Nor tastes without thee a delight sincere.
  Now cold Aquarius rules the frozen sky,
And with pale horrors strikes the chearless eye;
Sooth'd by the melancholy gloom I rove,
With lonely footsteps thro' the leafless grove;
While sullen clouds the face of heav'n invest,
And, in rude murmurs, howls the bleak North-east:
Ev'n here thy image rises to my sight,
And gilds the shade with momentary light:
It's magic pow'r transforms the wintry scene,
And gay as Eden blooms the faded plain.
  From solitude to busy crowds I fly,
And there each wild amusement idly try:
Where laughing Folly sports in various play,
And leads the chorus of the young and gay.
But here the fancy only takes a part,
The giddy mirth ne'er penetrates my heart,
Which, cold, unmov'd, by all I hear or see,
Steals from the circle to converse with thee.
  To calm Philosophy I next retire,
And seek the joys her sacred arts inspire,
Renounce the frolics of unthinking youth,
To court the more engaging charms of Truth:

With Plato soar on Contemplation's wing,
And trace perfection to th' eternal spring:
Observe the vital emanations flow,
That animate each fair degree below:
Whence Order, Elegance, and Beauty move
Each finer sense, that tunes the mind to love;
Whence all that harmony and fire that join,
To form a temper, and a soul like thine.
  Thus thro' each diff'rent track my thoughts pursue,
Thy lov'd idea ever meets my view,
Of ev'ry joy, of ev'ry wish a part,
And rules each varying motion of my heart.
  May Angels guard thee with distinguish'd care,
And ev'ry blessing be my Cynthia's share!
Thro' flow'ry paths securely may she tread,
By Fortune follow'd, and by Virtue led;
While health and ease in ev'ry look express,
The glow of beauty, and the calm of peace.
Let one bright sunshine form life's vernal day,
And clear and smiling be its ev'ning ray.
Late may she feel the softest blast of Death,
As roses droop beneath a Zephyr's breath.
Thus gently fading, peaceful rest in earth,
'Till the glad spring of Nature's second birth:
Then quit the transient winter of the tomb,
To rise and flourish in immortal bloom.

* TO THE MEMORY OF ——*.

Obiit. Oct. 13, 1742.

Could modest sense with softest manners join'd
Attract the due attention of mankind,
Unhappy Florio! thy ungentle fate
Had ne'er reproached the wealthy or the great.
In vain admir'd, applauded, and rever'd,
No gen'rous hand thy drooping genius cheared;
It's useless talents destin'd to deplore,
And sink neglected on a foreign shore;
There all thy prospects, all thy sufferings cease,
In Death, the last kind refuge of distress.
Tho' by the world abandon'd and forgot,
Let one be just and mourn thy hapless lot;
Unlike thy sex whom selfish views inspire,
To pain the guiltless object they admire,
Thy silent truth each teizing suit represt,
And only wished to see another blest.
Tho' cold to passion, true to thy desert,
Take the last tribute of a grateful heart,
Which not unconscious saw thy generous aim,
And gave thee, all it had to give, esteem;
Still o'er thy tomb it's pious sorrows rise,
And *Virtue* sheds the tear which *Love* denies.

---

* There are no memoranda remaining to shew to whose memory these, and the following affecting verses, are addressed. Their meaning, however, is sufficiently obvious, though Florio's real name be not known; and they are too beautiful to be suppress, though probably Mrs. Carter's delicacy would not allow her to publish them.

* ON

* ON THE SAME.

Oft has the wintry blast deformed the year,
And Zephyr oft restored the vernal bloom,
Florio! since first I breathed the sigh sincere,
And twin'd the cypress garland round thy tomb.

Tho' long composed thy peaceful ashes sleep
In worlds remote beneath the Southern pole;
Nor wide stretched lands, nor interposing deep,
Can check the progress of th' unfetter'd soul.

Perhaps thy gentle spirit still surveys,
With some regard the object once so dear,
Nor undelighted feels the honest praise
Which Truth bestows on Death's unflattered ear.

Yet no vain wish recals thee from the tomb
To tread the toilsome round of mortal years,
But kind Compassion, smiling, heard the doom,
That stopt thy progress thro' a vale of tears.

A vale of tears to thee was all below,
Where no glad prospect cheered the thorny way,
Save that which Virtue's piercing eyes bestow
Thro' Death's dark perspective to endless day.

TO MISS LYNCH. 1744.

OCCASIONED BY AN ODE WRITTEN BY MRS. PHILIPS.

Narcissa! still thro' ev'ry varying name,
My constant care and bright enliv'ning theme,
In what soft language shall the Muse declare
The fond extravagance of love sincere?
How all those pleasing sentiments convey,
That charm my fancy, when I think on thee?
A theme like this Orinda's thoughts inspir'd,
Nor less by Friendship than by Genius fir'd.
Then let her happier, more persuasive art
Explain th' agreeing dictates of my heart:
Sweet may her fame to late remembrance bloom,
And everlasting laurels shade her tomb,
Whose spotless verse with genuine force exprest
The brightest passion of the human breast.
In what blest clime, beneath what fav'ring skies,
Did thy fair form, propitious Friendship rise?
With mystic sense, the poet's tuneful tongue
*Urania's birth in glitt'ring fiction sung.
That Paphos first her smiling presence own'd,
Which wide diffus'd its happy influence round.
With hands united, and with looks serene,
Th' attending Graces hail'd their new-born Queen;
The Zephyrs round her wav'd their purple wing,
And shed the fragrance of the breathing Spring:

---

* There were two Venuses among the Ancients; one called Pandemus, to whom they attributed the love of wild disorderly pleasures; the other named Urania, the patroness and inspirer of Friendship, Knowledge, and Virtue.

The rosy Hours, advanc'd in silent flight,
Led sparkling Youth, and ever new Delight.
Soft sigh the winds, the waters gently roll,
A purer azure vests the lucid Pole,
All Nature welcom'd in the beauteous train,
And Heav'n and Earth smil'd conscious of the scene.
But long e'er Paphos rose, or Poet sung,
In heav'nly breasts the sacred passion sprung:
The same bright flames in raptur'd Seraphs glow,
As warm consenting tempers here below;
While one attraction mortal, Angel, binds,
Virtue, which forms the unison of minds:
Friendship her soft harmonious touch affords,
And gently strikes the sympathetic chords,
Th' agreeing notes in social measures roll,
And the sweet concert flows from soul to soul.
By Heav'n's enthusiastic impulse taught
What shining visions rose on Plato's thought!
While by the Muses gently winding flood *,
His searching fancy trac'd the sov'reign good!
The laurell'd Sisters touch'd the vocal lyre,
And Wisdom's goddess led their tuneful choir.
Beneath the genial Platane's spreading shade,
How sweet the philosophic music play'd!
Thro' all the grove, along the flow'ry shore
The charming sounds responsive echoes bore.
Here, from the cares of vulgar life refin'd,
Immortal pleasures open'd on his mind:
In gay succession to his ravish'd eyes
The animating pow'rs of beauty rise;

---

* Ilyssus, a river near Athens, dedicated to the Muses. On the banks of this river, under a platane, Plato lays the scene of some of his Dialogues on Love and Beauty.

On ev'ry object round, above, below,
Quick to the sight her vivid colours glow:
Yet, not to Matter's shadowy forms confin'd,
The *Fair* and *Good* he sought remain'd behind:
'Till gradual rising thro' the boundless whole,
He view'd the blooming graces of the soul;
Where, to the beam of intellectual day,
The genuine charms of *moral Beauty* play:
With pleasing force the strong attractions move
Each finer sense, and tune it into love.

TO MISS D'AETH*. 1744.

SAY, dear Bethia, can thy gentle mind,
In hurrying crowds a genuine pleasure find?
Amidst those scenes the giddy world admires
That whim directs, and levity inspires?
Where Folly each revolving hour employs
In one mad circle of unsettled joys:
Her bells she jingles and her tinsel spreads,
To please deluded hearts, and flutt'ring heads:
With baubles arm'd her trifling race are taught,
To kill that foe to human quiet, Thought.
With Vanity's fantastic colours gay
In youth's warm sun the glitt'ring insects play,
Careless how soon the wintry blast must come
That sweeps their useless beings to the tomb.

---

[*] Bethia, daughter of Sir Thomas D'Aeth, of Knolton, Bart.; first wife of Herbert Palmer, Esq., and afterwards of Lieutenant-Colonel Cosnan.

Tir'd with unmeaning sounds and painted shows,
Which this vain theatre of life compose;
Let peaceful Thought to happier scenes remove,
And seek the lov'd retreat of Knolton grove
Where Nature sheds her vernal sweets around,
And Fancy wanders o'er Elysian ground.
Ye flow'rs that bright in living colours glow,
Ye gales, which sweet o'er op'ning roses blow,
Ye lawns enliven'd by the solar beam,
Ye groves that wave o'er Contemplation's dream:
How aptly were your peaceful joys design'd
To match the temper of Bethia's mind,
Which her from cares and busy crowds removed,
Enjoy'd the calm retirement that it lov'd.
But now no more these blooming scenes excite
The finer sense of elegant delight:
The vernal pride of drooping Nature fades,
No more Bethia's smiles illume the shades;
No more with music's soft prevailing art
The beauteous harmonist inchants the heart,
Nor Zephyr wafts along the vocal grove
Such sounds as list'ning Angels might approve,
While her prevailing lyre directs our choice
To " long eternity and purer joys."
Ah! dear Bethia, how perverse the fate
That drives thee far from this congenial state.
Why were there once transporting pleasures known
Or why, alas! irreparably flown!
Thus the vain impotence of reasoning pride
Arraigns the present, blind to all beside.
Yet Heav'n all wise, indulgently severe,
Which makes our truest happiness it's care,

These cross events of varying life design'd,
To prove the latent forces of the mind:
Let human bliss an equal tenor boast,
And half our Nature's excellence is lost.
Virtue by Fortune lull'd in soft repose,
Is wak'd to action by alarming woes:
When in the beam of Fate's unclouded day,
She walks with Pleasure, thro' the flow'ry way,
She only shares a weak divided fame,
Our erring senses think their form the same;
O'er Sorrow's night her rays distinguish'd shine,
And Heav'n and Earth confess her charms divine.
  Still may her aid each absent good supply,
Prompt the bright hope, and check the rising sigh:
Tho' now the dark inclement seasons low'r,
Immortal Virtue mocks their feeble pow'r:
Secur'd by Heav'n her fair possession lies,
Beyond the gloom of sublunary skies.
There smiles the spring in endless verdure gay,
While Knolton's flow'ry prospects fade away,
And all my lov'd Bethia loses here,
The blooming walks of Eden shall repair.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN A THUNDER STORM.

TO MISS LYNCH. 1745.

LET coward Guilt with pallid Fear,
  To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate,
  That thunders thro' the sky.

Protected by that Hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick clouds tremendous gloom,
The light'nings lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious pow'r,
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever varying scene,
By diff'rent ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is universal good.

The same unchanging mercy rules
When flaming Æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By Reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest;
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated Angels round
Their guardian wings extend.

When, thro' Creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul:

Unmov'd mayst thou the final storm,
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day.

TO DR. WALWYN*. 1745.

ON HIS DESIGN OF CUTTING DOWN A SHADY WALK.

In plaintive notes, that tun'd to woe
The sadly sighing breeze,
A weeping Hamadryad mourn'd,
Her fate-devoted trees.

Ah! stop thy sacrilegious hand,
Nor violate the shade,
Where Nature form'd a silent haunt
For Contemplation's aid.

Canst thou, the son of Science, train'd
Where learned Isis flows,
Forget, that nurs'd in shelt'ring groves
The Grecian genius rose?

Beneath the platane's spreading branch,
Immortal Plato taught:
And fair Lyceum form'd the depth
Of Aristotle's thought.

---

* Prebendary of Canterbury. That which was his house, stands in the South-west corner of the Green-court, and now belongs to Dr. Coombe. The walk, however, was not spared.

To Latian groves reflect * thy view,
  And bless the Tuscan † gloom:
Where Eloquence deplor'd the fate
  Of Liberty and Rome.

Within the beechen shade retir'd,
  From each inspiring bough,
The Muses wove unfading wreaths,
  To circle Virgil's brow.

Reflect, before the fatal axe
  My threatned doom has wrought:
Nor sacrifice to sensual taste
  The nobler growth of thought.

Not all the glowing fruits, that blush
  On India's sunny coast,
Can recompense thee for the worth
  Of one idea lost.

My shade a produce may supply,
  Unknown to solar fire:
And what excludes Apollo's rays,
  Shall harmonize his lyre ‡.

---

* *Reflect* is properly a verb active, and is here used in the original Latin sense for *turn back*. When it is made (as grammarians call it, but I think improperly) a verb neuter in the sense of *consider*, as it is a few lines below, an accusative is understood, *reflect*, or *turn back thy thoughts*.

† *Tuscan*, Poeticâ licentiâ, for *Tusculan*, Cicero's villa.

‡ This last stanza contains that sort of point which the Italians call *Concetto*; a kind of wit which Mrs. Carter greatly disliked, and of which this is, I believe, the only instance to be found in her writings.

ON THE DEATH OF MASTER QUESTED*. 1745.

How vain the joys that human pride elate,
Dependent on the slightest chance of fate!
Here all the flatt'ring hopes of youthful bloom
Untimely blasted, wither in the tomb:
Grac'd with each merit years like his could boast,
Too soon discover'd, as too early lost:
Studious by ev'ry pleasing art to prove,
Th' endearing tenderness of filial love,
Which guided still by Nature's gentlest voice,
Prepar'd him for that Heav'n he now enjoys.
Yet let not grief pronounce that doom unjust,
Which lays a parent's fairest hopes in dust;
The lovely object of these selfish tears,
Felt ev'ry joy of life without it's cares;
To him the world display'd its first best sight,
And touch'd his infant senses with delight.
What more, alas! had added years to give?
To live for *Virtue* is alone to live:
And what that Virtue, but with painful art,
To check the strong emotions of the heart:
The hydra forms of Folly to subdue,
And strive with passions, which *he* never knew.
Heav'n, which the doubtful conflict kindly spar'd,
Without the toil, bestow'd the bright reward:
Death gently call'd him from his guiltless play,
And clos'd his eyes to wake in endless day.
Let Grief submit to Pow'r all good and wise,
And yield the spotless victim to the skies.

---

* Only son of a private gentleman of Canterbury.

TO MISS LYNCH. April 9, 1746.

Still may this morn with fairest lustre rise,
And find thee still more happy and more wise:
The smiling year with some new pleasure crown,
And add some virtue to the past unknown;
E'en that, whose future progress shall deface
The transient pride of each external grace,
Survey the soul more beauteous, young, and gay,
And chearful to the latest natal day,
Which gilds the ruins of declining age,
And lights it safely to its farthest stage.
Where roses blush, and soft-wing'd zephyrs play,
Thro' Pleasure's walks if youth unbounded stray,
Enjoy each product of the vernal hour,
Seize ev'ry green, and rifle ev'ry flow'r;
Though with each smiling hue the garland bloom,
And Fortune add her variegated plume,
How soon, alas! the gay fantastic wreath
Must wither on the pallid brow of Death!
It's languid sweets in mournful dust be laid,
And all it's unreviving colours fade!
Thus the false forms of vanity descend,
And in the gloom of long oblivion end:
Unreal phantoms, empty, void of pow'r,
Borne on the fleeting pinions of an hour!
Desert in death the disappointed mind,
Nor leave a trace of happiness behind!
O blest with talents fitted to obtain
What wild unthinking Folly seeks in vain,
To whom, peculiarly indulgent, Heav'n
The noblest means of happiness has giv'n,

From joys unfixt, that in possession die,
From Falshood's path my dear Narcissa fly.
See Faith with steady light direct the road
That leads unerring to the sov'reign Good:
See Virtue's hand immortal joys bestow,
That ever new in fair succession blow,
Nor dread, secure of undecaying bloom,
The ineffectual winter of the tomb.
Such sure rewards the happy choice attend,
Form'd on our Nature's origin and end.
Pure from th' eternal source of being came
That ray divine that lights the human frame:
Yet oft, forgetful of it's heavenly birth,
It sinks obscur'd beneath the weight of earth *:
Mechanic pow'rs retard it's flight, and hence
The storms of Passion, and the clouds of Sense:
'Tis Life's great task their influence to controul,
And keep the native splendor of the soul:
From false desires which wild Opinion frames,
From raging Folly's inconsistent schemes,
To guard it safe by those unerring laws,
That re-unite it to its first Great Cause.
To this bright mark may all thy actions tend,
And Heav'n succeed the wishes of a friend.
Whose faithful love directs its tender cares
Beyond the flight of momentary years:
Beyond the grave, where vulgar passions end,
To future worlds it's nobler views extend,
Which soon each imperfection must remove,
And ev'ry charm of friendship shall improve.

---

* ——— Corpus onustum
—— affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
Hor. 2. Sat. 2. 77, &c.

'Till then, the Muse essays the tuneful art,
To fix her moral lesson on thy heart,
Illume thy soul with Virtue's brightest flame,
And point it to that Heav'n from whence it came.

TO MISS HALL*. 1746.

While soft thro' water, earth, and air,
The vernal spirits rove,
From noisy joys, and giddy crowds,
To rural scenes remove.

The mountain snows are all dissolv'd,
And hush'd the blust'ring gale:
While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe,
Along the flow'ry vale.

The circling planets constant rounds
The wintry wastes repair:
And still, from temporary death,
Renew the verdant year.

But ah! when once our transient bloom,
The spring of life is o'er,
That rosy season takes it's flight,
And must return no more.

Yet judge by Reason's sober rules,
From false opinion free,
And mark how little pilf'ring years
Can steal from you or me.

---

* Afterwards wife of the Rev. John Nairn, of Kingston, near Canterbury.

Each moral pleasure of the heart,
Each lasting charm of truth,
Depends not on the giddy aid
Of wild, inconstant youth.

The vain coquet, whose empty pride
A fading face supplies,
May justly dread the wintry gloom,
Where all it's glory dies.

Leave such a ruin to deplore,
To fading forms confin'd:
Nor age, nor wrinkles discompose
One feature of the mind.

Amidst the universal change
Unconscious of decay,
It views, unmov'd, the scythe of Time
Sweep all besides away.

Fixt on it's own eternal frame,
Eternal are it's joys:
While, borne on transitory wings,
Each mortal pleasure flies.

While ev'ry short-liv'd flower of sense
Destructive years consume,
Thro' Friendship's fair enchanting walks
Unfading myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow bounds of Time,
The beauteous prospect ends,
But lengthen'd thro' the vale of Death,
To Paradise extends.

ODE TO WISDOM *. 1746.

The solitary Bird of Night
Thro' the pale shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tow'r:
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And faithful to thy summons bend,
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray:
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sport her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! Queen of ev'ry art
"That glads the sense, or mends the heart,"
Blest source of purer joys:
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight,
With pleasure and surprize!

---

* First published in the Gentleman's Magazine, and then by Richardson in his Clarissa. See his letter in the "Memoirs."

To thy unspotted shrine I bow,
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires:
But taught by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytheréa's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r:
Let Av'rice, Vanity, and Pride,
These glitt'ring envy'd toys divide,
The dull rewards of Care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart
By studious thought refin'd:
For Wealth, the smiles of glad Content,
For Pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb:
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite:
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

Th' offended laurel seem'd to shrink,
  As trembling I drew near:
The vocal leaves these sounds convey'd
  To my attentive ear:

" Rash spoiler cease; nor let thy hand
  " My sacred branch profane:
" These honours to the wise belong,
  " Not to the weak and vain."

TO MISS WILBRAHAM. 1747.

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

Let not ungentle Daphne's scorn
  Thy rising hopes restrain:
Apollo, Pow'r of Wit and Verse,
  Her favour su'd in vain.

Tho' rude at first, the sacred branch
  Of Honour she denies,
Repeated efforts shall prevail,
  And gain the beauteous prize.

That beauteous prize the patient toils
  Of Perseverance claim:
Whose hand alone must weave the wreath
  Of undecaying fame.

Far from the downy bed of sloth
  The tuneful sisters fly;
Whose soul-refining arts, each grace
  Of polish'd life supply.

At gay Aurora's early call
  Their pleasing labours rise:
Nor cease when Vesper's silent beam
  Illumes the western skies.

At first, thro' paths perplex'd and rude
  Their trembling vot'ries tread:
But soon confess the tedious way,
  And ev'ry toil repaid.

When safe, beyond the storms of life,
  Before their ravish'd eyes,
The fair poetic land of joy
  In smiling prospect lies.

There vernal airs eternal play,
  To mortal climes unknown:
And flow'rs in living colours glow
  Beneath a brighter sun.

There forms, that never struck the sense
  Of vulgar sight, appear:
And music breathes, that never charm'd
  The dull untutor'd ear.

No puzzling schemes of low-born care
  Distract the peaceful mind,
Whose thoughts are by the gentle pow'rs
  Of harmony refin'd.

No longer, then, the faithful voice
  Of soothing Friendship blame:
But follow, where the Muses lead,
  To happiness and fame.

TO MISS ETHELRED LYNCH *. 1747.

FROM HER GUARDIAN ANGEL.

From climes, where one eternal spring
Emblooms the verdant year,
See, watchful o'er his beauteous charge,
Thy guardian pow'r appear.

Thy infant hours, so Heav'n ordain'd,
Engag'd my tender care:
And still unwearied I attend,
To point the hidden snare.

O listen to my faithful voice,
Which, mov'd by sacred truth,
From fading joys to real good,
Shall guide thy careless youth.

Seek not from charms of mortal birth
To purchase empty fame:
With early wisdom learn to trace
Thy being's nobler aim.

While sighing crouds of rival youths
Their idle homage pay,
Reflect, how soon the transient reign
Of beauty must decay.

By Nature's unrelenting law
Is fixt it's certain date:
Nor Flatt'ry's unavailing breath,
Can change eternal fate.

---

* Daughter to the Rev. Dr. Lynch, Dean of Canterbury, &c. afterwards wife of the Rev. Thomas Hey, D.D.

Amidst the frolic sports of youth,
  Some lasting charm engage,
To gild the solitary gloom
  Of unadmir'd old age.

To Time's inexorable pow'r
  Has Heav'n's decree consign'd,
All but the undecaying bloom
  Of fair, immortal Mind.

While Vanity's fantastic schemes
  The gay coquet employ,
Let Virtue's nobler study form
  My Ethelinda's joy.

For Folly's transports of an hour,
  And low-designing art,
Be Reason's sober Pleasures thine,
  And innocence of heart.

Tho' charms thus modest and retir'd
  Attract no coxcomb's sight,
Applauding Angels own their worth,
  And view them with delight.

TO ———. 1748.

The midnight moon serenely smiles,
  O'er Nature's soft repose;
No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
  Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still:
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to Reason's voice,
Attends each mental pow'r:
Come dear Emilia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come: while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round,
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happiness be found?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals!
And thro' the cloister's deep recess,
Invading Sorrow steals.

In vain thro' Beauty, Fortune, Wit,
The fugitive we trace:
It dwells not in the faithless smile,
That brightens Clodio's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds:
Ah! dear delusion! gay conceit
Of visionary minds!

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place it's being in some state,
At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
Of Pow'r supremely wise,
Who fancy happiness in ought
The hand of Heav'n denies!

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious Reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is happiness confin'd,
And deaf to Folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

TO MISS HALL. 1748.

WRITTEN AT AN ORATORIO.

Ye Pow'rs of Harmony, whose gentle aid
Could once the finest sense of joy excite,
Where now is all your vital influence fled,
Where vanish'd ev'ry elegant delight!

Me better fits in unfrequented wastes,
To sooth each tender sentiment of woe,
Where, in sad concert sigh the wintry blasts,
And dying streams in plaintive numbers flow.

Or, lonely wand'ring o'er the dewy plain,
By pensive Cynthia's melancholy light,
I'll fly from music's ineffectual strain,
Attentive to the wailing bird of night.

To me how tasteless ev'ry scene of joy,
The vacant heart by happy impulse feels:
While mine, which thoughts of genuine grief employ,
From cheerful crowds to drear Retirement steals.

There, hapless coward in the doubtful strife
My fainting pow'rs each active function leave,
I droop beneath the dull fatigue of life,
And wish the peaceful refuge of the grave.

Impatient wish! Shall suff'rers of an hour,
With impious voice ungratefully complain,
Forgetful that the gracious hand of Pow'r,
With happy ages pays the transient pain!

* TO MISS HALL. 1749.

Thus sunk in Fancy's melancholy dream,
The Muse her lyre to strains of sorrow tun'd,
The string still vibrates with the mournful theme,
And starting Mem'ry dreads the painful sound.

At length 'tis past, the threat'ning danger o'er,
No more I toss on Life's tempestuous seas,
But idly slumb'ring on the peaceful shore,
Enjoy the calm of unexpected ease.

Tho' each gay scheme to Youth and Fancy dear,
  In one wild storm is wreck'd and ever lost;
No fond complaint shall call the fate severe
  That lands myself securely on the coast.

Deep in Retirement's silent vale confin'd,
  The world in all its tempting forms I lose;
Nor idly murmur at the change assign'd,
  Forgetful of the blessings it bestows.

As Heav'n all-wise determines each event,
  May its just laws my ductile passions guide;
Clear the dark brow of sullen Discontent,
  And check the restless insolence of Pride.

Unchang'd my gay serenity of mind,
  Tho' ever fixt on this extremest shore;
As when, my dear Myrtilla, unconfin'd,
  With thee I wandered on the banks of Stour.

Tho' now, as several lots our fate divide,
  Through varying life by different roads we tend,
The same directing pow'r, our common guide,
  Shall re-unite us at our journey's end.

Till then attentive to the present hour,
  The good it brings with grateful sense we'll taste*;
While Virtue shall our future joys secure,
  And faithful Memory guard the pleasing past.

* Dona præsentis rape lætus horæ.
Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 8.

TO THE SAME*. 1749.

Well did my dear Myrtilla's prayer,
To guardian Heav'n's protecting care
Her wand'ring friend commit:
Whose steps by faithless eyes † misled,
Bewilder'd in the dubious shade
The well known path-way quit.

What could I do? Perplex'd, alone,
In vain the constellations shone,
Too weak to mark my way:
No guide the choral Pleiads gave,
And beauteous smil'd the star of Eve
With ineffectual ray.

'Tis dreary solitude around:
To chear my hopes no village sound,
No taper thro' the trees:
The distant waters murm'ring roll,
Dire sung the lamentable owl,
And faintly sigh'd the breeze.

But soon, in diff'rent notes, too near
Discordant voices stun my ear,
With formidable roar;
The lawless crew of revelling Sin,
Their midnight orgies now begin,
To Bacchus' frantic pow'r.

---

* This Poem was founded upon Mrs. Carter's having lost her way in returning home from a visit to her friend.

† Alluding to her being remarkably near-sighted.

Yet, tho' by fear confused and lost,
My path no son of riot crost,
Unhurt I pass the gloom:
Unconscious where, or how I fled
By watchful Providence convey'd,
I gain my wish'd-for home.

In Life's long journey as we tend,
The same all-gracious Pow'r defend,
And lead us safely thro':
Protect when threat'ning fears assail,
And where the lights of Reason fail,
A surer guide bestow!

Whether in flow'ry paths we stray
Or labour thro' a gloomy way
Perplexing and unev'n:
Thro' Passion's snare, and Error's night,
Conduct our falt'ring steps aright
To reach their native Heav'n.

TO MISS BURTON. 1750.

ON A WATCH.

While this gay toy attracts thy sight,
Thy reason let it warn;
And seize, my dear, that rapid time
That never must return.

If idly lost, no art or care
  The blessing can restore:
And Heav'n exacts a strict account
  For ev'ry mis-spent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
  And soon its prospects end:
Yet on that day's uncertain date
  Eternal years depend.

Yet equal to our being's aim
  The space to Virtue giv'n:
And ev'ry minute well improv'd
  Secures an age in Heav'n.

TO MISS UNDERDOWN*. 1750.

ON A WATCH.

UNLIKE the triflers whose contracted view,
Ne'er looks beyond a glitt'ring outside show,
In this machine with moral eyes survey
How gliding life steals silently away;
And, mindful of its short determined space,
Improve the flying moments as they pass.
  See rolling years with quick dispatch, decide
The transient date of sublunary pride:
See Beauty, Genius, Fortune, Fair, Sublime,
Borne headlong down the rapid stream of Time:

---

* Afterwards wife to John Carter, Esq. of Deal.

O'er their sad wrecks, along the fatal shore,
Rapacious Death asserts his tyrant pow'r;
There all their momentary glories fade,
In dull Oblivion's everlasting shade.
Is all that Nature or that Art can boast
In undistinguish'd, final ruin lost?
Must all partake the same unalter'd doom,
The sport of Time, and victims of the Tomb?
One only good secure, unchang'd, defies
The giddy whirl of sublunary skies;
Which see, uninfluenc'd by their wild controul,
Offspring of Heav'n, the undecaying soul.
To this unfailing excellence devote
The morn of Reason, and the prime of Thought.
Tho' youth and beauty diff'rent tasks persuade,
That youth must languish, and that beauty fade:
Destructive years no graces leave behind,
But those which Virtue fixes in the mind.
How vain the want of real worth to hide,
Each flatter'd Talent's superficial pride!
Its touch in vain the mimic pencil tries,
And sounds harmonious from the lyre arise.
As some fair structure, rais'd by skilful hand,
But weakly founded on the shaking sand,
Securely stands, in sculptur'd foliage gay,
While vernal airs around its columns play:
But soon the rains descend, the tempests beat,
And each unsolid ornament defeat:
The faithless base betrays its feeble trust,
And all the beauteous trifle sinks in dust:
So sinks each grace of Nature and of Art,
Unprop'd by strong integrity of heart!

Let idle flutt'rers, miserably gay,
In dress and trifling waste their useless day;
That day, for nobler exercises giv'n,
T' adorn the soul for Happiness and Heav'n:
Beyond the triumph of these shadowy charms,
Which ev'ry beating pulse of Time alarms,
To fairer views let thy ambition tend,
Our nature's glory, and our being's end;
And seek from beauties form'd on Virtue's rules,
Th' applause of Angels, not the gaze of fools.

TO ——*. 1758.

Say, dear Emilia, what untry'd delight
Has Earth, or Air, or Ocean to bestow,
That checks thy active spirit's nobler flight,
And bounds its narrow view to scenes below?

Is Life thy passion? Let it not depend
On flutt'ring pulses, and a fleeting breath:
In sad Despair the fruitless wish must end,
That seeks it in the gloomy range of Death.

This world, deceitful idol of thy soul,
Is all devoted to his tyrant pow'r:
To form his prey the genial planets roll,
To speed his conquests flies the rapid hour.

---

* Of this beautiful Poem Mrs. Carter never chose to say to whom it was addressed, as some degree of censure seems to be implied by it. It is one of the most highly finished of the collection.

This verdant Earth, these fair surrounding skies,
  Are all the triumphs of his wasteful reign:
'Tis but to set, the brightest suns arise;
  'Tis but to wither, blooms the flow'ry plain.

'Tis but to die, Mortality was born;
  Nor struggling Folly breaks the dread decree:
Then cease the common destiny to mourn,
  Nor wish thy Nature's laws revers'd for thee.

The sun that sets, again shall gild the skies;
  The faded plain reviving flow'rs shall grace:
But hopeless fall[*], no more on Earth to rise,
  The transitory forms of human race.

No more on Earth: but see, beyond the gloom,
  Where the short reign of Time and Death expires,
Victorious o'er the ravage of the tomb,
  Smiles the fair object of thy fond desires.

The seed of Life, below, imperfect lies,
  To Virtue's hand its cultivation giv'n:
Form'd by her care, the beauteous plant shall rise,
  And flourish with unfading bloom in heav'n.

---

[*] Like *leaves*—a very ancient metaphor. See Isaiah xl. ver. 6, &c. And Homer; Il. 6. v. 146. *Οιη ϖερ φυλλων γενεη, τοιηδε και ανδρων.*

SONETTO

SONETTO PROEMIALE.

DEL ABATE METASTASIO.

Sogni, e Favole io fingo, e pure in Carte
  Mentre Favole e Sogni orno e disegno,
In lor, folle ch' io son! prendo tal parte
  Che del mal ch' inventai, piango e mi sdegno.

Ma forse ch' allor che non m' inganna l'arte
  Più saggio io sono; è l'agitato Ingegno
Forse allor più tranquillo? o forse parte
  Da più salda Cagion l'Amor, lo sdegno?

Ah che non sol quello ch' io Canto, e Scrivo
Favole son; ma quanto Temo o Spero
Tutto è Menzogna: e delirando io vivo.

Sogno della mea vita è il Corso intero
Deh Tu Signor, quando a destarmi arrivo,
Fa ch' io trovi Riposo in Sen del vero.

TRANSLATED. 1753.

Fables and dreams my sportive genius feigns:
  Yet dreams and fables while I range with art,
Caught by their magic force, to serious pains
  Th' inventive head betrays the simple heart:
Imagin'd woes with real grief I mourn,
Imagin'd wrongs resent with real scorn.

Yet, when by Fancy's influence unconfin'd,
  Does Wisdom give my throbbing bosom laws?
Do calmer thoughts compose my ruffled mind?
  Springs love or anger from a better cause?

Ah! not alone the Muse's gay deceit
  Is empty fable, but my hopes and fears:
This busy scene is one perpetual cheat,
  One wild delirium all my fruitless years!

An idle dream is all I act or speak,
  The cares of age, the vivid starts of youth:
Thou! when from Folly's fev'rish sleep I wake,
  Great God! compose me in the arms of Truth!

CANZONE

DEL ABATE METASTASIO.

I.

Ecco quel fiero Istante
Nice, mia Nice addio!
Come viv'rò Ben mio
Così lontan da tè?
Io vivro sempre in pene
Io non avrò più Bene,
E tu, chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me?

II.

Soffri ch' in Traccio almeno
Di mia perduta pace
Venga il pensier seguace
Sul' orme del tuo piè
Sempre nel tuo Camino,
Sempre m'avrai vicino.
E tu, &c.

III.

Io fra romite Sponde,
Mesto volgendo i passi,
Andro Chiedendo a i Sassi,
La Ninfa mia dov' è?
Dal un a l' altra Aurora,
I' andrò Chiamando ognora.
E tu, &c.

TRANSLATED. 1753.

I.

Ah Delia! see the fatal hour[*],
  Farewel my soul's delight!
But how shall wretched Damon live,
  Thus banish'd from thy sight?
To my fond heart no rival joy
  Supplies the loss of thee:
But who can tell if thou, my dear,
  Wilt e'er remember me?

II.

Yet while my restless wand'ring thoughts
  Pursue their lost repose,
Unwearied may they trace the path
  Where'er my Delia goes.
For ever Damon shall be there,
  Attendant on thy way,
But who can tell, &c.

III.

Alone thro' unfrequented wilds,
  With pensive steps I rove;
I ask the rocks, I ask the streams,
  Where dwells my absent love?
The silent Eve, the rosy Morn,
  My constant search survey;
But who can tell, &c.

---

[*] This Song was set to music by Kotzwara, a German composer, who met with a premature end a few years since under peculiar circumstances of the most abandoned vice.

IV.

Io rivedrò Sovente,
Le amene Spiagge, o Nice,
Ove Vivea felice,
Quando Vivea con te.
A mi saran Tormento,
Cento Memorie e cento
E tu, &c.

V.

Quanti vedrai giungendo,
Al nuovo tuo Soggiorno,
Quanti venirti intorno,
Ed offrirti Amor e Fè:
Ah Dio che sa, fra tanti
Tenere Omaggi e pianti
Ah Dio che sa se mai
Ti sovverai di me?

VI.

Pensa qual dolce Strale,
Cara mi lasci in Seno:
Pensa ch' ama Fileno,
Senza Sperar Mercè.
Pensa mia Nice a questo
Barbaro Adio funesto
Pensa —— ah chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me!

IV.

Oft I'll review the smiling scene,
Each fav'rite brook and tree,
Where gaily past the happy hours,
Those hours I past with thee.
What painful fond memorials rise
From ev'ry place I see:
But who, &c.

V.

How many rival vot'ries soon
Their soft address shall move,
Surround thee in thy new abode,
And tempt thy soul to love.
Ah who can tell, while sighing crouds
Their tender homage pay,
Ah, who can tell, if thou, my dear,
Wilt then remember me!

VI.

Think, Delia, with how deep a wound
The sweetly-painful dart,
Which thy remembrance leaves behind,
Has pierc'd a hopeless heart.
Think on this fatal, sad adieu,
That severs me from thee:
Think—Ah who knows, if thou, my love,
Wilt ever think on me!

TO MRS. HONEYWOOD.

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF SOME VERSES ADDRESSED TO GENERAL HONEYWOOD, HER HUSBAND.

O'ER these soft lines the drooping Graces sigh,
And injur'd Love his rosy chaplet tears:
The useless lustre fades in Beauty's eye,
And Genius, while it frames the verse, despairs.

Were these the patient suff'rer's only boast,
How deep the ruin! how severe the smart!
When all, that charms the world beside, is lost
On tasteless Damon's cold unfeeling heart

Yet tho' from these the faithless rover flies,
On surer aids her better hopes depend;
While fickle human passions fall and rise,
Secure of fixing *one* unfailing friend.

"Acquaint thyself with" Him, "and be at peace,"
To his attentive ear thy griefs confide:
His tender care each throbbing pain shall ease,
His arm sustain thee, and his counsel guide.

No cold neglect the faithful heart repays,
Whose steadfast aim solicits *his* regard:
Each wish for merit, each attempt to please
He views, and his approving smiles reward.

Thro' ev'ry changing scene his constant love
Alike shall make its happy object blest:
Shall ev'ry joy of active life improve,
And sooth its latest agonies to rest.

When Youth and Beauty deck that form no more,
And Time, at length, shall claim what long it spares,
His vital smile shall ev'ry charm restore,
And bid them bloom thro' everlasting years.

'Till then the hope, by Damon's vows betray'd,
And wand'ring long on Passion's stormy seas,
By *his* unerring guidance safely led,
Shall fix her anchor on the rock of Peace.

TO THE REV. DR. CARTER.

Causa fuit Pater his———
Hor.

Thou by whose fondness and paternal care
Distinguish'd blessings glad my cheerful days,
While first my thoughts indulgent Heav'n revere,
Receive the second tribute of my praise.

Thy hand my infant mind to Science form'd,
And gently led it thro' the thorny road:
With love of Wisdom, and of Virtue warm'd,
And turn'd from idle toys to real good.

O gift beyond Ambition's giddy aim,
Superior to the envy'd blaze of Wealth,
The loudest triumphs of applauding Fame,
And ev'ry joy of idly lavish'd Health!

Whate'er the tuneful Muse, or pensive Sage
To Fancy warbled, or to Reason show'd,
The treasur'd stores of each enlighten'd age
My studious search to thy direction ow'd.

Ne'er did thy voice assume a master's pow'r,
Nor force assent to what thy precepts taught;
But bid my independent spirit soar,
In all the freedom of unfetter'd thought.

Nor e'er by blind Constraint and servile Awe,
Compell'd to act a cold external part:
But fixt my duties by that sacred law,
That rules the secret movements of the heart.

Blest law of liberty! with gentle lead
To regulate our erring nature giv'n,
And vindicate, from slavish human dread,
The unreserv'd obedience due to Heav'n.

Still be that sacred law my faithful guide,
Conduct my actions, and my soul engage:
Then ev'ry generous care, thy youth apply'd,
Shall form the comfort of declining age.

TO MISS TALBOT.

Ηνιδε σιγα μεν ποντος, σιγωνται δ'αηται[*].

THEOC.

How sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,
Where ebbing waters musically roll:
And Solitude, and silent Eve restore
The philosophic temper of the soul.

---

[*] Calm is the sea, and hush'd is ev'ry wind.

The sighing gale, whose murmurs lull to rest
  The busy tumult of declining day,
To sympathetic quiet sooths the breast,
  And ev'ry wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care,
  Your task be ended with the setting sun:
Let all be undisturb'd vacation here,
  While o'er yon wave ascends the peaceful moon.

What beauteous visions o'er the soften'd heart,
  In this still moment all their charms diffuse,
Serener joys, and brighter hopes impart,
  And chear the soul with more than mortal views.

Here, faithful Mem'ry wakens all her pow'rs,
  She bids her fair ideal forms ascend,
And quick to ev'ry gladden'd thought restores
  The social Virtue, and the absent Friend.

Come Musidora, come, and with me share
  The sober pleasures of this solemn scene,
While no rude tempest clouds the ruffled air,
  But all, like thee, is smiling and serene.

Come, while the cool, the solitary hours
  Each foolish care, and giddy wish controul,
With all thy soft persuasion's wonted pow'rs,
  Beyond the stars transport my listening soul.

Oft, when on Earth detain'd by empty show,
  Thy voice has taught the trifler how to rise;
Taught her to look with scorn on things below,
  And seek her better portion in the skies.

Come: and the sacred eloquence repeat:
The world shall vanish at its gentle sound,
Angelic forms shall visit this retreat,
And op'ning Heav'n diffuse its glories round.

TO MISS MARGARET CARTER*.

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam Homini satis
Cautum est in horas———
———improvisa Leti
Vis rapuit, rapietque Gentes.
HOR.

Ah! why with restless, anxious search explore,
Thro' distant realms the progress of disease?
In ev'ry clime, with like destructive pow'r
The hand of Death his hapless prey shall seize.

Not more remote where genial suns arise,
And healthful airs o'er fragrant blossoms play,
Than where the putrid vapour blasts the skies,
And spreads infection o'er the lurid day.

Where sprightly Youth, and blooming Beauty sport,
He joins the chorus, and partakes the show:
And where the Graces and the Loves resort,
Amidst their roses, twines his cypress bough.

The bowl he snatches from ungovern'd Joy,
Where Riot calls, a quick rapacious guest:
And, slowly-sure, his lurking arts destroy
The solitary Hermit's frugal feast.

---

[*] Afterwards wife of the Rev. Dr. Pennington.

To what blest realm can trembling Fear retire,
Unconscious of his universal sway?
Then why with anxious fruitless search enquire
Who first or last must fall his destin'd prey?

Yes: one blest realm shall grant a safe retreat,
One faithful guide the *living way* supply:
To his direction let the soul submit,
And calmly yield to Death whate'er can *die.*

TO MRS. MONTAGU.

Where are those hours, on rosy pinions borne,
Which brought to ev'ry guiltless wish success?
When Pleasure gladden'd each returning morn,
And ev'ry ev'ning clos'd in calms of Peace.

How smil'd each object, when by Friendship led,
Thro' flow'ry paths we wander'd unconfin'd:
Enjoy'd each airy hill, or solemn shade,
And left the bustling empty world behind.

With philosophic, social sense survey'd
The noon-day sky in brighter colours shone:
And softer o'er the dewy landscape play'd
The peaceful radiance of the silent moon.

Those hours are vanish'd with the changing year,
And dark December clouds the summer scene:
Perhaps, alas! for ever vanish'd here,
No more to bless distinguish'd life again.

Yet not like those by thoughtless Folly drown'd,
In blank Oblivion's sullen, stagnant deep,
Where, never more to pass their fated bound,
The ruins of neglected being sleep.

But lasting traces mark the happier hours,
Which active Zeal in Life's great task employs:
Which Science from the waste of Time secures,
Or various Fancy gratefully enjoys.

O still be ours to each improvement giv'n,
Which Friendship doubly to the heart endears:
Those hours, when banish'd hence, shall fly to Heav'n,
And claim the promise of eternal years.

TO THE EARL OF BATH.

Bright are the beams meridian suns diffuse;
Yet drooping Nature mourns their force severe:
And hails the gentle fall of ev'ning dews,
Whose cooling drops the wither'd world repair.

Bright is our mortal being's noon-tide state,
The glowing breast when new-born spirits fire:
When vast designs th' aspiring soul elate,
And fair achievements ev'ry wish inspire.

While unrelax'd the springs of Action play,
And gay Success on raptur'd Fancy smiles,
She bids all dangers and all doubts give way,
To crown the Hero's, or the Statesman's toils.

Untaught what cross events the wise confound,
How Time and Chance the boast of pow'r deride,
Exulting Hope o'erleaps the fated bound,
By imperfection fixt to human pride.

Subdu'd at length beneath laborious life,
With Passion struggling, and by Care deprest,
In peaceful age, that ends the various strife,
The harrass'd Virtues gladly sink to rest.

Yet not in flow'ry Indolence reclin'd,
They waste th' important gift of sober hours:
To ev'ry state has Heav'n its task assign'd,
To ev'ry task assign'd its needful pow'rs.

Within the fun'ral cypress awful gloom,
Shall Pleasure her fantastic garlands wreathe?
Shall giddy Mirth profane the neighb'ring tomb,
And Folly riot in the vale of Death?

For better purposes, to favour'd man
Is length of days, tremendous blessing! given;
To regulate our life's disorder'd plan,
And purify the blemish'd soul for Heav'n.

For oft, alas! amidst our fairest aim,
The busy passions mix their fatal art,
Perplex defective Virtue's genuine scheme,
And slily warp the unsuspecting heart.

Oft too, by inconsistent crouds misled,
Our devious steps thro' winding mazes stray:
How few the simple path of duty tread,
And stedfast keep their Heav'n-directed way!

With calm severity, unpassion'd Age
  Detects the specious fallacies of Youth:
Reviews the motives, which no more engage,
  And weighs each action in the scale of Truth.

The soul no more on mortal good relies,
  But nobler objects urge her hopes and fears,
And, sick of Folly, views no tempting prize
  Beneath the radiant circle of the stars.

How blest, who thus by added years improv'd,
  With cautious steps their lengthen'd journey tread:
And, from the task of sultry life remov'd,
  Converse with Wisdom in it's ev'ning shade.

Such, gracious Heav'n! be Pulteney's setting day,
  And cheerful peace it's various labours close:
May no dark cloud obscure it's soften'd ray,
  Nor ruffling tempest shake it's calm repose.

Amidst the waste of years, preserve intire
  The undecaying spirit's nobler part,
The vivid spark of intellectual fire,
  And all the gentler graces of the heart.

When late he sinks beneath the common doom,
  May sacred Hope attend his parting breath:
May Virtue gild his passage to the tomb,
  And pow'rful Faith disarm the dart of Death.

TO MISS SUTTON. 1763.

Heir of immortal being! whence that sigh
  O'er transient Life's probationary woes!
Why droops that spirit form'd to seek the sky,
  Not idly languish in a long repose?

Why wanders Fancy thro' the cypress gloom,
  Where boding ravens croak the dirge of night?
Direct it's view to *Eden's* living bloom,
  The song of Seraphs, and the realms of light.

Tho' now a toiling tenant of the dust,
  See! Heav'n it's fair inheritance displays:
And warm with gen'rous hope and filial trust,
  Exalt thy soul to joy, thy voice to praise.

He claims this tribute, whose paternal care
  Incessant watches o'er our helpless frame,
And bids the changing scenes of life prepare
  Our rising nature to a nobler aim.

Mixt with our woes, what objects of delight
  Our fated task with kind indulgence cheer!
With Beauty's endless forms *he* strikes the sight,
  And glads with Harmony the ravish'd ear.

He gives the soul enlivening pow'rs that rove
  Thro' the wide range of Nature and of Art:
And soothes by ev'ry charm of social love,
  The sympathetic feelings of the heart.

Oft when the phantoms of delusive good
With soft seduction round our senses play,
He bids Affliction lift her chast'ning rod,
And drive their unsubstantial forms away.

By Mercy prompted his correcting hand
Inflicts the stroke of salutary pain,
To check tyrannic Passion's wild demand,
And free our Reason from it's slavish chain.

Our folly tutor'd, and subdued our pride,
His healing smiles our griefs and fears controul:
And gently, thro' the paths of duty, guide
The ductile temper of the soften'd soul.

From Death's deep vale, sad refuge of despair,
My *Isabella!* raise thy drooping flight:
Nor faint beneath the task allotted here,
While *Faith* and *Hope* to happier scenes invite.

Our Nature's conflict with an inborn foe,
Paternal Goodness views with pitying eyes:
Virtue, a trembling penitent below,
Exults a joyful victor in the skies.

Ah trust, for future good, that gracious Pow'r,
Whose various gifts our mortal being bless,
Nor doubt his mercy, at the last dread hour
Shall shed the smiles of pardon, and of peace.

* ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND. 1763.

WHILE pensive Memory o'er Louisa's tomb,
Recalls each tender sentiment of woe,
The pitying pow'r that fixt her early doom,
Uncensur'd bids the virtuous sorrows flow.

With every loss, which fond affection mourns,
Our follies sicken, and our wishes rise;
The mended heart the world's gay trifles scorns,
And feels a nearer interest in the skies.

By Nature aided, Faith new strength assumes,
And every duty to the soul endears,
Which leads where each rewarded virtue blooms,
That claims a parent's or a sister's tears.

* WRITTEN DURING THE SLEEPING OF AN AFFLICTED FRIEND. 1764.

ANGELS of Peace! whose heav'nly whisper cheers
The drooping heart opprest by guiltless woes,
Shed your soft comforts o'er Cecilia's cares,
And lull the beauteous suff'rer to repose.

Let no sad image of distressful day,
Touch the quick feeling of suspended grief:
Nor hopes that vanish at the morning ray,
Delude her sorrows by a false relief.

Ye delegated guardians of the good!
While the calm hours of vacant slumber last,
Conduct her fancy to the blest abode,
Where virtue smiles on every trial past.

When waking life it's scene of care renews,
The radiant vision on her mind shall glow,
Inspirit every duty's gen'rous views,
And soften every task below.

TO MRS. VESEY. 1766.

SILENT and cool the dews of ev'ning fall,
Hush'd is the vernal music of the groves,
From yon thick boughs the birds of darkness call,
And mark the walk that Contemplation loves.

In shapeless grandeur thro' the dubious shade,
That *Gothic* structure rises unconfin'd:
Imagination feels a sacred dread,
And awes to sober thought th' astonish'd mind.

Successive seasons as they roll, survey
Still unimpair'd these solid columns stand,
While cold and senseless moulder in decay
The limbs which rais'd them, and the head which plann'd *.

---

* The Chiefs who conquer'd, and the Bard who sung.
Tickel, on the Death of Lord Cadogan.

* Not for themselves the toiling artists build,
Not for himself contrives the studious sage:
To distant views by mystic force compell'd,
All give the *present* to the *future* age.

Beneath the shelter of this reverend pile
The various schemes of busy care repose:
O'er the dark tombs, along each peopled isle,
The moon's pale beam a faint reflection throws.

Here *Death* his melancholy pomp displays,
And all his terrors strike on Fancy's eye:
To Fancy's ear each hollow gale conveys,
In chilling sounds, the last expiring sigh.

Mute is each Syren Passion's faithless song
Check'd and suspended by the solemn scene:
Mute the wild clamours of the giddy throng,
And only heard the " still small voice" within.

Ambition sick'ning views the laurel'd bust,
The weak reward for years of rival strife:
While *Pleasure's* garland withering in the dust,
Confutes the gayer hope of frolic life.

While Folly dictates, and while Reason scorns
The vain regrets of disappointed Art,
E'en Virtue sighs, while poor *Affection* mourns
The blasted comforts of the desert heart.

---

* Quid spectans nisi etiam postera sæcula ad se pertinere?
Cic. Tusc. Quæst. Lib. 1.

Yet check that impious thought, my gentle friend,
  Which bounds our prospects by our fleeting breath,
Which hopeless sees unfinish'd Life descend,
  And ever bars the prison gates of Death.

Ah! what is Friendship, if at once disjoin'd,
  The sympathetic tie unites no more?
Ah! what is Virtue, if below confin'd?
  The fruitless struggle of a toilsome hour.

To perfect good, thro' each progressive stage
  The pow'rs of intellectual being tend,
Nor raging elements, nor wasting age,
  Shall e'er defeat their Heav'n-appointed end.

To perfect joy, from pain and chance secure,
  The sighing heart springs upward from the dust,
Where safe from suff'ring, and from frailty pure,
  Unite the social spirits of the just.

O'er the sad relics of our mortal clay,
  No more let Fancy sink in hopeless grief:
But, rais'd by Faith to happier views, survey
  The blooming forms of renovated life.

To Nature rescu'd from Corruption's pow'r,
  The glad Archangel lifts his awful voice:
He swears that Time and Change shall be no more;
  Hear Earth and Heav'n! and Earth and Heav'n rejoice[*]!

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[*] It is worthy of observation how the author's style rises with her subject: in this last stanza it is elevated above the generally equal elegance of her poetry, almost to sublimity.

ELEGY

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MISS SUTTON.

OB. NOV. 12, 1768.

YES, weak Humanity! thy tender tear
  Sheds it's soft grief o'er *Isabella*'s urn,
Laments the polish'd sense, the heart sincere,
  The social charm which never must return.

Ah why with fond regret that fate lament,
  Which she so oft as Heav'n's best gift implor'd?
Her morn of youth in joyless languor spent,
  What better hope could added years afford.

In vain did Virtue guide, and Fortune smile,
  The weight of Life hung heavy on her breast:
Her fainting spirit sunk beneath it's toil,
  And sigh'd impatient for the hour of rest.

That hour is come: ere yet her sun declin'd,
  The welcome shades of Death it's labours close,
Contract the date to human woes assign'd,
  And call the weary mourner to repose.

Farewell, my much-lov'd friend! releas'd from pain,
  Possess the quiet of thy wish'd abode:
There sleep till He, who " died and rose again,"
  To joy shall wake thee " with the trump of God."

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY DART~~N~~REY *. 1772.

O SKILL'D by ev'ry pow'r of tuneful art,
  Whose magic leads the willing mind along,
To touch the finest feelings of the heart,
  And lend to Virtue all the charms of song:

When in the dark abode, where silence reigns,
  That ear, which hears thee now, shall hear no more;
Shall thy lov'd music in pathetic strains,
  The friend it charm'd in life, in death deplore?

Yes: when from ev'ry busy scene retir'd,
  Amidst the solemn twilight's dubious rays,
Thy thoughts by peaceful Solitude inspir'd,
  Recall the phantoms of departed days:

When to thy soften'd soul my form appears,
  By fond Affection view'd in Fancy's dream,
Thy gentle voice, in sweetly plaintive airs,
  Shall to the lyre accord it's tender theme.

If then thy friend, each dreaded fault forgiven,
  Above all mortal cares, all mortal aims,
In glad security enjoys that Heav'n,
  Which trembling *Penitence* from Mercy claims;

Perhaps ev'n then, above yon starry sphere,
  Thy song a blameless transport shall impart,
Soft witness to the friendship once so dear,
  By faithful Mem'ry graven on thy heart.

---

* Now Viscountess Cremorne.

Touch'd by the sorrows which from Virtue flow,
  The purest spirit might to earth incline,
To Angels point that worth it lov'd below,
  And own it's union with a soul like thine.

TO THE HON. THOMAS DAWSON*.

ÆTAT. 2. 1773.

SWEET Innocence! whose infant heart
  With op'ning life securely plays,
May ease and sprightly health conspire
  To crown thy first and fairest days.

Too soon by hast'ning Time led on
  To years of folly, years of care,
With fond regret† shalt thou recall
  Thy guiltless smiles, and joys sincere.

Thy easy path now strown with flow'rs,
  Shall soon become a winding way,
Where Error spreads it's dark'ning mist,
  And dang'rous Passions wildly stray.

Ah! then may Heav'n's directing aid
  Conduct thee thro' the mazy road,
Where duty's steady hand has trac'd
  The narrow line of human good.

---

* Son to Lord Viscount Cremorne by his present lady.

† That *regret,* which even the most virtuous and happy have generally cause to feel from the " tremendous blessing" of protracted life, the amiable youth sought a better world too soon to know by experience.

TO

TO MRS. MONTAGU.

No more, my friend, pursue a distant theme,
While nearer objects call Reflection home,
Farewell the vivid fire, the deep-laid scheme
Of polish'd *Athens*, and imperial *Rome*.

By Fancy led thro' many a *British* age,
O'er *Winton's* melancholy walks we'll stray:
Where once so busy on this mortal stage,
The wearied actors close their short-liv'd play.

O'er the pale sleepers wave the wings of Night,
And solemn Silence guards their long repose;
May no rude clamour, or detecting light,
Disturb this last retreat of human woes!

May never more return that impious age,
When dire Rebellion scourg'd our guilty isle,
When civil Discord, and fanatic Rage,
Profan'd the shelter of this reverend pile *.

The mad enthusiast sacks the sacred dome,
He rends the trophy from the hero's bust:
Nor weeping Angels o'er the vestal's tomb
From insult shield the violated dust.

Sepulchral Darkness felt a painful ray,
And Silence waken'd by the trumpet fled;
While wanton Outrage, to the frighted day,
Unveil'd the mould'ring horrors of the dead.

---

* Many of the tombs in Winchester cathedral were defaced by Cromwell's soldiers.

Barbarian, stop! these kindred atoms claim
The feeling heart, the sympathetic tear;
Stop! and bethink thee of a brother's name,
Nor mock the weakness thou must quickly share.

Ah, gracious God! when erring man has paid
The last sad forfeit of our guilty race,
Thy goodness bids Earth's parent bosom shade
Our nature's ruin, and our form's disgrace.

From Sin, dark principle of Death, refin'd,
This ransom'd dust shall one day quit the tomb,
And rise, fit partner to the spotless mind,
In new-born glory, and unfading bloom.

While pensive wandring o'er this equal scene,
Where blended sleep the humble and the great,
Let Wisdom whisper to our souls how vain
The short distinctions of our mortal state.

From yon fair shrine, where letter'd *Wykeham* rests,
(It's *Gothic* beauties finish'd from his plan)
A warning voice to high to low attests,
The sacred truth, that MANNERS MAKE THE MAN[*].

To Death is destin'd all we seek below,
Except what Virtue fixes for our own:
While the vain flourish of external show
Ends in the blazon'd hearse, and sculptur'd stone.

All wealth is poor, unless with gen'rous skill
The lib'ral hand it's trusted gift impart:
All pow'r is weak, but that which curbs the will,
All science vain, but that which mends the heart.

---

[*] William of Wykeham's motto.

O blest with ev'ry talent, ev'ry grace,
Which native fire, or happy art supplies,
How short a period, how confin'd a space
Must bound thy shining course below the skies!

For wider glories, for immortal fame,
Were all those talents, all those graces giv'n:
And may thy life pursue that noblest aim,
The final plaudit of approving heav'n.

TO VISCOUNTESS CREMORNE. JAN. 5, 1795*.

THO' youth's gay spirit, lull'd in deep repose,
No longer tunes the lyre, nor chants the lay,
Yet still my heart with warm affection glows,
And greets with transport this distinguish'd day.

Thro' many a rolling year may it return,
From every cloud of dark disaster free;
And still with grateful praise be hail'd the morn,
That gave a blessing to the world and me.

Friend of my soul! with fond delight each hour,
From earth to heaven I see thee urge thy race,
From every virtue crop the fairest flow'r,
And add to nature ev'ry winning grace.

---

* There was no copy of this Poem, written at the age of 77 years, but that which was in the hands of the lady to whom it was addressed, who has kindly permitted the Editor to enrich this Collection with it. It is supposed that there are very few instances of a Poem of so much merit, written at so advanced a time of life. Of the third stanza in particular, it may be said that it would not disgrace any poet of any age. The thoughts are, I believe, original, and the versification is excellent. Being the firm persuasion of her heart, it is expressed *con amore*; and how appropriate the praise is, to those who know the subject of it, need not be pointed out.

Father of light! from whose unfailing source
 Descends each perfect gift, each guiding ray,
O lead her safe through life's perplexing course,
 And point her road to happiness and thee.

The following Inscription, in the cloisters of Canterbury Cathedral, to the memory of "Stephen, son of Crisp Stephen Hall, Esq. who died an infant in 1792," is said by Hasted, in the last edition of his History of Kent, to have been written by Mrs. Carter*; and indeed both the idea and manner of expressing it are not unlike her style, and pious way of thinking:—

Though infant years no pompous honours claim,
The vain parade of monumental fame,
To better praise the last great day shall rear
The spotless innocence that slumbers here.

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* See Hasted, 8vo. edition, Vol. II. p. 514, note. The Editor knows not upon what authority this assertion is made. No copy of these lines was found among Mrs. Carter's papers, nor did he ever hear her speak of them, or of the subject of them. In the date as given by Hasted there is certainly some mistake. There is also an Epitaph on Richardson, inserted in his life lately published, and ascribed to Mrs. Carter, concerning which the same observation may be made. She had no copy of it, nor ever mentioned to her own family that she had written it. Yet it is to be supposed, considering the excellency of Mrs. Barbauld's character, that she would not have hazarded the assertion without good grounds. If the Epitaph be really her's, it appears to the Editor, as well as to much better judges of poetry, to be very inferior to her usual style. As it is doubtful, and the work in which it is inserted is so generally known, it is not reprinted here.

It has been mentioned in the Memoirs, that there is a French translation of some of Mrs. Carter's Poems. Since they went to the press, the Editor has found the following mention of it in a letter from Mrs. Carter to Mrs. Montagu, August 24, 1796:—

"I was much surprized yesterday on receiving a little pamphlet containing a French translation of some of my Poems by M. le Comte de Bedée. Has this gentleman the honour of your acquaintance? As far as I have been able to read, the translation is excellent. I wish you would read it."

END OF THE POEMS.

MISCELLANIES IN PROSE.

MISCELLANIES IN PROSE.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

ARCHBISHOP SECKER AND MRS. CARTER,

CONCERNING

A PASSAGE IN HOMER;

REFERRED TO IN THE MEMOIRS.

FROM MRS. CARTER.

July, 1760.

Ατρειδη, συ δε παυε τεον μενος, αυταρ εγωγε
Λισσομ' Αχιλληι μεθεμεν χολον———
Il. A. v. 281.

ALL the editions which I have an opportunity of consulting render the last line—precabor Achillem deponere iram. Is not this very evidently inconsistent with the Greek? It would be right if it was Αχιλληα—but I believe there is no instance that Λισσομαι ever governs a dative case. Throughout the Iliad, I think I may venture to affirm, it has always an accusative. Either then the true reading must be Αχιλληα, or the sense will be a very different one from that which the interpreters give to this passage, and a sense which, I think, is much more agreeable to the context.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP IN ANSWER.

Are you not ashamed to persecute a poor English Archbishop with Heathen Greek, which, it may be hoped, he hath had the grace to forget entirely? But you cannot rest quiet in your bed, you say, without doing it. Very probable truly; for I read of some persons, Prov. iv. 16. "They sleep not except they have done mischief: and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall." However, I shall secure myself, by only transcribing what one Henricus Stephanus saith (as you will suppose me to have learnt from my chaplains) in what he calleth his Treasure, of words belike. *Αυταρ εγωγε Λισσομ' Αχιλληι μεθεμεν χολον.* Ubi hoc etiam obiter animadverte, quis hîc sit usus Dativi Casus, ne te vulgata ad verbum interpretatio decipiat, quæ habet, precor Achillem. Hanc enim sequendo, diceremus *λισσομαι* jungi etiam Dativo; cujus alioqui Constructionis exemplum nullum affertur; et multo etiam convenientius est illi loco *Αχιλληι* exponere *τȣ εις Αχιλληα*, seu *κατα τȣ Αχιλληος*, perinde ac si dixisset *παυεσθαι τȣ χολȣσθαι τω Αχιλληι*. But as they who pose others with hard problems ought to be ready to answer the like in their turn, I desire your thoughts on the inclosed letter *, which I received at the same time with your paper.

Inclosed in this are two other papers from the Archbishop, by way of Postscript, as follows:—

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* This letter does not appear.

Λισσεται— ο εςι λιτανευει τον Βασιλεα, παυσασθαι τȣ χολȣ τω Αχιλλει, κρινει γαρ αδικεισθαι αυτον, &c. &c.

Eustath. in Il. A.

The Bishop of Norwich *(Dr. Hayter)* from whose Eustathius this is copied, thinks εγωγε should be εγω σε. But however that be, he hath a hundred proofs, that Eustath. and Steph. and you are right, and is astonished that he never saw it before.

Dr. Salter (of the Charter-House) observes in favour of Miss Carter's interpretation, that αυταρ doth not express opposition. See v. 464, and Clarke there. But then he doubts whether χολον Αχιλληι can signifie anger at or against Achilles, though χολωθεις Αχιλληι would doubtless signifie being angry at Achilles. He also remarks, that Nestor having just before applied both to Agamemnon and Achilles, and here renewed his application to Agamemnon, one expects him to renew it to Achilles also: which, according to her interpretation, he doth not *.

FROM MRS. CARTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP.

Chronical diseases are hard to cure, and I am afraid it will cost your Grace more time and pains than you are aware of to get rid of such a rooted inveterate habit of Greek.

I am much obliged to your Grace for the quotations from H. Stephens and Eustathius, which absolutely confirm what I conjectured to be the sense of the passage. Mr. Pope has fallen into the trap of the Latin translation; but this is not so surprizing as that Dr. Clarke should have made the same mistake.

---

* Dr. Salter was, no doubt, a very learned man; but the authority of Stephens and Eustathius seems conclusive in favour of Mrs. Carter's argument. This last Commentator indeed considers the repetition of the entreaty to Agamemnon as a peculiar beauty; and the latter sentence, as applied to him, more persuasive than the first. *Δυσωπητικωτερον γαρ τȣ, παυε μενος, το, λισσομαι μεθεμεν χολον.*

WRITTEN BY MRS. CARTER UPON MAKING HER WILL; AS MENTIONED IN THE MEMOIRS.

In the solemn act of making one's last will something surely ought to be added to the mere forms of law. Upon this occasion, which is a kind of taking leave of the world, I acknowledge with gratitude and thanksgiving how much I owe to the Divine goodness for a life distinguished by innumerable and unmerited blessings.

Next to God, the supreme and original author of all happiness, I desire to express my thankfulness to those whom he has made the instruments of conveying his benefits to me. Most particularly I am indebted to my father for his kindness and indulgence to me in every instance, and especially in the uncommon care and pains he has taken in my education, which has been the source of such a variety of reasonable pleasures, as well as of very great advantages in my conversation with the world. I likewise very heartily thank my mother*, my brothers and sisters, for all the instances of kindness and affection by which they have contributed to the comfort of my life. If in this disposition of my affairs I appear to have made any distinction, I intreat them to believe that not any difference in my own good will to them, but a regard to their different circumstances, has been the real motive of it.

Besides my own family there are very many others to whom I have been obliged for very considerable advantages, in the assistance and pleasures of friendship: of these I retain a most affectionate and grateful memory, and desire all my intimate friends to consider themselves as included in my sincere acknowledgments.

---

* Her mother-in-law, who was then living.

And now, O gracious God, whether it be thy will to remove me speedily from the world, or to allot me a longer time in it, on Thee alone I depend for happiness both here and hereafter. I acknowledge my own unworthiness, and that all my claim to thy favour is founded on thy infinite goodness in the merciful dispensation of the Gospel. I implore the pardon of all my sins, and humbly hope for those pleasures which are at thy right hand for evermore, in and through Him by whom all thy blessings are conveyed, my blessed Lord, Redeemer, and only Saviour, Jesus Christ.

ELIZ. CARTER.

February 9, 1759.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF AFFAIRS, 1752, BY MRS. CARTER.

THE last winter has been a calamitous one to several nations, and alarming to our own; and the summer prospect is clouded with impending dangers. What method can I take to avoid the threatened evil, or to quiet my fears? Can I fly into some distant country, and endeavour to secure myself there? My connections and attachments render this an impracticable scheme. Shall I depend for protection on the assistance of my friends? They are helpless and defenceless as myself. Is there then no refuge left? Yes; a reliance on Him in whose hand are the *issues of life and death*, and the disposal of all events.

And have I then been careful to secure an interest in this Almighty Protector, this unfailing friend? Dare I, with humble hope and confidence, look up for aid and support to that God, who *is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity?* This is an awful and important enquiry, and merits my most serious attention. Let me examine my own heart: of atrocious crimes perhaps it fully acquits me; but to these have I any temptation? In avoiding them how little have I to boast! But are there not faults of a less observable nature, and often much too slightly overlooked, for which, in my situation, I am strictly accountable? By the gracious disposition of Providence, I am a Christian: have I duly considered what this sacred character imports; what a strictness of behaviour my profession requires? Is Religion, and a perpetual view to the solemn account which I must one day render, the governing principle of my life? Does it, as far as mortal frailty will permit, influence my whole conduct, my actions, my discourses, and accompany me even in my diversions and amusements?

In this season of public danger, let me consider in what particulars I am faulty, and sincerely endeavour, by the divine assistance, to correct what I discover to be wrong.

Fear, when it terminates in itself, is a painful and contemptible passion: but, properly applied, may be sanctified to a noble use. That use our blessed Saviour has pointed out to me. If the fear of God influences me to correct whatever would tend to deprive me of his favour and protection, what else shall I have to fear? Whatever be the event of the present alarming dangers, to me, if I do not forfeit my hope in the Divine Goodness, it will certainly be happy. Though the earth trembles beneath my feet, my soul will be immoveably fixed on *the Rock of Ages;* and when the sword hangs over my head, I shall *acquaint myself with God, and be at peace*[*].

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[*] These Reflections may be properly recommended to the world in this season of alarm; and happy will they be who will apply them to themselves. Contrast the conclusion of this Essay with Horace's "Justum et tenacem propositi virum," and how poor and unmeaning does the Stoic philosophy appear when compared to the Christian!

THE RAMBLER[*].

NUMBER XLIV.

Οναρ εκ Διος εϛι[†].

HOMER.

TO THE RAMBLER.

Sir,

I HAD lately a very extraordinary dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember it every word: and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it, as follows:

Methought I was in the midst of a very agreeable set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation; when on a sudden I perceived one of the most shocking figures Imagination can frame advancing towards me. She was dressed in black: her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of Death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity, and her hands were armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bade me follow her: I obeyed; and she led me through rugged paths beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she past, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps: her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in an universal gloom.

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[*] Formerly printed at the end of the volume of Poems.

[†] Dreams proceed from Heaven.

Dismal howlings resounded through the forest: from every baleful tree the night raven uttered his dreadful note; and the whole prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene, my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

"Retire with me, O rash unthinking mortal, from the vain allurements of a deceitful world; and learn that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched. This is the condition of all below the stars; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of Heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight: and here consecrate thy solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings; and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and by the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the hand of Death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I spied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back: I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the most lovely object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form: effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendours were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors which she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into chearful sunshine; the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to gladden my thoughts: when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions.

"My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called Superstition. She is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till she at length drives them to the borders of Despair; that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

"Look round, and survey the various beauties of this globe, which Heaven has destined for the seat of human race, and consider, whether a world thus exquisitely framed, could be meant for the abode of Misery and Pain! For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them, merely as the means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs to the meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher; and each have faculties assigned them for various orders of delight."

"What," cried I, "is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life of gay amusement? Where are the painful toils of virtue? The mortifications of penitents, and the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes? Are these only the gloomy conceits of visionary devotees? Are there no difficulties to be encountered? No restraints to be endured? Does the whole of human duty consist in the chearful enjoyment of a beautiful world, and a constant indulgence of the soft transports of pleasure?"

"Not such a kind of pleasure," answered she, "as arises from the thoughtless gaiety of a useless life. The enjoyments of a reasonable being cannot consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease; in the tumult of licentious passion, the languor of indolent repose, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasures corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debases it; both, in their degree, disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms: joy flows there with a perpetual and unbounded stream; nor needs there any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has reason to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses, must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is intitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful Parent affords, consistent with his recovery; and, in pròportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improving heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of that gulph into which thou wast going to plunge.

" While the more faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations, under all its experience of human infirmities: supported by the gladdening assurances, that every sincere endeavour to out-grow them shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowliest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes: since they, who faithfully examine and acknowledge whât they are, shall be enabled, under my conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the Hero are inseparable; and to the aspirings of unassuming trust, and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is unsurmountable. Secure in this pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous exercise of a mind in health. His patient dependence on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social active life, difficulties will perpetually occur; restraints of many kinds will be necessary: and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart useful to others, and improving to itself.

Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor is pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects and noble capacities: but yet, whatever portion of it the distributing hand of Heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attainment of his final destination.

"Return then, with me, from continual misery, to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Return from the contracted views of solitude, to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement: these are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember, that the greatest honour you can pay to the Author of your being, is by such a chearful behaviour as discovers a mind satisfied with his dispensations."

Here my preceptress paused: and I was going to express my acknowledgements for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

THE RAMBLER.

NUMBER C.

TO THE RAMBLER.

Sir,

As very many well-disposed persons, by the unavoidable necessity of their affairs, are so unfortunate as to be totally buried in the country, where they labour under the most deplorable ignorance of what is transacting among the polite part of mankind, I cannot help thinking but that, as a public writer, you should take the case of these truly-compassionable objects under your consideration.

These unhappy languishers in obscurity should be furnished with such accounts of the employments of people of the world, as may engage them, in their several remote corners, to a laudable imitation: or, at least, so far inform and prepare them, that if, by any joyful change of situation, they should be suddenly transported into the gay scenes, they may not gape, and wonder, and stare, and be utterly at a loss how to behave, and make a proper appearance in it.

It is inconceivable how much the welfare of all the country towns in the kingdom might be promoted, if you would use your charitable endeavours to raise in them a noble emulation of the manners and customs of higher life.

For this purpose you should give a very clear and ample description of the whole set of polite acquirements; a complete history of Forms, Fashions, Frolics, of Routs, Drums, Hurricanes, Balls, Assemblies, Ridottos, Masquerades, Auctions, Plays, Operas, Puppet-shows, and Bear-gardens: of all those delights which profitably engage the attention of the most sublime characters, and by which they have brought to such amazing perfection the whole art and mystery of passing day after day, week after week, and year after year, without the heavy assistance of any one thing, that formal animals are pleased to call useful or necessary.

In giving due instructions through what steps to attain this summit of human excellence, you may add such irresistible arguments in its favour, as must convince numbers, who in other instances do not seem to want natural understanding, of the unaccountable error of supposing they were sent into the world for any other purpose but to flutter, sport, and shine: for, after all, nothing can be clearer, than that an everlasting round of diversion, and the more sprightly and hurrying the better, is the most important end of human life.

It is really prodigious, so much as the world is improved, that there should, in these days, be persons so ignorant and stupid, as to think it necessary to mis-spend their time, or trouble their heads about any thing else than pursuing the present fancy: for what else is worth living for?

It is time enough surely to think of consequences when they come: and as for the antiquated notions of duty, they are not to be met with in any French novel, or any book one ever looks into, but derived almost wholly from the writings of authors, called, I think, Peter and Paul, who lived a vast many ages ago, and who, as they were totally without any idea of those accomplishments which now characterise people of distinction, have been for some time sinking apace into utter contempt. It does not appear that even their most zealous admirers, for some partisans of his own sort every writer will have, can pretend to say they were ever at one Masquerade. In the important article of diversions, the ceremonial of visits, the extatic delight of unfriendly intimacies, and unmeaning civilities, they are absolutely silent. Blunt truth and downright honesty, plain cloaths, staying at home, hard work, few words, and those unenlivened with censure or double meaning, are what they recommend as the ornaments and pleasures of life. Little oaths, polite dissimulation, tea-table scandal, delightful indolence, the glitter of finery, the triumph of precedence, the enchantments of flattery, are things of which they seem to have had no notion: and one cannot help laughing, to think what a figure they would have made in a visiting-room, and how frighted they would have looked at a gaming-table. The noble zeal of patriotism, that disdains authority, and tramples on law for sport, was their absolute aversion: and indeed one cannot discover any one thing that they pretend to teach people, but to be wise and good; accomplishments infinitely below the consideration of persons of taste and spirit, who know how to spend their time to so much better purpose.

Among other admirable improvements, pray, Mr. Rambler, do not forget to enlarge on the very extensive benefits of playing at cards on Sundays; a practice of such infinite use, that we may modestly expect to see it universally prevail in all parts of this kingdom. To persons of fashion, the advantage is obvious: because, as for some strange reason or other, which no fine gentleman or lady has yet been able to penetrate, there is neither play nor masquerade, nor bottled conjuror, nor any other thing worth living for, to be had on a Sunday, if it were not for the charitable assistance of Whist or Bragg, the genteel part of mankind must, one day in seven, necessarily suffer a total extinction of being.

Nor are persons of high rank the only gainers by so salutary a custom, which extends its good influence, in some degree, to the lower orders of people: but, were it quite general, how much better and happier would the world be, than it is even now.

It is hard upon poor creatures, be they ever so mean, to deny them those enjoyments and liberties which are equally open for all: yet if servants were taught to go to church on this day, to spend some part of it in reading, or receiving instruction in a family way, and the rest in mere friendly conversation, the poor wretches would infallibly take it into their heads, that they were obliged to be sober, modest, diligent, and faithful to their masters and mistresses. Now surely none of common prudence and humanity would wish their domestics infected with such strange primitive notions, or laid under such unmerciful restraints: all which may, in a great measure, be prevented, by the prevalence of the good-humoured fashion, which I would have you recommend. For when the lower kind of people see their betters, with a truly laudable spirit, insulting and flying in the face of those rude ill-bred dictators, Piety and the Laws, they are thereby excited and admonished, as far as actions can admonish and excite, and taught, that they too have an equal right of setting them at defiance, in such instances as their particular necessities and inclinations may require: and thus is the liberty of the whole human species mightily improved and enlarged.

In short, Mr. Rambler, by a faithful representation of the numberless benefits of a modish life, you will have done your part in promoting, what every body seems to confess the true purpose of human existence, perpetual dissipation. By encouraging people to employ their whole attention on trifles, and to make amusement their sole business, you will teach them how to avoid many uneasy and troublesome reflections. All the soft feelings of humanity, the sympathies of friendship, all natural temptation to the care of a family, and solicitude about the good or ill of others, with the whole train of domestic and social affections, which create such daily anxieties and embarrassments, will be happily stifled and suppressed in a round of everlasting racketting: and all serious thoughts, but particularly that of Hereafter, will be banished out of the world; a most perplexing apprehension, but luckily a most groundless one too, as it is so very clear a case that nobody ever dies. I am, &c.

INSCRIPTION

ON

LADY ANN DAWSON'S MONUMENT,

DRAWN UP BY MRS. CARTER, AND INSERTED IN THE LAST EDITION OF HER POEMS.

Sacred to the Memory
Of the Right Hon. Lady ANN DAWSON,
Sixth Daughter of Thomas Fermor, Earl of Pomfret,
By Henrietta Louisa Jeffreys, his Wife.
With all the external Advantages
That contribute to form a shining Distinction on Earth,
She constantly practised, in their sublimest Excellence,
All those Evangelical Duties,
Which improve and adorn the Soul for Heaven.
A more particular Description of her exalted Virtues,
To such as were Strangers to them,
Would appear extravagant,
While all who were witness to them
Would feel it to be defective.
May those Virtues remain fixed in the Remembrance,
And imitated in the Lives,
Of her surviving Friends!
To the World they can never be completely known,
Till that awful Day,
When, in the Sight of Men and Angels,
They will be proclaimed and rewarded.
Of her two Children,
Richard Thomas survives her.
Henrietta Ann, who lived long enough
To justify all the fairest Hopes of a Mother,
By her Death afforded a triumphant Exercise
To the Resignation of a Christian.
Ob. March 1, 1769.
In a grateful and affectionate Sense
Of the Blessing he enjoyed in such a Wife,
This Monument is raised
By the Right Hon. Thomas Dawson, Lord Dartrey.

PROPOSALS FOR PRINTING BY SUBSCRIPTION[*],

A MOST USEFUL AND CURIOUS WORK, ENTITLED

THE WHOLE ART AND MYSTERY OF PUNNING,

BY MRS. A—— B——S,

STUDENT IN PUNS AND QUIBBLES,

AND SEVERAL OTHER EMINENT HANDS.

CONDITIONS.

1. That this noble Work shall consist of fifteen volumes in folio, on fine imperial paper, and a new letter.
2. That the price to Subscribers shall be Thirty Guineas.
3. That those who take six Sets shall have a seventh gratis.
4. That proper allowances shall be made to such as take them by the hundred to send abroad.
5. That each Volume shall be decorated with a red Title Page and a Frontispiece.

It may not be improper to give some little account of a work which will be of such extensive benefit to mankind, and will form the wonder and delight of future ages. It contains not only what the title expresses, but is, in short, an entire system of the most entertaining and well bred conversation, where people may be supplied, at all times, and upon all occasions, with an ample stock of ready made wit. All required on the part of the reader is only a tolerable memory, which will be sufficient without any assistance from the dull fatiguing process of learning, application, or brains. To so great a height of perfection have the authors of this work carried their design, as to lay down rules to divide, subdivide, compound, recompound, decompound, rack, torture, strain, and quodlibetificate any word into a pun by nineteen several ways of false spelling.

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[*] There is no date to this jeu d'esprit, but it was certainly written between the years 1742 and 1744. It was shewn to Mrs. Montagu, who was much pleased with it, but differed from some of Mrs. Carter's friends, who wished her to publish it in the same volume with her Poems.

In this work is moreover contained the complete science of *circumlocution*, and the whole art of confounding, perplexing, puzzling, and tenebrificating a subject with great variety of circumstances equally applicable to any other, (an art particularly useful to such gentlemen and ladies as intend to write folios.) There is likewise shewn a new and curious method of drawing similes between things directly contrary; extracted and illustrated with examples from the most eminent poets, philosophers, and rhetoricians of the present age.

This most excellent work will be introduced with a preface by Mrs. S—— L——, in which, among many other curious particulars, will be shewn the rise, progress, and perfection of a *carrywitchet* *, together with a learned and elaborate dissertation on rebusses and conundrums. Moreover, a very profound and subtile enquiry into the nature and etymology of an acrostick. To all which will be added likewise, the corrections, reflections, observations, annotations, alterations, mutilations, restorations, commentations, and obscurations of the said Mrs. S—— L—— upon several choice original manuscripts of this sort of learning; collected in her travels among the libraries of the *Bœotians*, *Croatians*, *Laplanders*, *Crim Tartars*, and other polite and ingenious nations, where it has most successfully flourished and abounded. To this most extraordinary preface (which will be comprised in the two first volumes) will be added by way of postscript, a discourse on the whole art of complimenting, by Mrs. F—— B——. student in fine speeches.

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* Of this word the Editor knows neither the derivation, nor the meaning. It was probably some cant expression in use at that time.

The dedication will be composed by Mrs. E—— C——, who, in order to qualify herself for this great undertaking, has been shut up these ten years in a room where she has subsisted entirely on dust and cobwebs, being wholly employed in reading over, with incredible pains and industry, five and forty thousand dedications, from whence she has extracted a quintessence of all manner of good qualities, which are now offered to any person who will take the greatest number of subscriptions. And to obviate any scruple that such well disposed person may have concerning the rightful owners, it is hereby declared, that of all the five and forty fine things contained in each of the said five and forty thousand dedications, not one thereof did in any wise belong to its respective subject.

The whole of this great design will be completed in an appendix by Mrs. E—— H——; a work of immense erudition, containing the opinions of the most profound cabalistical doctors upon the foregoing subjects, together with a word or two about Duns Scotus, and Hermes Trismegistus.

To add but a little more: it is the benevolent design of the authors of this super-excellent work, to free mankind from those unmerciful impositions which are laid upon the gift of speech by the restraints of learning, study, and good sense. Things in their own nature extremely crabbed and incommunicative, and besides very hard to get at; whereas what we shall present to the public is easy, chearful, and adapted to all capacities; and we doubt not, with a proper encouragement from the world, to furnish the sweet *nepenthe* of nonsense in such copious streams, as to water the face of the whole earth; so that men, women, and children, may suck it in, and drink till they burst.

LETTER OF ADVICE TO WHOEVER WILL APPLY IT TO HERSELF.

Madam,

I AM in an odd idle humour, but if what I write be not for your instruction, it may be for my own. Are you young? Why then be wise, and be a wonder. Are you old? Be cheerfully prudent, and decently agreeable; as for your opinions, be consistent in all, and obstinate in none, and rejoice that you are got so far in safety through a dangerous world. Are you naturally gay? Why then never go out of your way to seek for pleasure, and you will constantly enjoy it. Are you serious? Remember that not to be happy is not to be grateful. Are you melancholy? Beware of romance. Are you handsome? Be unaffected, and charm like Lady C———. Are you plain? Be easy, and outshine all beauties. Are you rich? Make use of your fortune with a generous economy; beware equally of trifling and indolence; keep your money out of a purse and a toy-shop; make other people happy, and yourself considerable. Do you want employment? Chuse it well before you begin, and then pursue it. Do you want amusement? Take the first you meet with that is harmless, and never be attached to any. Are you in a moderate station? Be content, though not affectedly so; be philosophical, but not affectedly so; see the world in its just light, but, for the most part, keep your thoughts to yourself. Are you sleepy? Go to bed.

EXTRACTS

FROM SOME OF

MRS. CARTER'S LETTERS ON SUBJECTS OF TASTE AND LITERATURE.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF RUINS.

August, 1767.

A THOUSAND thanks to you for wishing me with you in that solemn scene, which I should have enjoyed with a true enthusiasm. Did you ever try to account for that astonishing mixture of deep awe, soft melancholy, and exquisite delight, which the imagination experiences from such views of ruin and desolation? Is it that the soul, while it is subdued by a sad proof of the weakness of all that is strong, and of the littleness of all that is great below; while it feels a tender sympathy in the overthrow of human art and magnificence, at the same moment exults and triumphs in its own superiority to all mortal things, and looks through the devastations of time to its own eternal prospects? I think there is something in this beyond mere refinement; at least I feel with regard to myself, that if I had any doubts of immortality, the sight of a ruin would affect me only with unmixed and insupportable gloom and horror.

I wished for you the other morning to share with me in a situation of this kind. After a pretty long walk, I sat down on the roots of an elm, and listened to the music of a spring which bubbled at my feet, and formed a small lake, shaded by the hanging branches of some venerable trees which surround the ruins of an ancient seat. I just remember the death of the last possessor. The house survived him long enough for me to have a much more perfect idea of it, as I have often walked over it with great delight in its untenanted state. The apartments, unfurnished and solitary, had a striking air of sombre greatness, particularly a cedar gallery, which was a noble room, and had two very magnificent chimney-pieces. There was a little gloomy chapel, which I was once so lucky to see solemnly gilded by the rays of the setting sun; a picture which, young as I then was, and with a set of gay companions, made a very strong impression on my imagination. We drank tea in a kind of pavilion, fronted by a marble colonnade, which looked upon a garden, where one mount rising above another reminded me of the pensile groves of Babylon.

Such do I once remember the house of which I now sat and contemplated the melancholy ruins. The estate was divided, and the building was sold for the materials, and for the most part levelled with the ground. So little influence have the objects which form the pride and pleasure of one age upon the varying temper of the next *.

In the midst of my reflections on the desolation within my view, I surveyed the scenes of nature around me, and derived great comfort from the observation of one who made wiser reflections than I, that *the earth abideth for ever*, and rejoiced to think that the destructive folly of man has no power over the works of God. While all the laboured productions of human art sink by the neglect, or are demolished by the varying fancy of giddy mortals, the creations of Divine Wisdom are supported in their original perfection by an ever active and unchanging power. They charm equally and universally through every revolution of time, and amidst all the caprices of inconstant taste; and thus continue the only real standard and uncontested examples of the beautiful and the sublime.

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* "Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names."

Psalm xlix. 11.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND.

August, 1770.

I ENDEAVOUR to derive all the profit I can from the present delightful weather, though I have not yet been able to reach many of my most favourite walks. However I have lately compassed one by the help of some repose, in sitting on the roots of some old trees by the side of a spring, where I contemplated the ruins of an ancient seat, once the abode of a flourishing family, and which I remember standing entire, but in melancholy dejected grandeur from the desertion of its inhabitants. It contained a hundred rooms, many of them wainscotted with cedar, and highly ornamented, particularly a gallery, in which I have often walked with much Gothic delight.

This noble structure might have subsisted for many generations in venerable decay; but the last heirs to the estate, for the sake of the materials, anticipated the depredations of time, and levelled it nearly to the ground. Such is the instability of mortal things, and so determined is that order of Providence, which forbids any perpetual residence upon earth. The obnoxious strength and magnificence of imperial cities, and the less exposed and humbler abodes of private life, are equally subject to the general law, which is carried into execution by the very nature of man. Thus Heaven directed the storms of ambition to level the proud walls of Nineveh, and of Tyre; but the mere caprice of changing fancy is a sufficient engine against the weaker establishment of domestic seats; and what constituted the comfort and pride of one generation, sinks into nothing, merely from the neglect and contempt of the next *.

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* The seat described in both the preceding letters is Northbourn Court, about three miles from Deal. It formerly belonged to the abbey of St. Augustine, at Canterbury; and

ROUSSEAU.

All I have seen of the controversy between Hume and Rousseau has been from the newspapers, in which one sees full enough to be convinced that it is very little to the honour of either. I am afraid I am no less malicious than you confess yourself to be. As to that "scandale de la Philosophie," for which Mr. H—— is so much concerned, I apprehend that poor Philosophy never underwent any scandal so great as by that insolence of a flippant understanding, which at present seems to characterise the people who stile themselves Philosophers.

I read a few of Rousseau's "Lettres de la Montagne," and believe, so far as I went, your critique to be very just. But to say truth, I was so offended and shocked at some things in those which I read, that I threw the book aside, and determined not to finish it.

I formerly read his Eloise. It is no doubt finely writ, but one of the most dangerous and wicked books, in many respects, that I believe ever was published. Of his Emile, which I read a good while since, I cannot recollect many particulars; but in general I know it was far from pleasing me. Something great and striking there must always be in Rousseau, but with such a mixture of wrong principles and false reasoning, as renders him one of the most dangerous writers I ever read.

and after the dissolution, passed through different hands, till it was granted by James I. to Sir Edwin Sandys, Knight, second son of the Archbishop of York, and brother of the celebrated traveller. He is buried under a superb monument in Northbourn church, erected by himself. His descendant, Sir Richard Sandys, Bart. died in 1726, leaving only four daughters, his coheiresses. The mansion was taken down in 1750, but the walls of the chapel, mentioned by Mrs. Carter, are still remaining, beautifully overgrown with ivy. Of the mansion, *etiam periere ruinæ*, but the scenery still exists exactly as described by her. The Editor's present residence is in this parish; yet he trusts that he shall not be accused of vain and local partiality, in supposing that these letters may be interesting to those who have no connection with the place described.

I have not read his Confessions, nor, by your account of them, ever will. Indeed I soon found his writings of so bad a tendency, that after a few trials, I determined never to look into any thing he should publish. He always appeared to me a bad man. That he was mad I never doubted. Whether it was from a pitiable infirmity of body, or a wilful depravation of mind, He alone can perfectly tell who will be his unerring judge. Human rules of judging are against him. Whoever, by a spirit of outrageous pride, strives to pass those limits, which it has pleased God to set to our mortal understanding; who expects that every thing is to give way to his reason; and who rejects all authority, human and divine, unless he is able to account for every thing by his own faculties, will soon reduce his mind to a state of confusion, error, and extravagance; and in the awful and tremendous phrase of scripture, he will be *struck with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart.* God keep you and me, my dear friend, in the sobriety and humility of the Gospel, and preserve us from every tendency to that pride and vanity, which leads to such a dreadful subversion and extinction of all intellectual and moral light *.

ON THE INDULGENCE OF FANCY, &c. &c.

TO MRS. VESEY. 1770.

Such are the chances of this "worky-day world," and thus passes life in an alternation of private and of social suffering; and yet so wonderful and so merciful is the composition of our existence, that innumerable pleasures find a place amidst the evils of mortality; and, upon the whole, we suffer only just enough to reconcile us to the limits of our present duration, and to extend our views to futurity.

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* These opinions concerning Rousseau are taken from different letters between the years 1765 and 1782. The last was to Mrs. Montagu.

You are now at leisure to amuse yourself with those enchanting scenes which your imagination is always ready to present to you whenever you bid it wave its magic wand. I am inexpressibly delighted with your Gothic retirement, which I shall certainly visit every moonlight evening; and I hope you will advance to meet me with the first ray, which you discover gleaming through your cathedral window. I am indeed a little apprehensive that you will make some scruple of admitting my vacant round face to so solemn an entertainment; but if you can once get over this mere prejudice of appearance, you will find me a very tractable companion, and ready to follow your imagination wherever it will lead me "through the dark postern of time long elapsed."

When the twilight aids the visions of contemplation, and the owl begins his melancholy serenade, we will conjure up the Lady Abbess, and fix her in her niche in the wall. We will summon together a long series of the successive tenants of this venerable fabric, and we will make them recount to us the adventures of former days. And in what will this information end, but in bringing us back to our own, in dissolving the spell of fancy, and annihilating all our reverence for antiquity?

Vexed and fatigued by the faults and follies of others, and mortified by our own, we are fond of retiring back to the transactions of remote generations, in which we suppose that human creatures were wiser and better than ourselves, and their pursuits of more importance than our own. The telescope through which we survey the actors on the theatre of past ages, can give us only a general view; while the distance conceals from us the whole play of those little interests and passions, which, though too insignificant to make any figure in the revolutions of states and empires, form most of the business and bustle of general and private life.

The imagination, however, is so agreeably deluded by our prejudices in favour of antiquity, that one cannot much regret there should be so many histories in the world, and so few biographers. Biography, by entering into minute details of personal and private transactions, forms such a connection and similitude between past and present ages, that all idea of difference is lost, and we are affected in just the same manner by the one as by the other. I have lately felt this very strongly in reading Plutarch's lives, which have been one of my studies this summer. I find very little difference between what passed among the inhabitants of Athens and Rome, and the news of the day in London; and when I read of Cicero's and Pompey's appointment to sup with Lucullus, it is no more than hearing that my Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Pitt had engaged themselves to dine with Sir Laurence Dundas, on condition that he would not set all his six men cooks to work for their entertainment. Do pray tell me, for it is past my comprehension, how the subject with which I sat out could possibly lead me to Sir Laurence Dundas and his six men cooks.

To return to it, however, I am highly obliged to you for wishing me to share your solemn retreat when the moon-light gleams through the Gothic window. I hope you will transport yourself on one of the beams to return my visit on the sea-shore, where the moon forms a scene equally solemn, though in a different style; and I believe you would find the soft murmurs of the ebbing waves as musically soothing as the whispers of your trees.

I do not at all wonder that your fine philosophical harangue on the thunder had so disgraceful a conclusion. It would often be our wisest choice to adhere to the principles we received in the nursery. No one, I believe, ever yet acquired fortitude by being told that any object of terror proceeded from natural causes: thousands have acquired it by a reliance on *superior power*. *Superior power* is an intelligible expression; *natural causes* is not: this is by no means the only instance in which the nursery teaches common sense, and Philosophy talks jargon.

ON THE DURATION OF FRIENDSHIP.

THERE would be no supporting the melancholy reflections arising from the frequent interruptions of those pleasures which are founded on the best dispositions of our nature, if the objects of them were to take a final leave of us at the end of that short portion of existence which we pass beneath the sun. But the glad hope that every virtuous affection of the soul, which is properly cultivated and improved amidst the disadvantages of mortality, shall form part of our happiness in a state beyond the reach of change and disappointment, brightens the prospect, and cheers our spirits, among all the suspensions of our wishes in a varying world.

I felt heartily thankful at your being enabled to feel a sentiment so noble, and so worthy of a Christian; and such a one as must give joy to the dear angel* who is the subject of it, if happy spirits have any knowledge of what passes among their surviving friends—and I do not know any proof that they have not.

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* Miss Talbot. Written to her mother in the year after her death. See Essay 18 in Miss Talbot's works.

posed. It may perhaps be useful to the world that it should be thus publicly and severely lashed, but I think one would not wish to be the executioner. Yet Mr. Johnson may fairly alledge, that this is the only circumstance on which he had any right to be severe. People may be innocently and unavoidably weak and ignorant, and mistaken critics, but none are ever fools but by a voluntary act of their own choice. There is no such animal as a fool in nature, who does not become such by the bias of some wrong passion. Yet to the bias of wrong passions, in some instance or other, all are liable: and folly, where it appears only in inconsiderable instances, has a claim to tenderness, at least in real characters, however useful it may be to render it highly ridiculous as a general subject.

DR. JOHNSON'S FEAR OF DEATH. 1783.

I AM very glad to hear that Dr. Johnson is so much better. At the time of his attack probably some Latin passage was in his mind, which occasioned his prayer to be clothed in that language rather than in his own*. You "wonder that an undoubting believer, and a man of piety, should be afraid of death;" but it is such characters who have ever the deepest sense of their own imperfections, and deviations from the rule of duty, of which the very best must be conscious: and such a temper of mind as is struck with awe and humility at the probable. I think through the whole of Johnson's notes one discovers, that he not only mocks others, but himself, and "scorns his spirits" for condescending to a task so much beneath his genius, as the restoring puns and quibbles, and determining such readings as no mortal would wish to read; and which, to do him justice, he treats with the lowest contempt.

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* This, however, by his own letters, appears not to have been the case. He perceived that he had a paralytic attack, and composed a Latin distich in order to discover whether his intellects were affected, or in what degree. The experiment must have been inconclusive; for the same failure of genius which occasioned him to make bad verses, would have prevented him from discovering it.

If he had undertaken to criticise his author in the manner which you have done, he would have found a noble subject for the exercise of his powers: whereas by attaching himself to the trifling which he despised, he has neglected entering into the characteristic excellencies of his author, and indeed has considered the plays of which he gives some general idea, in so confused and superficial a way, that he has often, I think, given a wrong judgment.

Now I am on this subject, pray tell me whether in the Two Gentlemen of Verona (act 2, scene 7) Mr. Johnson is not mistaken in the passage

> "'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld," &c.

which he thinks a slip of attention: but might not the poet by her picture mean her face, and by her perfections her mind and character? There are some other passages which have been treated in pretty much the same way, but I do not at present recollect them.

I want to know if you have been struck in the same manner as I have been with Johnson's animadversions on the other commentators, which he has for the most part ordered in such a way, that the reader half loses sight of the absurdity of the criticisms, by having the attention drawn by the strong light in which he sets the pompous self-opinion of the critics. Never, I think, did one see human vanity so unmercifully exposed.

renders it still more shocking; and encreases one's astonishment at the perverseness of human guilt, which is thus perpetually frustrating every gracious intention of Providence for universal happiness.

SIR JAMES MACDONALD*.

I AM extremely sorry to read in the papers that Sir James Macdonald is dead. He was, so far as I had an opportunity of knowing his character, the most extraordinary young man I ever knew. He studied very hard; was a scholar and a mathematician; and yet at twenty I have heard him talk with a knowledge of the world, which one could not have expected to hear but from the experience of old age. He had great and noble schemes for the civilization and improvement of his own country, and appeared upon the whole to be one of those superior spirits which seem formed to shew how far the powers of humanity can extend. Providence has, no doubt for wise and good ends, withdrawn him from a world which he seemed so uncommonly qualified to improve and adorn. Poor Lady Margaret Macdonald must be in inexpressible affliction.

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* Uncle to the present Lord Macdonald, and eldest brother to Sir Archibald, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Mrs. Carter was well acquainted with him, and always spoke of him with great regard, and the deepest regret. She was afterwards honoured with the acquaintance and esteem of Sir Archibald, and Lady Louisa, Macdonald.

JOHN WILKES. 1768.

ASTONISHING indeed has been the etourderie in our public proceedings. By some means or other our blundering administration has contrived to exalt a contemptible character of the lowest and most wretched profligacy into a patriot, and a martyr to liberty. If future histories relate what you and I have seen, what a representation must they give of our great people, who with so slavish a cowardice submitted to illuminate their houses, in honour of the very wretch whom they had been crushing by dark injustice in some instances, and by all the vexations of legal oppression in others. It makes one wild to think that the cause of justice and of liberty should be complicated with such a character as that of Wilkes: but the worst of men ought not to suffer by means that may prove destructive to the very best.

DR. YOUNG'S "CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS."

I HAVE just been reading the Centaur. Have you ever seen it? It is, like all the rest of Dr. Young's writings, original. Some passages strikingly sublime, and others deplorably creeping. I heartily wish it may do the good which I am persuaded he intended by it, and set our quadrupeds upon two legs.

MR. BURKE. 1769.

I AM very sorry for the terrible stroke to Mr. Burke's fortune. Indeed one has long had reason to be sorry, when he quitted the elegant and amiable studies in which he was so well qualified to shine, and the tranquil pleasures of select society *, for the turbulent schemes of ambition, and the tricks of political life.

MR. HARRIS AND ARISTOTLE.

TO MRS. MONTAGU. 1769.

MR. HARRIS, I believe, being more of a philosopher than a poet, it is no great wonder that he objects to your not paying more profound reverence to the rules of Aristotle: and I, being rather more of a Poet than a Philosopher, do exceedingly approve your paying no more attention to them than they deserve.

Aristotle is no doubt very respectable from an amazing depth and precision of understanding: but it was unenlivened by

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* However eminent Mr. Burke might be as an Orator and Politician, Mrs. Carter was not singular in this opinion. Many years after this, Mrs. H. More, in her elegant little Poem called the Bas Bleu, has the following lines concerning him:

> " Here once Hortensius lov'd to sit,
> Apostate now from social wit:
> Ah why in wrangling Senates waste
> The happiest parts, the noblest taste!" &c.

Mrs. Carter's letter containing the above extract, was addressed to Mrs. Montagu.

by a single ray of poetic genius, and utterly destitute of the colouring of imagination. Indeed he seems to have been such a mere scientific being, as to discover very little symptom of any affections of the heart: and if, according to Mr. Locke's question, one could suppose that to an iron poker could be superadded a faculty of thinking, that iron poker would be neither more nor less than an Aristotle.—I am undone if you ever repeat this flippancy before any devotee of the Stagyrite. One would be tempted however to think, that in some degree Mr. Harris was not absolutely of a different opinion, from that turn which he gives to one passage in Aristotle's Poetics, by which he represents him as declaring, that the end of tragedy is to *eradicate* the passions of terror and pity. I have often desired you to look upon this passage. Mr. Harris is so accurate a judge both of the Greek language and the Greek Philosophy, that it ought to be with the utmost diffidence that I dissent from him: yet I cannot help suspecting that his stoical prejudices warped his judgment, and gave a twist to the meaning of the author in this place. Do pray consider it, and give me your opinion. It is in the 86th page of the first volume*.

MRS. MACAULAY, GUICCIARDINI, AND CÆSAR.

1764.

I AM glad to find you hear Mrs. Macaulay's book so much commended. The few extracts which I have seen of it, have given me a high idea of her talents. From the accounts of others I apprehend there is too violent a party spirit runs through it, at which I am exceedingly vexed. I believe you will allow that I have a most indefatigable love of history, when I tell you I have, since my return from Spa, gone through Guicciardini's wars of Italy, which is, I suppose, the most heavy and unentertaining performance of the kind that ever was composed by mortal writer.

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* Vol. I. of the Philosophical Works—" Treatise on Music, Painting, and Poetry." Note. Of Mrs. Carter's acquaintance with Mr. Harris, and her opinion of him, see more in the Memoirs.

I have however gained this advantage by it, that happening to look into Cæsar's Commentaries, which I have always hitherto found too dull to read, to my great surprise it is metamorphosed into a very amusing and sprightly book, and I propose to go through with it as soon as I return—unless in the mean time Mrs. Macaulay should reverse all the operation of Guicciardini.

ON A SEXTON'S EPITAPH. 1781.

My time passes chiefly in packing and unpacking; though I travel with as little incumbrance as is possible for any animal not clothed with wool or feathers.

In amusing myself with reading the epitaphs in Marlborough church-yard, I saw inscribed on a fair tomb-stone: "Sacred to qualities that adorn a Parish Sexton." My first motion was ridicule; but a little sober reflection led me to consider, that in the hour when all the parade of adventitious finery is stript off, and nothing remains but naked spirit, the simple qualities of this honest Grave-digger, distinguished for his "punctuality and diligence in preserving the decorum of public worship," will make a more advantageous appearance than the celebrated exploits of an Alexander or a Cæsar.

MRS. VANSITTART'S DREAM. 1772.

* I TOOK a walk into the city this morning, and in my return paid a visit to a poor young woman whose husband was one of the unfortunate officers in the Aurora frigate. She tells me that Mrs. Vansittart cannot even now forbear entertaining some faint remains of hope from the impression of her dream. I believe you must have heard of it; but as it was related to me to-day in a more circumstantial and authentic manner than I had heard it before, and as I know that in default of an apparition you will be glad of a dream, I will repeat you the account.

One night, before there was any suspicion of any ill accident, Mrs. Vansittart dreamed that she was present to a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, which, between the flashes, discovered a tempestuous sea, and on it a ship with all the symptoms of distress, sometimes lifted to the clouds, and then sunk in the waves; the sails and cordage rattling, and the sailors running to and fro in all the consternation of immediate danger. In the midst of her attention to this dreadful scene, she heard a voice behind her, "That is the Aurora." She then waked, and the agitation of her spirits for some time prevented her composing herself again.

At length, however, she fell asleep; and she then saw Mr. Vansittart coming to her, in his usual dress, with a look very composed, but extremely serious. He took her by the left hand, and said:—"You will hear bad news of the Aurora; but I am well." She again waked, and again fell asleep.

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* The Editor was tempted to insert this letter as giving so well-told and interesting an account of a dream which made so great a noise at the time, and so much impression on the mind of the unfortunate lady who has long since rejoined her husband, though not on a desart shore.

The scene was now shifted to an island; and on the coast the Aurora appeared dashing in pieces: and at the same time she saw a boy (her son) standing safe and well on the dry land. And thus ended this remarkable phænomenon of imagination; the more remarkable, as it seems Mrs. Vansittart has no picturesque faculty. I have since heard, however, that her spirits had been very much affected, and this may naturally account for the dream. I am sorry thus to deprive you of all the systems you would raise upon it; but my conscience would not suffer me, for the sake of a wonder, to relate the thing unfairly.

END OF THE MISCELLANIES.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

NOTES ON THE BIBLE

AND THE

ANSWERS TO OBJECTIONS

CONCERNING THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

NOTES ON THE BIBLE,

&c. &c.

THESE Notes on the Bible were not written by Mrs. Carter with any view to publication, nor meant by any means as a connected series of explanatory remarks. They were merely set down by her, in the blank leaves of her Bible, as they happened to occur to her mind in reading it; or else inserted from other books, when the observations made in them seemed to her true, or probable. In this case the authors from whom they are quoted are generally, if not always, mentioned. She had very rarely recourse to Commentators; and rather wished to discover the sense of difficult passages by comparing one part with another, from her general knowledge of the whole of the Scriptures, both in the modern and primary tongues. Hence many of her Notes will not appear new to those versed in biblical literature, and may perhaps seem to have been borrowed, though in reality they were only coincidencies of opinion formed from the same original sources. Of modern writers, Prideaux and Newton, Lowth, Durell, and Newcome, are almost the only ones with whom she was conversant, and from whom she occasionally quotes.

Some of these Notes, however, are certainly valuable; and all shew, that their author possessed great knowledge of the

Holy Scriptures, and that her mind was deeply impressed with a sense both of their truth and their value. It was the earnest wish of several of her friends, that they should be published; and the Editor, in the hopes that they might be productive of some good to the world, would not object to it, well knowing how much weight that reason would have had with herself.

The same motive has induced him to add to them some detached Essays on the same sacred subject; and answers to some objections against the New Testament. These last, and the Letters to a lady called in them *Vittoria*, were addressed to two friends of Mrs. Carter, who were unfortunate enough to have doubts on that subject. It is needless, and would be improper, to name them. In one case the Editor knows that Mrs. Carter's arguments, assisted probably by her conversation, had the desired effect; and in the other he hopes, and indeed believes, that they had. Should any persons, under the same circumstances, be induced to peruse them now, God grant that they may produce in their minds a similar conviction; and be the humble means of opening *their understanding, that they* may *understand the Scriptures.*

NOTES ON THE BIBLE, &c.

GENESIS.

Chap. Verse.

2. 14. *HIDDEKEL.* The Tigris.

3. 17. It is very useless to enquire whether the tree of knowledge was literal or figurative. The prohibition was a test of Adam's obedience, and his sin consisted in breaking an express command of God, and it makes no difference what that command might be. The general truth conveyed by the history is, that the sentence of death was passed upon Adam for his wilful transgression of a plain law of his Creator, and affords a lesson of infinite importance to his posterity.

4. 8. Some copies read, *And Cain said unto Abel his brother, Let us go into the field; and it came to pass, &c.* And it is so translated by the LXX.

4 16. *Nod* in the original signifies *exile.*

4. 23. Some translate *for my wounding,* &c. and thus the sense of this obscure passage will be, that Lamech had been wounded, and had slain his adversary in self-defence; or, it might be translated, *I have slain a man for having wounded me, and a young man for having bruised me*; so that Lamech had only defended himself, and had not been guilty of murder like Cain.

Bp. Lowth.

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4. 26. *Name of the Lord*, that is, the descendants of Seth, began to be distinguished as the worshippers of God, in opposition to the impious and profane race of Cain.

6. 2. By the *sons of God* is supposed to be meant the descendants of Seth; by the *daughters of men* the race of Cain.
By the alliance here mentioned, the pious and the virtuous
would be too naturally seduced by the examples of the
families into which they married; and thus the corruption
become so general, as at length to provoke the Divine
6. 4. vengeance to destroy the whole race, except the single un-
perverted family of Noah.

10. 6. *Mizraim*, supposed to be the same with Menes, after the dispersion of Babel, settled in Egypt: *Phut*, in the part of Africa, west of Egypt: *Cush*, in Æthiopia: *Canaan*, in the country called by his name.

10. 7 & 8. The disappointment of the building, and the dispersion of mankind, seems to have been designed by the wise appointment of Providence, to check the growth of wickedness, by reducing men to the virtue and discipline of small societies. Worthington.

11. 31. *Haran*, or Charran, was a city of Mesopotamia, bordering on the land of Canaan.

12. 1. They who represent the regard shewn to Abraham as merely partial, do not attend to the circumstances of the story. It is plain from these, that the personal qualifications of Abraham made him a very proper object of the Divine favour. Nothing can give a higher idea of this great man, than that noble reliance on the power and goodness of God, which moved him to forsake his country, and his family, &c. to forego all the advantages of an established situation, from the hope of future and invisible blessings.

The

Chap. Verse.

12. 3. The favour which God shewed to Abraham was not to be restrained to him, or his family; though he was indeed to be the instrument of conveying the Divine blessings to all mankind. This was effected, first as he preserved the pure worship of the one true God, and transmitted it to his posterity, when it was corrupted in all the other nations of the earth; and for a completion of this blessing, from him was to descend the Messiah, a teacher sent from God, to be the universal Saviour of the world.

18. This is supposed to have happened in the reign of one of the Shepherd kings.

15. 16. The God of Israel is not, as some have inconsiderately represented, a local deity, but the "possessor of heaven and earth," whose justice and goodness extends to all his creatures. Hence the posterity of Abraham were not permitted to take possession of the promised land, till the sins of the idolatrous nations, by whom it was inhabited, were, after long forbearance, fully ripe for punishment.

16. 17. The wilderness of Shur lies between Palestine and Egypt, so probably Hagar was returning to her own country.

12. The Arabians are the posterity of Ishmael, and have preserved the same wild independent character from his time to this very day; as appears from the testimony of all history, ancient and modern. For the particular proofs, see Bp. Newton on the Prophecies.

18. 19. This testimony to the piety, and to the moral virtues of Abraham, proves how well qualified he was to be the depositary of the true religion; and, both by his precepts and example, to transmit to his posterity. See chap. xxvi. 5.

19. 14. *Which married*, &c. This should be translated, *Who were to marry*, &c. that is, who were contracted to them.

Chap. Verse.

19 22. Zoar, in the original, signifies little. The name of the city before was Bela. See chap. xlv. 2.

20. 11. The want of proper confidence in the Divine protection, which led Abraham into the deceit, is such an instance of weakness in this great good man, whose faith had so nobly supported him in much more severe trials, as affords a striking lesson of humility from the imperfection of all human virtue. At the same time, this passage gives an instance of the indulgence and compassion of God to the accidental frailties of good persons, who, in the general purpose of their lives, sincerely endeavour to obey and serve him; since it was the Divine interposition which prevented the ill consequences arising from Abraham's misrepresentations.

22. 2. The repeated trials with which it pleased the Divine Wisdom to exercise the faith and obedience of Abraham, served to prove the excellence of his character, and how well he deserved the glorious title of the "friend of God," and "the father of the faithful."

He was first summoned to forsake his family and his country, and to live in a foreign land, with a promise of blessings to himself, and his posterity. He had then no prospect of an heir; and the completion of the promise of one was twenty-five years delayed. He patiently waited the Divine leisure, and at length saw himself the father of a son. This very son, the only visible foundation of all his hopes, he was commanded to offer up, with his own hand, to the great Disposer of life and death. Without hesitation he submitted to this last and severe trial: he still retained his dependance upon God, and for a reward of his obedience, the blessing was restored to him, and the promises repeated and unalterably confirmed.

Chap. Verse.

24. 60. *Possess the gate*, &c. Anciently all public business, and all judicial proceedings, were determined at the gates of a city, from whence *the gate* is often used in Scripture to denote the seat of power.

25. 32, 34. This behaviour of Esau discovered a very faulty distrust of God, and a profane contempt of the promise to which he was by his birth the immediate heir; and he was therefore justly punished by the loss of those privileges which he had so foolishly despised, and surrendered at so slight a price.

27. 36. This accusation is not strictly just. Jacob had not taken away the birth-right, but had purchased it by a voluntary bargain from Esau, who profanely sold it, and did not become sensible of its value till it was too late. The blessing of Isaac seems to have been designed for Esau in quality of his eldest son (see v. 19 and 32) and therefore belonged to Jacob, to whom Esau had made over all the rights of primogeniture.

27. 40. This prophecy was fulfilled in the reign of Jehoram, son of Jehosophat, when the Edomites recovered their liberty, and shook off the yoke of the Jewish kings.

29. 1. *The East*, Mesopotamia, which was east of the land of Canaan.

29. 12. The Jews called all near relations brothers.

31. 45. Before the use of alphabetical writing, such monuments were necessary as witnesses of contracts.

37. 9. Eleven stars, not *the* eleven stars.

37. 25. The Ishmaelites and Midianites probably belonged to the same caravan. The Ishmaelites were the descendants of Abraham by Hagar, and the Midianites by Keturah. Abraham settled both families in Arabia, that they might not interfere with the posterity of Isaac, to whom the Divine promise had allotted the land of Canaan. See chap. xxvi. 2, 6.

According

Chap. Verse.

41. 45. According to the Rabbins, this name signifies a revealer of hidden things.

47. 22. The Egyptian priests were next in rank to the king; they had priviledges and revenues, and their lands were exempt from all taxes.

49. 5. *Habitations* should rather be translated *covenants*, referring to their cruel and deceitful treaty with the Hivites.

49. 10. *The sceptre*, &c. This was exactly fulfilled, for the tribe of Judah subsisted under a government of its own long after the dispersion of the other tribes; nor was the power ever totally lost, till after the coming of the Messiah, who is here almost universally supposed to be meant by *Shiloh*. This word is capable of various significations, all applicable to him.

About ten years before the birth of Moses, Cecrops came from Egypt into Greece, and built Athens, where he reigned fifty years.

EXODUS.

THE great obscurity of ancient history makes it difficult to determine under what King of Egypt the persecutions and escape of the Israelites took place. The most probable conjecture seems to be, that their hardships were begun by *Amenophis*, and continued by his son *Sesostris*. Sesostris, after making vast conquests, applied himself to the raising of public buildings, for the ornament and defence of his country. He took care to have it known by inscriptions, that these great works were compleated without harassing any of his own subjects, and that he employed only foreigners; a circumstance which makes it probable, that it was in his reign that the Israelites had such severe tasks imposed upon them. Sesostris, after a reign of

Chap. Verse. thirty-six years, was succeeded by his son *Pharon*, an impious and foolish prince, who was perhaps the Pharoah overthrown in the Red Sea. Rollin.

1. 11. The LXX add to these cities—*On* which is *Heliopolis*. 1519 before Christ Cadmus came from Phœnicia into Greece, and built Thebes.

1. 21. *Made them houses*, that is, established and prospered their families. See the marginal references.

2. 18. Reuel, or Raguel, their grandfather, the father of Jethro.

8. 16. The lice seem to have been a *creation*, and consequently beyond the power of the magicians, though their art had been sufficient to bring up frogs, which were already formed, from the river.

8. 26. The ox which was to have been offered in sacrifice to the God of Israel, was the principal idol of the Egyptians. In this, and many other parts of Scripture, *abomination* is another name for idol. See 1 Kings ii. 5, 7.

11. 2. Borrow. Ask.

22. 3. Νυκτωρ φωρα εις οικιαν εισιοντα επι κλοπη χρηματων, εαν ελων κτεινη τις, καθαρος εστω *. Plato de Legibus, lib. 9.

23. 15, 16. *The feast of unleavened bread.*—The Passover. *The feast of harvest*, or *the feast of weeks.*—Pentecost. *The feast of ingathering.*—The Scenopegia, or feast of tabernacles.

25. 14. According to Josephus, *Hur* was the husband of Miriam.

29. 30. *Urim and Thummim.* The meaning of these two words is *light* and *perfection*. What the thing was is not known; but probably it was some external alteration in the appearance of the breast-plate, by which the high priest was enabled to give a judgment of the will of God, when he was consulted in different cases by the people.

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* If any one should put to death a thief, entering into a house by night for the purpose of plunder, let him not be punished.

LEVITICUS.

Chap. Verse.

3. 1. *PEACE offering.* This should rather be translated a sacrifice of *thanksgiving.* Peace in the Hebrew idiom denotes all kind of prosperity.

5. 15. The difference between a *sin offering* and a *trespass offering* seems to be, that a *sin offering* respected such offences as were incapable of reparation, whereas a *trespass offering* was preceded by restitution. The first immediately related to God, the other included likewise an injury done to society.

6. 2. Such as fancy themselves religious, while they neglect the duties of truth and honesty, would do well to study this passage, in which lying, cheating, and robbing our neighbour, is expressly declared to be *committing a trespass against the Lord.*

13. 13. The reason why a person was pronounced clean, when he was entirely covered by the leprosy, seems to be, that its being turned white, showed that the force of the disease was spent, and the patient in a state of recovery, and no danger of infection to be apprehended.

18. 24, 25. This, and many other passages, prove that it was not from any arbitrary appointment, but for their extreme wickedness, that the Canaanites were to be destroyed to make room for the children of Israel. They themselves are threatened with the same destruction, whenever they should commit the same crimes. See chap. xx. 22, 23, and the remainder of this chapter.

23. 23. *A free will offering,* the LXX translate, *Thou shalt kill them for thyself,* which reconciles this verse with the 21st.

NUMBERS.

NUMBERS.

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16. 15. THE LXX translatet his perhaps rightly, *I have not taken any one thing of value.*

18. 1. As Aaron and his family had the charge of the sanctuary, they were to bear the iniquity of it; that is, to be answerable for any faults committed with regard to divine worship.

21. 8. This artificial serpent seems to have been designed as a proof to the people, that their cure was miraculous, and not effected by any natural means.

21. 29. *Chemosh* was the name of the idol of the Moabites.

24. 17. *Smite Moab.* This was accomplished by David. See 2 Sam. viii. 2.

DEUTERONOMY.

3. 17. CHINNERETH, in the New Testament, is called the lake of Genesareth, and the sea of Tiberias. Into this lake the river Jordan empties itself. The Salt Sea is the same which is called by different names, the *lake of Sodom, the Dead Sea*, and the lake *Asphaltites.*

4. 48. *Mount Sion*, not Sion, but Sijon, the same as Sirion.

9. 5. See note on Leviticus xviii. 24, 25.

11. 10. As there is no rain in Egypt, the lands are watered by leading the Nile, in canals, through them.

32. 43. The Septuagint has an addition to this verse, *Rejoice* ye heavens together with him: and let all the angels of God worship him, &c.

33. 6. This passage is quoted by the Apostle to the Hebrews i. 6. See the note there.

Let not his men be few; rather, though his men be few.

JOSHUA.

Chap. Verse.

1. 4. THE great sea.—The Mediterranean.

10. 38, 39. He in whose hands are all the powers of nature, might, no doubt, have extirpated the guilty nations of Canaan by a plague, or an earthquake; but his wisdom and goodness by making the sword of the Israelites his instrument of justice, gave them a striking lesson to avoid the crimes that had incurred the Divine vengeance, of which they themselves had been appointed the executioners.

11. 22. *In Gaza, Gath*, &c. and there they remained till the time of David. See 1 Sam. xvii. 4, &c.

13. 5. The Gibbites were probably the inhabitants of Gebal, now called Gibyle, the same with the Greek Byblos.

See Maundrel's Journal.

JUDGES.

4. 9. *KEDESH*, a city in the tribe of Naphtali.

5. 10. The Judges, and great men.

5. 11. They *that are delivered*, &c. The people who by this victory recovered the liberty of pursuing their several employments; such as drawing water from the public fountains, and transacting their affairs of commerce, pleadings, &c. at the gates of the city, which was the place of business. In all which, during the oppression of their enemies, they had been interrupted by the dread of the soldiers.

16. 18. *The money*, which they had agreed to give Delilah for betraying Samson.

17. 7. The meaning is not that the *young man* was of the family of Judah, but that the *city* belonged to the tribe of Judah, and

Chap. Verse. and it was called Bethlehem Judah, to distinguish it from the other Bethlehem which belonged to Zabulon.

18. 27. See Gen. xlix. 17.

1 SAMUEL.

1. 24. THREE bullocks, &c. the LXX translate, *a calf of three years old*, which agrees better with the next verse.

2. 15 See Leviticus iii. 3. iv. 17.

6. 19. It was against the express command of God, that any should inspect the sacred vessels, except the family of Aaron. See the margin.

9. 7. It was a custom in the East, that no one could visit another without making him a present; a custom which remains there to this day, and which is observed even by the lowest people, who always present those they visit, if it is only with an apple, or a flower.

10. 6. Perhaps the sudden and extraordinary manner in which the prophetic spirit was conferred on Saul, might be designed by heaven to procure him the respect of the people, and to prove him to be the person appointed for their king.

10. 12. The persons called in Scripture the *sons of the prophets*, seem to have been young men trained up by them in a course of education proper to qualify them for the prophetic office. The prophet who presided over them had the title of *father*. The meaning then of the question, *Who is*, &c. may be, By whom was Saul instructed, and brought up for a prophet?

12. 17. As the rain in Judea usually fell only at particular and stated seasons, the tempest here mentioned was, in that country, an extraordinary event.

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14. 24. A striking instance of the violent and impatient temper of Saul, who, while he refused to obey the easy restrictions laid upon him by God (chap. viii. 8, 13.) burthened himself and his people by rash and foolish impositions of his own.

15. 33. Thus it appears, that the death of Agag was a just retribution of his cruelty to others.

17. 18. It appears by a passage of the Seven Champions of Æschylus, that it was a custom among the Greeks, when going to battle, to send pledges, as memorials to their friends at home. If this was a practice among the Orientals likewise, it perfectly well explains this passage in Samuel:

20. 16. This may be translated, *Yet the Lord required it from the hand*, &c. That is, notwithstanding the covenant between David and Jonathan, God avenged the injuries done to David upon the family of Saul. See chap. xxxi. 2.

21. 1. *Alone.* It is plain, by the following verses, that David was not strictly alone; so that Ahimelech must only mean to express his surprize, at seeing him without the usual number of attendants, which probably his rank, as son-in-law to the king, &c. required.

2 SAMUEL.

6, 8. ACCORDING to some copies, this difficult passage may be thus translated:—

And the inhabitants of Jebus said, Thou shalt not come hither, for the blind and the lame shall keep thee off, by saying, "David shall not come hither;" but David took the strong hold of Sion, which is the city of David. And David said, on that day, Whosoever smiteth the Jebusites, and through the subterraneous passages reaches the lame and the blind, that are hated of

Chap. Verse. *of David's soul, because the blind and the lame continued to say, "Thou shalt not come into this house,"* &c. Kennicot.

6. 20. *Uncovered;* that is, stript of his regal dress, and clothed in a habit of religious ceremony. See v. 14.

12. 31. That is, he employed the captives in servile works, such as sawing, making bricks, &c. See the note on the 1 Chron. xx. 3.

14. 14. It might perhaps be better translated—*therefore let the King devise means, that he who is at present banished,* may not be banished from him.

Then the argument will be, that as all must die, and God has no respect of persons, it is fit that the King should not deprive himself of a successor, by the banishment of Absalom, who probably was the eldest remaining son.

23. 2—7. This passage is in the original very obscure: the Greek version is different, but equally difficult. It is probable that some words in the Hebrew are lost.

24. 17. This was a very proper expression of humility in David, and of paternal tenderness for his people: however it was not for his sin that the Israelites were punished, but for their own: and his fault was an occasion which the Divine wisdom made use of for their chastisement. See v. 1.

1 KINGS.

2. 22. IT seems, from several passages, to have been one part of the establishment of the right of the reigning King, to take possession of the wives of his predecessors, so that this request of Adonijah was an implied treason. See 2 Sam. xii. 8. xvi. 21, &c.

9. 18. Tadmor, called by the Greeks Palmyra.

All

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10. 26–29. All commerce with Egypt, and particularly the importation of horses, was a breach of the express command of God. Solomon, perhaps from a vain confidence in his own superior talents, thought himself secure from the danger of idolatrous examples. The miserable fall of this wisest of Kings is a sad proof of the insufficiency of human wisdom: whenever it ventures to break through the restrictions of the Divine laws.

11. 1. The multiplication of wives was another breach of the command of God.

12. 15. Perhaps the word here rendered *cause* would be better translated by *revolution.*

13. 21. The Prophet had received a prohibition from God himself, and was therefore inexcusable in regarding any contradiction to it, merely on the word of a man.

25. The lion leaving the body untouched, was a proof that the death of the prophet was not from accident, but rather of the judgement of God.

16. 7. *Killed him,* it should rather be translated, *because he smote it.* That is, destroyed the family of Jeroboam. In *the reign of Omri* flourished Lycurgus.

2 KINGS.

2. 23. THE word here rendered *little children,* might have been translated *young men.* They came from the idolatrous city of Bethel to insult the prophet: and the expression of *go up* seems to be a mockery of the ascent of Elijah his master, *who went up* by a whirlwind into heaven. See Dr. Gregory Sharpe on Prophecy, ch. i. p. 30.

3. 4. The Moabites had been conquered and put under tribute by David. See 2 Sam. viii. 2. 1 Chron. xviii. 2.

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3. 27. The eldest son of the King of Edom.

5. 11. If Elisha had acted in this manner, Naaman might have supposed that he had cured him by some natural means: which supposition was prevented, by the prophet not making his appearance till after the cure.

6. 23. *Bands*, that is, the Syrians came no more in detached parties.

33. *Behold*, &c. This seems to be the message sent from Joram.

8. 10. The prophet foretold, that Benhadad would recover of his distemper; but that he should die by other means.

8. 15. The meaning seems to be, that Hazael stifled him.

8. 20. See the note on Genesis xxvii. 3.

15. 19. See the note on 1 Chronicles v. 26.

16. 1. In the reign of Jothan, Rome was built.

16. 6. By the loss of Elath, the Jews were deprived of their trade to the East Indies, which had been, ever since the days of Solomon, the source of all their riches. See Prideaux.

16. 9. The kingdom of the Syrians, in Damascus, which was destroyed by this expedition, was founded in the reign of Solomon, by Rezon, the son of Eliadah. See 1 Kings xi. 23—25.

17. 24. Esarhaddon, who, about forty-five years after Samaria had been taken by Shalmanesar, his grandfather, carried away the remainder of the Israelites, and placed the idolatrous people here mentioned, in their room. Thus was Ephraim destroyed from being a people, at the time prophesied by Isaiah. See Isaiah vii. 8.

18. 4. Notwithstanding this positive assertion, the Romanists shew in the church of St. Ambrose, at Milan, a brazen serpent, which they affirm to be the very same made by Moses: though some of their learned men disclaim the cheat. See Prideaux.

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18. 16. After this agreement Sennacherib marched to invade Egypt, which was then governed by Sevecus, or Sethon. To facilitate his entrance into the country, he first took Azotus (see Isaiah xx.) In this expedition No Ammon is supposed to have been destroyed.

18. 17. This second attack on Jerusalem happened in the eighteenth year of Hezekiah, and after Sennacherib had been employed three years in harassing Egypt. Isaiah xx. He had laid siege to Pelusium, a city of the Delta: but was obliged to raise it on hearing, that Tirhaka, King of Æthiopia, was coming to its assistance. See Prideaux.

19. 35. After this defeat of Sennacherib the Medes revolted from him, and afterwards set up a separate government under Dejoces.

20. 12. Merodach Baladan, in profane history is called Mordac Empadus. His father Baladan is the same as Belesis, or Nabonassar, who, with Arbaces, conspired against Sardanapalus, and destroyed the ancient Assyrian Empire, after it had lasted 1300 years. The conspirators formed two new empires. Nabonassar had Babylon, Chaldea, and Arabia, and Arbaces Media, and all the rest. Prideaux.

Nabonassar was author of the famous Babylonian Æra.

21. 16. The Jews have a tradition that Isaiah was sawn in sunder in the reign of Manasseh.

23. 34. By the captivity and death of Jehoahas, or Shallum, in Egypt, was fulfilled the prophecy. Jer. xxii. 11.

24. 18. Called also Jeconiah and Coniah.

25. 18. Jerusalem was thrice taken by Nebuchadnezzar; first on the 18th of November (which is still a fast amongst the Jews) in the reign of Jehoiakim. At this time it was that Daniel and his companions were carried into captivity Dan. i. 2.

By

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By this expedition of Nebuchadnezzar, Judea was brought under vassalage to the Babylonians, and from hence is to be dated the seventy years captivity foretold by Jeremiah. Jer. xxv. 2. xxix. 10.

By the carrying away the royal family, &c. was fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah to Hezekiah. Isaiah xxxix. 7.

About eight years after this first siege, Jerusalem was a second time taken by Nebuchadnezzar, in the reign of Jehoiachin; and another set of captives carried away into Babylon: among whom was Ezechiel: and therefore throughout his prophecies, he dates from this captivity. Ezechiel i. 2.

Eleven years after, in the reign of Zedechiah, Jerusalem was taken for the third and last time by Nebuchadnezzar, who then compleated its destruction.

The temple was burnt on the 9th of July, which was the same day on which it was afterwards destroyed by Titus.

25. 27. Nebuchadnezzar died in the thirty-seventh year of Jehoiachin's captivity. He reigned forty-four years.

Evilmerodach was a foolish and a wicked prince, and reigned only two years. His sister's husband, Neriglissar, conspired against him, put him to death, and reigned in his stead.

The supposed reason of the kindness to Jehoiachin: See in note on Jer. lii. 31.

1 CHRONICLES.

5. 26. A JEWISH writer reports, that in this expedition Tiglathpileser carried away the golden calf which Jeroboam had set up in Dan: the other in Bethel was taken away about ten years before. Prideaux.

Chap. Verse.
5. 26. *Pul* is the same with Sardanapalus, the last of the ancient Assyrian kings. He was destroyed by a conspiracy headed by Arbaces, Governor of Media, and Belesis, Governor of Babylon, who divided the Empire between them. Belesis, who is by some authors called Nabonassar, and in scripture Baladan (see Isaiah xxxix. 1.) had Babylon, Chaldea, and Arabia, and Arbaces all the rest. Arbaces is the same who in scripture is called Tiglathpileser, and by Ælian, Thilgannus. This division of the Assyrian empire, which had lasted 1300 years, happened in the second year of the eightieth Olympiad, and the seventh after the building of Rome. See Prideaux, Herodotus, &c.

20. 3. *Cut*, would more properly have been rendered *ruled*, *governed*: and then the meaning will be, not that David put his captives to cruel deaths, but employed them in servile works, such as hewing, sawing, &c.

25. 1—3. *Prophecy* does not here mean to foretel future events, but to celebrate the praises of God: and it is so translated by the LXX.

2 CHRONICLES.

1. 16. SEE note on 1 Kings x. 26.

8. 6. Among his other works, Solomon is supposed to have built the sepulchre of the house of David, a work of vast expence, and the only true remainder of old Jerusalem. It now lies without the walls; but is supposed to have been formerly within them, before the city was destroyed by the Romans.

This burial place consists of a court about 120 feet square, with a gallery, or cloister, on the right hand; which, with the pillars that supported it, were cut out of the

Chap. Verse. the solid marble rock. At the end of the gallery is a narrow passage, through which is an entrance into a room twenty-four foot square: within which are several lesser rooms within each other, opening with stone doors: all which rooms likewise were cut out of the solid marble rock. In the sides of those lesser rooms are several niches, in which the bodies of the dead kings were deposited in stone coffins.

In the innermost or chiefest of these rooms was the body of Hezekiah, laid in a nich, perhaps cut on purpose at that time for it, at the upper end of the room, to do him the greater honour. And all this remains entire even to this day. See Prideaux, Maundrel, &c.

In Jerusalem was no other sepulchre but that of the house of David, and of Huldah the prophetess. Maimonides.

11. 20. As Maachah, or Michaiah, is in a following chapter called the daughter of Uriel, she might probably be the grand-daughter of Absalom.

18. 1. *Affinity*, &c. He married his son Jehoram to Athalia, the daughter of Ahab.

20. 36. *Eziongiber* was so called from a ridge of rocks at the mouth of the harbour, resembling a back bone. It was a sea-port town, which David had taken from the Edomites, and from whence the Jews carried on their trade to India.

21. 10. By this revolt of the Edomites, was fulfilled the prophecy of Isaac to Esau. Gen. xxvii. 40.

28. 16. Tiglathpileser, after extorting vast sums from Ahaz, for his pretended aid, did him no service in recovering what had been taken from him. The conquest of Damascus by the Assyrians, though it for the present delivered Judea from the incursions of Rezin, proved in the event its ruin,

by giving the King of Assyria a settlement on the frontiers, who did the Jews infinitely more mischief than could have been effected by the weaker forces of the Syrians. Besides when Tiglathpileser conquered the Syrians, he took likewise Elath, which they had seized from Ahaz: and by this means all the trade of India, from whence the Jews derived their greatest riches, fell into the hands of the Assyrians, and was never after recovered. See Prideaux.

Tiglathpileser in profane history is called Arbaces. In the reign of Sardanapalus he was Governor of Media: after the death of Sardanapalus he founded the new Assyrian empire, of which Nineveh was the capital: and Nabonassar, or Baladan, the Chaldean empire, of which the capital was Babylon.

30. 6. The Assyrian captivity mentioned here, and at the 9th verse, was that which happened in the reign of Pekah, when Tiglathpileser invaded Israel: the final captivity did not happen till five years after this passover. See 2 Kings xv. 28. and xviii. 10, 11.

32. 12. Sennacherib considered Hezekiah's abolition of idolatrous worship as an act of impiety.

32. 25. *His heart was lifted up*, &c. This probably relates to the ostentatious display of his greatness to the Babylonian Ambassadors. See 2 Kings xx. 12. Isaiah xxxix. 1.

32. 33. Chiefest of the sepulchres. See the note on chapter viii. 6.

33. 1. In the eleventh year of Manasseh died Terhakah, and two years after began the reign of the twelve Kings of Egypt. In the nineteenth of Manasseh, Eshordon seized Babylon, which had been for eight years in a state of anarchy, and united it to the kingdom of Assyria.

At

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33. 14. At this time Psammaticus, King of Egypt, was blockading Azotus, and making war on other parts of Palestine, which being so immediately in the neighbourhood of Manasseh, it was necessary for him to raise the fortifications here mentioned for his defence. Prideaux.

36. 6. The city was taken on the eighteenth of November, and the Jews keep it a strict fast to this day. It was in this expedition that Daniel was carried captive into Babylon.

36. 7. See note on 2 Kings xxv.

36. 9. When he began to reign alone he was eighteen. He either reigned ten years with his father, or there was an interregnum.

36. 10. In this second captivity Ezekiel was carried to Babylon.

EZRA.

1. 1. CYRUS reigned seven years.

4. 6. Ahasuerus. The same as Cambyses, the son of Cyrus: he reigned seven years and five months.

4. 7. Artaxerous. Smerdis, the Magi: he reigned seven months.

4. 24. From the first year of Cyrus, to the second of Darius Hystaspes was about sixteen years, during which time the building of the temple was suspended.

ESTHER.

1. 1. *AHASUERUS*, Artaxerxes, the son of Xerxes.

JOB.

1. 1. *UZ*, probably a part of Idumea. See Lam. iv. 21. Gen. xxxvi. 28. Diodati.

Curse,

Chap. Verse.

1. 11. *Curse*, &c. rather, *will he not bid thee farewell to thy face.* Dr. Durell.

3. 8. Our translators render this passage in a manner that has not the least relation to the original. Beza's explanation is strangely forced; and Dr. Durell's rather ingenious than satisfactory.

Might it not be possible to give a natural sense, immediately arising from the Hebrew word, by a slight alteration of one letter, which is authorized by innumerable examples, as they are often so much alike as to be confounded, this single alteration would then make the *word*, which in the kindred Arabian dialect signifies *to number*.

If this reading be admitted, the passage will run thus: "*Let them curse it that curse the day, who are preparing to number their debts.*" An employment sufficiently miserable to deserve a place in Job's execration.

By this translation the word will be regularly derived from the word signifying to borrow.

3. 9. See chap. i. v. 11.

4. 11. The sense is, the strength and terror of the mighty are rendered useless. Dr. Durell.

6. 15. The simile of the brook, is continued to the end of the 20th verse.

10. 22. Instead of *darkness itself*, perhaps the truer translation might be, *As the gloom of the shadow of death.*

12. 15. This seems an allusion to the passage through the Red Sea.

16. 18. *Cover not*, &c.; that is, if I have committed secret murder, let it not be concealed.

17. 15. Confusion shall dwell in his tabernacle, &c.—so translated by a very probable reading of Dr. Durell.

24. 18. That is, they chuse desert places to conceal their crimes, and avoid frequented ways, such as vineyards, &c. See Diodati.

Chap. Verse.
26. 5. *Dead things*, by a very ingenious and well-grounded interpretation of Dr. Durell, should be translated *departed spirits*. The passage therefore may be rendered thus: "*Did any departed spirits terrify* thee *from beneath, from the waters and its inhabitants?*" Dr. Durell supposes this to be an allusion to chap. iv. 15, &c. and that Job asked Bildad if he had been instructed by a spirit as well as Eliphaz.

18. 4. *From the inhabitant*, rather from the *spring*.

31. 21. *My help in the gate*, &c.; that is, though he knew what influence he had with the judges, he never availed himself of it to oppress the helpless.

Causes were decided anciently at the gates of a city.

36. 33. *The cattle*, &c. If this passage is rightly translated, it seems to refer to the sensibility which animals discover of the changes of weather.

37. 7. Sealeth up, &c.; that is, by the violence of the weather, there is a stop put to the labours of man.

38. 1. The LXX add—after *Elihu had ceased from speaking, the Lord, &c.*

38. 13. This is a fine image of the wicked flying the detection of day-light. See chap. xxiv. 13 and 17.

38. 14. This verse is obscure. Diodati interprets it, that the earth receives all the varieties of form and colour, from the light, as clay from the impression of a seal (or mould.)

42. 14. The LXX add to the last verse of Job—*And it is written, he shall rise again, with those whom the Lord shall raise.*

PSALMS.

2. 12. THE LXX translate instead of *kiss the son, lay hold on instruction*, and the Arabic follows this translation.

Psalm.	Verse.	
3.	4.	*Holy hill,* mount Sion; so called because David had placed the ark and tabernacle of God there.
3.	8.	*Selah,* is a word of doubtful meaning. By some it is interpreted to denote an elevation of the voice; by others a pause in the music.
4.	8.	*Neginoth* signifies any musical instrument that is stricken by the hand.
5.	8.	The sense of *Nehiloth* is uncertain; the most probable conjecture is, that it signifies wind instruments.
9.	8.	*Muthlabben* is by some translated *the death of the champion:* and this psalm is thought to have been composed by David, on his victory over Goliah.
11.	3.	The LXX translate—*What thou hast established, they have overthrown.*
18.	6.	*His temple*—Heaven. See v. 13 and 16. and Psalm xi. 4.
21.	9.	The sense should be, *Thou shalt place them in a fiery oven.*
29.	9.	*Hinds to calve,* &c. rather according to a very probable interpretation of Dr. Durell, it should be rendered, *shaketh the oaks.*
32.	6.	*Floods of great waters*—great troubles and calamities. See Psalm xviii. 4, 6; xlii. 7; cxxxviii. 7.
34.	6.	Abimelech is supposed to have been the general name of all the Philistine Kings, as Pharaoh was that of the Egyptian Kings, and Cæsar of the Roman Emperors. The particular title of the King mentioned in this psalm was Achish. Buxtorf, Diodati.
36.	1.	The transgressor speaketh wickedly in the bottom of his heart. Dr. Durell.
45.	1.	*Shoshennim.* Of the various interpretations of this word, the most probable seems to be, a six-stringed instrument.
49.	5.	*Wickedness of the heels.* There are several interpretations of this expression; perhaps it means the wickedness by which the psalmist was persecuted.

The

Psalm. Verse.

49. 11. The LXX translate, *their sepulchres are their houses for ever, their dwelling, &c.*

49. 14. *The upright shall have dominion over them in the morning.* Dr. Durell translates, *they go straight to the sepulchre.*

68. 4. *Extoll,* &c. This should perhaps be translated, *make the way for him who rideth through the desarts,* &c. LXX. see v. 7, and many other parts of this psalm.

68. 13. *Among the pots.* That is, in a state of dejection and servitude. The original word here translated *pots,* signifies any thing regularly placed in rows; and therefore might perhaps as well have been translated bricks. This Psalm evidently in several places alludes to the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt.

68. 30. The marginal translation is the best. *The beast of the reed* is the Hippopotamus: *the bulls* and *calves* allude to Apis, &c. the Egyptian idols, and thus the whole verse is a description of Egypt. Dr. Durell on the Psalms.

108. 30. The subject of this psalm is the same as the 60th; both contain a description of David's conquests, mentioned 2 Sam. viii. 1. Chron. xviii.

108. 9. *Cast out my shoe.* Trample under foot.

109. 7. *Let him be condemned,* &c. This might be translated, *he will be condemned, his days will be few,* &c. and so of the following verses; and thus this psalm may be considered not as a curse, but as a declaration of the divine judgements upon wicked men.

110. 3. This verse is capable of various interpretations. The LXX translate, *with thee is the sovereignty, in the day of thy power, in the glories of thy sanctuary, I have produced thee from the womb before the morning star.*

The whole psalm is a prophecy of the Messiah: and several parts of it are applied to him in the New Testament: perhaps the English translation of the third verse

Psalm. Verse. is the best. *The womb of the morning*, is probably a poetical figure of the East; and the whole verse a prophetic description of the adorations and offerings of the wise men.

119. 38. *Who is devoted to thy fear*, should have been, *guide him to thy fear*. Dr. Durell.

126. 4. Dr. Durell very properly translates, *the turning of our captivity, O Lord, is as streams in the South*, i. e. as delightful.

127. 2. There is some difficulty in the original; and our translation does not make a consistent sense. The meaning of this verse seems to be, that while the worldly-minded harass themselves with unprofitable care and watchings, God bestows on them whom he loves, and who rely on his providence, the blessings of quiet sleep.

129. 6. The roofs of the houses in the East are flat and covered with grass, which in such a situation must soon be parched and withered.

133. 3. Maundrel observes, that he was sufficiently instructed what is here meant by the *dew of Hermon*, the tents of his company being as wet with it as if it had rained all night. Maundrel's Journal, p. 57.

Dr. Durell very properly observes, that the mountains of Zion should be translated *the dry hills*. See Isaiah xxv. 5.

147. 3. The LXX ascribe this and the following psalm to Haggai and Zechariah.

The following psalm is not in the Hebrew, but is added by the LXX, and ascribed to David on his *victory* over Goliah.

I was small among my brethren, and being the youngest in the house of my father, I fed my father's sheep.

My hand framed the organ, my fingers tuned the harp.

And who shall inform my Lord? The Lord himself he hears.

He sent his angel, and took me from my father's sheep, and anointed me with the oil of his anointing.

My brethren were fair and tall; but the Lord had no pleasure in them.

I came out to encounter the Philistine, and he cursed me by his idols.

But I have drawn his sword from him, cut off his head, and took away reproach from the sons of Israel.

PROVERBS.

7. 21. *FAIR speech,* rather allurements. Dr. Durell.

8. 26. *Highest part of the dust of the world:* this expression probably means the surface of the earth, the ground.

16. 1. The more exact translation seems to be thus:

The preparations of the heart are *in man; but the answer of the tongue, from the Lord.*

That is: whatever schemes may be framed by human contrivance, yet the event of them depends on the providence of God. See chap. xix. 21.

18. 1. Diodati translates, *He who separates himself, seeks his own desire, and will despise all law and reason.*

26. 2. The meaning seems to be, that as the birds wander and fly in a vague and undeterminate direction; so a causeless curse shall be dissipated in air, not light on the head at which it is aimed.

ECCLESIASTES.

2. 8 *WOMEN-SINGERS,* or cup-bearers, as it might be rendered, by a trifling alteration of the Hebrew word.

Chap. Verse.

3. 11. Perhaps this verse might be translated thus:

He hath made every thing beautiful in its season, moreover he hath set eternity in the midst of them, so that man cannot find out, &c.

That is: though God has disposed all things in perfect beauty and order, yet as they have a reference to endless ages, the limited powers of short-lived man cannot discern that harmony which the works of God bear to each other.

The 14th verse seems to justify this sense.

4. 2. See Soph. Œdip. Col. 1283.

4. 13–19. The meaning seems to be, that a wise young man, under all the disadvantages of poverty and distressed circumstances, may extricate himself, and be advanced to a throne: while a foolish king, though born to power, may, by his rejection of a good counsel, be reduced to poverty.

4. 15, 16. These verses seem to describe the neglect with which a reigning king is sometimes treated, and the court which is paid to his heir. Diodati.

6. 3. The meaning seems, that better is the enjoyment of what is in our view, and within our reach, than the indulgence of vain and undetermined wishes.

8. 5, 6. The new section here seems misplaced; perhaps it should be altered thus: *A wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment: for to every purpose there is time and judgment.*

Because the misery of man is great upon him, therefore he knoweth not, &c.

8. 10. An English Bible printed in 1599, has this verse thus:

I saw the wicked buried, and they returned; and they that came from the holy place were yet forgotten in the city, when they had done right: this also, &c.

SONG

SONG OF SOLOMON.

Chap. Verse.

1. 10. *WITH rows*, &c. or, *as turtle doves.*

2. 14. *Stairs*, rather *precipices.*

3. 6. *Pillars of smoke*, supposed by some to be an allusion to the perfumes arising from altars of incense.

6. 13. *Company*, &c. Perhaps better, *the choral dances*, &c.

7. 5. May be translated, *The hair of thy head is like royal purple fastened on the galleries.* Diodati.

ISAIAH.

AMOZ, the father of Isaiah, is supposed to have been brother to Azariah, king of Judah. Isaiah prophesied during the space of forty-eight years. The Jews have a tradition that he was sawn in sunder by Manasseh, the son of Hezekiah, to which possibly St. Paul alludes, Heb. xi. 37.

1. This chapter probably relates to the invasion of some of the cities of Judah by the Philistines in the reign of Ahaz. See 2 Chron. xxviii. 18, 22, 23.

29. The Jews were forbidden to worship in groves, or to plant any trees near the altars of Jehovah; they were even commanded, that when they destroyed the idols of the heathen, they should cut down their groves. It is recorded, as one of the abominations practised by Ahab, that he made a *grove*. Ahaz likewise sacrificed under every green tree. See 2 Chron. xxviii. 4; Deut. xvi. 21.

2. 2. *The last days* is a phrase in scripture denoting the gospel age. See Micah iv. 1; Joel xi. 29; Acts xi. 17; Heb. i. 1, &c.

Accomplished

Chap. Verse.

2. 3. Accomplished in the Gospel. See Matt. xxviii. 19.; Mark xvi. 15.

11. The LXX read this verse differently; perhaps in our MSS. there may be an error in a word, for the translation ought to be, *The eyes of the Lord are lofty, man is low, and the haughtiness of mortals shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone*, &c.

13. *Bashan* comprehends all the country beyond Jordan. The woods of Lebanon and of Bashan were the natural defence of Judea. The towers, ships, &c. in the following verses, comprehend fortifications, and the riches arising from traffic, which were the artificial defences of the nation. Against both the prophet denounces destruction, and exhorts the people not to depend on human supports. See v. 12, 22.

16. *Pleasant pictures*, the LXX translate, *every spectacle of beautiful ships.*

3. 10. The LXX translate, *Let us bind the just, for he is untractable to us; wherefore they eat*, &c.

4. 2. By the *branch* some understand to be meant our blessed Saviour; others the remainder of the Jews, after the Babylonian captivity. In support of the first, see chap. xi. 1; Jer. xxiii. 5. xxxiii. 15.; Zec. iii. 8. vi. 12. For the last sense, see chap. v. 7. xliv. 4.

5. 13. Rezin, king of Syria, fought against Ahaz, and carried a great number of Jews captive to Damascus, to which this verse probably refers. See Chron. xxviii. 5.

17. *After their manner*, or *in their fold.* See Micah ii. 12.

6. 10. The LXX translate, *The heart of this people is made fat, and they have heard heavily*, &c. And St. Matthew quotes the LXX in this passage.

This

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6. 13. This verse might perhaps be translated thus, *And yet there shall be a tenth in it, after it is returned, and has been browsed; as a teil tree, and as an oak in Shallecheth, whose support is in them; so the holy arm shall be the support thereof.*

That is, as trees, though their leaves are fallen, or devoured, have still a support in the root and stem; so, although the Jews are now for their sins reduced to a low condition, the powerful arm of God is their support, and will restore them, on their repentance, to their former flourishing state. This seems the general sense of the comparison, whatever be the particular meaning of the several parts.

Shallecheth was the name of a causeway leading to the temple, which is supposed to have been set with trees. See 1 Chron. xxvi. 16; 2 Chron. ix. 4; Kings x. 5.

7. 8, 9. *For the head of Syria,* &c. That is, God has set bounds to the ambition of the Kings of Syria and Israel, and will confine their power to their own territories.

Within threescore, &c.

Ahaz reigned sixteen years; thus from the fourth of Ahaz are

	13 years.
Hezekiah reigned	29
Manasseh -	23
	65

Piscator.

For it was in the twenty-third year of Manasseh, that Esarhaddon totally destroyed the Israelites, and placed his own subjects in their stead. See 2 Kings xvii. 24; Ezra iv. 2. 10.

This

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7. 14. This prophecy, which had its full completion in the birth of our blessed Saviour, seems, in this primary signification, to relate to the son of Isaiah. The virgin here mentioned was probably the same person who, in the third verse of the next chapter, is called the prophetess, and who was perhaps taken to wife by Isaiah, immediately after his delivery of this message to Ahaz.

15. *That he may know*, &c. should be rendered, *When* he shall know. See Bp. Lowth on this passage.

22. Butter and honey are delicacies in the East, and as such denote a state of plenty. Bp. Lowth.

24, 25. The meaning seems, that the country, overgrown with briars and thorns, should become the abode of wild beasts, which would make it necessary for persons to use bows and arrows for their defence; and that even the places which were not thus overgrown, but had been cultivated by man, should however be trodden down, and become pasture for cattle.

8. 12 Probably the confederacy here forbid was that which Ahaz made with Tiglathpileser. See 2 Kings xvi. 7.

19. *To the dead*, alluding to the necromancy sometimes practised by the Jews, and which was expressly forbid by the law. See 1 Sam. xxviii.

9. 1. The land of Zebulun and Naphtali was first afflicted by an invasion of the Syrians in the reign of Baasha, and was afterwards more grievously afflicted by Tiglathpileser in the reign of Ahaz. See 2 Kings xv. 29.

This verse seems to belong to the foregoing chapter.

3. Perhaps better thus, *Thou hast multiplied the nation, to it* (that is, to the people) *thou hast increased the joy*, &c.

14, 15. This prophecy was fulfilled in the imprisonment of Hoshea, and the captivity of the Israelites by Salmanesar. 2 Kings xvii.

10. 21. See chap. vi. 13.

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10. 28. The verses from hence to the end of the chapter, seem to be a prophecy of the invasion of Judea by Sennacherib, and to contain a description of the consternation of the several cities at his approach.

13. 10. *For the stars*, &c. figurative expressions denoting extreme horror and confusion, and a total overthrow of the constitution of a kingdom. See the marginal references.

14. 19. The Greek word here translated *branch*, is by some interpreters rendered a corpse.

29. From hence to the end of the chapter is a prophecy against the Philistines, who had before been defeated by Uzziah. The prophet foretels a worse destruction from one of Uzziah's descendants, viz. Hezekiah. For the accomplishment, see 2 Kings xviii. 8, 9, &c.; 2 Chron. xxviii. 18.

The Philistines inhabited the sea-coast between Egypt and Judea by the Mediterranean. Their chief cities were Azotus, or Ashdod, Ascalon, Gaza, Gath, and Ekron. See Joshua xiii. 2.

15. Prideaux supposes that the terrible prophecies against Moab, in this and the following chapter, were accomplished by Shalmanesar, just before the siege of Samaria, and that this prince laid waste the principal cities of Moab, in order to facilitate his conquest of Israel. See 2 Kings xviii.

16. 1. The Moabites had been subdued by David, and put under tribute, which seems to have been paid in lambs. On the division of the kingdom, they perhaps revolted from Judah to Israel, and the prophet here exhorts them to return to their obedience to the house of David. See 2 Sam. viii. 2; 2 Kings iii. 4.

3. It seems by this verse, that the Moabites had refused protection and assistance to the Jews, in the terrible over-

Chap. Verse. throw brought on them by Pekah, in the reign of Ahaz. See 2 Chron. xxviii. 4, 8.

16. 4, 5. The extortions of the King of Assyria, for his pretended assistance to Ahaz, must have reduced the Jews to a very low state, which encouraged the Moabites to persevere in their breach of faith, and in their cruelty towards them. But Isaiah foretels, that the spoil and extortion of the Assyrians should cease, and that the house of David should again flourish under the wise and just government of an excellent prince. These verses seem plainly to describe the destruction of the spoiler Sennacherib, and the prosperous reign of Hezekiah. See 2 Chron. xxviii. 16, 20, 21.

17. This prophecy against Damascus is antecedent to that against Moab in the two foregoing chapters. Damascus was taken by Tiglathpileser in the reign of Ahaz. See 2 Kings xvi. 9. and xviii. 9; also the note on Isaiah xv.

18. When the Jews, in the reign of Hezekiah, were threatened with an invasion by Sennacherib, they sought assistance from the Egyptians and Ethiopians. Isaiah, in this and the 20th chapter, tells them, that the allies, in whom they trusted, should themselves be overthrown by the King of Assyria. See 2 Kings xviii. 21; xix. 8.

1. *Shadowing with wings.* This is usually supposed to express the number of vessels sailing on the Nile, the sails of which resembled wings.

Some translate it, *the land of the winged cymbal*, and suppose it an allusion to the instrument used in the idolatrous ceremonies of Isis.

Whichever be the right interpretation, it is in general agreed, that the prophet is describing Egypt.

19. About the reign of Hezekiah, Sethon died, and Egypt fell into a state of anarchy; then into the power of the twelve kings; and afterwards was seized by Psammeticus.

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19. 18. Bishop Lowth thinks, that from hence to the end of the chapter, is an intimation of the future propagation of the knowledge of the true God in Egypt and Syria, under the successors of Alexander. The Ptolomies were particularly favourable to the Jews, and encouraged their settling in Egypt.

20. *Sargon*, the same as Sennacherib. The Jews, to defend themselves against him, entered into an alliance with Sabaron and Taracus, the kings of Egypt and Ethiopia. Sennacherib, after having made peace with Hezekiah, marched into Egypt, and to open his way into the country, sent Tartan, one of his generals, to take Azotus. He at last laid siege to Pelusium; but was obliged to retire at the approach of Tirhaka, having before over-run and ravaged Egypt for three years. He then returned into Judea, and encamped at Lachish, from whence he sent his blasphemous message to Hezekiah. See 2 Kings xviii. 14.

The Jews, contrary to the commands of God, trusted in the assistance of Egypt. Isaiah shows the vanity of their confidence, by this prophecy of the total defeat of the Egyptian and Ethiopian army.

21. 4. *Night of my pleasure.* Babylon was taken by Cyrus on a night of public festivity and rejoicing. See Herodotus, Xenophon, &c.

This prophecy was delivered by Isaiah above a hundred years before the birth of Cyrus.

8. The translation should not be, *a lion;* but *the looker-out cried aloud.* See Bp. Lowth on this passage.

10. *Threshing*, &c. a figure denoting the destruction of a nation. Compare Jer. li. 33. Micah iv. 13. Amos i. 3.

11. *Dumah* was one of the sons of Ishmael. See 1 Chron. i. 30. Gen. xxv. 14.

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21. 13. *Dedanim*, the posterity of Dedan, one of the descendants of Abraham by Keturah. Gen. xxv. 15.

Travelling companies.—Caravans of merchants. See Gen. xxxvii. 25, 28.

22. 15, 25. Prideaux thinks that this prophecy was fulfilled by the carrying away Shebnah, with his master Manasseh, into Babylon, where he died; and that after the restoration of Manasseh, Eliakim was intrusted with the management of affairs in his room.

23. Tyre was twice besieged and destroyed; first by Nebuchadnezzar, and afterwards by Alexander.

25. 5. *Branch*, or *song*.

7. See 2 Cor. iii. 13, &c.

26. 19. The particular words in this verse are capable of various translations. The general sense seems to be, a promise of the deliverance of the Jews, which, considering their apparently hopeless condition, is represented under the figure of a resurrection from the dead. The same figure on the same occasion is used by Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii.

27. 4. Some think that instead of *fury is not in me*, it should be, *I have no wall to defend me: O that I had a fence of thorns and briars.*

This is supposed to be spoken by the vineyard. See Bp. Lowth.

8, 9. The prophet continues to represent the Jewish nation under the figure of a vineyard (as in verse 2) and promises that God will restrain his wrath (the rough wind) and will punish it with moderation, and so far only, as to produce the wholesome fruit of repentance, and the destruction of idolatry.

28. 1, 4. *A fading flower.* This probably is an allusion to the name of Ephraim, derived from a Hebrew word signifying to be fruitful. See Gen. xli. 52; xlix. 25, 26.

Scultetus.

The

Chap. Verse. The threatening against Israel, in the four first verses of this chapter, was fulfilled shortly after. See 2 Kings xvii. and xviii. Compare Hosea v. 9; iv. 1; vi. 6.

29. 1. *Ariel* was the name of the altar of burnt offerings at Jerusalem. Ezek. xliii. 15, 16. Compare this prophecy with chap. i. 11.

30. 1, 2. The alliance with Egypt mentioned here, was probably made when Sennacherib threatened to invade Jerusalem. See chap. xx. and xxvi. 6.

19. See chap. xxxvii. 33, 34.

29. See 2 Chron. xx. 19, 28.

32. *The grounded staff*, or, as it might be translated, *the determined staff*, perhaps signifies the rod of Divine vengeance against the Assyrians, whose destruction is here prophesied.

33. May be thus translated, *For Tophet was ordained of old, for Moloch it was prepared, the breath of Jehovah kindling it like a stream of brimstone, has caused the fire to descend, has increased the wood.*

Tophet was a place in the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem, where the idolatrous Jews used to burn children to Moloch. In this valley, it is supposed, the Assyrians fell by the destroying angel.

Thus the sense of these two last verses seems to be, that this very Tophet, where the Jews had been used to sacrifice their children to Moloch, God would appoint for the destruction of their enemies, and that harps and drums, which used to be sounded to drown the cries of the victims, should then be sounded as a signal of joy at the defeat of Sennacherib. The prophet had before observed in this chapter, that to qualify them for this mercy, the Jews should have renounced their idols; which he likewise repeats in the 7th verse of the next chapter.

32. 13. See chap. vii. 24, 25.

An

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32. 20. An allusion to the manner of cultivating rice which grows in water. While the earth is covered with water, the ground is trodden by oxen, horses, or asses, and this is the preparation for sowing the rice, which grows in the water. See Bp. Lowth on this passage.

33. This prophecy seems to have been uttered against Sennacherib, who treacherously broke his treaty with Hezekiah, whose treasures, and those of the temple, had been spoiled to raise a sum to purchase the retreat of the Assyrian army. See the account of this treaty, 2 Kings xviii. 13, 17.

7. See 2 Kings xviii. 37.

17. *The king*, &c. Probably Hezekiah, who reigned in great glory after the destruction of Sennacherib's army. See 2 Chron. xxxii. 23.

35. 8. See 2 Chron. xx. 10, 12.

36. 5. May perhaps be translated thus, *I say, what! are vain words counsel and strength for war? now on whom*, &c.

39. 6. See 2 Chron. xxxii. 31.

40. 4. *Every valley*, &c. Proverbial expression to signify the removal of all impediments and difficulties.

42. 16. See note on xl. 4.

19. May be translated, *Who is blind but my servants, or deaf as the messengers I send? Who is blind as their ruler, and blind as the servant of Jehovah?*

This and the next verse seem a reproof of the stupid wickedness of the rulers, and of the people of the Jews, who, notwithstanding their being the chosen people of the true God, and enlightened by Divine revelation, sunk into the darkness and ignorance of the idolatrous nations. See v. 11. 17.

44. 18. Some versions are translated, *their eyes are closed.*

27. This probably alludes to the destruction of Babylon, which Cyrus effected by changing the course of the Euphrates,

Chap.	Verse.	
		phrates, and drying the channel which passed through the city.
45.	2.	In each side of the square formed by the walls of Babylon, there were twenty-five gates of brass.
	7.	This seems to be spoke with a particular view to the false theology of the Persians, which held two independent gods, the one the author of all good, the other of all evil.
	13	*Raised him*, that is, Cyrus, whose power is described in the next verse.
46.	1.	*Belus* was the idol of Babylon, where he had a magnificent temple.
	11.	*A ravenous bird*—Cyrus, who would fall on the Babylonians like a bird of prey—*From the east*, from Persia, which was eastward of Babylon.
47.	2.	Grinding in a mill was the employment of the lowest slaves. See Judges xvii. 21.
	3.	*Vengeance—not as a man*, that is, not with human compassion, but with the utmost severity of Divine justice.
48.	7.	The meaning probably is, that there were no preceding causes which seemed to lead to the revolution by which the Babylonian empire was transferred to the Persians: and therefore the prediction of so unexpected an event, was a proof of the truth and omniscience of the God of Israel. At the time when this prophecy was uttered, Persia was a small and inconsiderable kingdom.
49.	17.	*Children*, *&c.* rather *builders.*
63.	5.	*Thy sons*, rather *builders.*
65.	3, 4.	See Deut. xii. 13, 14. and xviii. 10, 11.
	11	Troop—number. The Hebrew words are variously interpreted: they might probably be the names of different idols. The LXX render them *Tutelar Genius, and Fortune.*

JEREMIAH.

JEREMIAH.

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JEREMIAH prophesied for about the space of forty years.

1. 11. The same word in Hebrew which signifies an almond tree, signifies likewise to hasten: this allusion might in some degree be understood by translating thus: *I see the rod of an almond,* a hasty fruit. Thou hast well seen, for I will hasten, &c.

2. 10. *Chittim,* the European countries. *Kedar,* Arabia.

3. 8. Alludes to the captivity of Israel, by Salmanesar, which happened about 100 years before the reign of Josiah.

12. *North,* that is, towards Assyria, whither the Israelites had been carried captive.

4. 6. *North,* Chaldea was to the north of Jerusalem.

10. See chap. vi. 14. and xxiii. 17.

15. See note on chap. viii. 16.

7. 18. The temple of Moloch was built without the city of Jerusalem, on an eminence in the valley of Hinnom; the image was brass, with the hands extended. The idol was placed before seven chapels, the person who offered a bird entered the first chapel, a sheep the second, a ram the third, a calf the fourth, a bullock the fifth, an ox the sixth; but he who offered his own child took possession of the seventh: this person kissed the idol, the child was placed before it, and it was heated by a fire beneath till it became flaming as light, then the priest took the child, and placed it in the burning hands of Moloch, and that the parent might not hear the cries of the child, they fell to beating their drums: hence the place was called *Tophet,* the Hebrew word for a drum. The Rabbins say, that parents were persuaded that the

Chap. Verse. the satcrifice of one child to Moloch delivered the rest from death, and secured prosperity to themselves.

See Buxtorf.

8 16. *Dan* was the northern part of Judea, and consequently it was here that the Chaldeans first entered the country.

15. 12. The meaning seems, that the sword of the northern nation of Chaldea should be invincible against the Jews.

16. 18. *Carcases*, idols. See note on Ezek. xliii. 7.

20. 10. The Hebrew expression, for *fear on every side*, is Magor Missabib, which should have been preserved thus, *for I have heard the reproach of many, Magor Missabib.*

That is, they who disbelieved the prophecy of Jeremiah, reproached and insulted him by a repetition of the name which he had given to Pashur. v. 6.

27. 1. This was a prophetic vision, and the command which Jeremiah here receives, in the reign of Jehoiakim, was not to be executed till the reign of Zedechiah.

In the third verse, *messengers which come*, should be translated, *who were coming*; which the prophetic spirit foresaw would happen.

Perhaps this first verse is improperly placed, and belongs to some other chapter. It is omitted by the LXX.

31. 5 The latter part may be translated, *Let the planters plant and dance.* This sense agrees with the preceding verse, and with the LXX.

34. 2. It appears, that while Nebuchadnezzar was besieging Jerusalem, Zedechiah and his people, terrified by the predictions, began a reformation, in giving liberty to their Hebrew servants, and received in consequence the gracious promise contained in the fourth verse. But when the Chaldean army withdrew from Jerusalem to oppose the King of Egypt, the Jews returned to their oppressions, and thus brought on themselves their utter destruction, when the Chaldeans renewed the siege.

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35. 2. This, and the following chapter, should be placed before the thirty-second.

39. 4, 5, 6. Foretold by Ezekiel, chap. xi. 7—11.

46. 14. *Migdol*, Magdolum, *Taphanhes*, Daphe, *Noph*, Memphis, *Pathros*, Thebais, *Bethshemeth*, Heliopolis.

47. 4. *Caphtor*. See Deut. ii. 23.

48. 2. There is an allusion in some of the words in this verse, which cannot be preserved in a translation. This allusion may be considered not only as a figure of speech, but as of use to fix the prophecy more strongly in the minds of the people, who could never hear the name of the place without recollecting the destruction which had been denounced against it.

7. *Chemosh*, the idol of the Moabites. See 1 Kings xi. 7.

49. 2. *Daughters*, rather *villages*.

19. *A lion*, &c. The banks of Jordan are covered with thick woods, where the wild beasts find a shelter, from whence they are driven when the river swells and overflows.

36. Elam was a kingdom situated on the river Ulai, east of the Tigris: it was conquered by Nebuchadnezzar, agreeably to this prophecy; and, according to the prediction in the last verse, was again restored to prosperity. It afterwards, under the command of Abradates, assisted Cyrus in the conquest of the Babylonians, and Shusham, the capital of Elam, was made the metropolis of the Persian empire. See Xen. Cyrop. l. vi. Strabo, l. xvii. 727. Prideaux.

50. 4. *In those days*, &c.; that is, after Babylon had been conquered by the Medes and Persians. This verse describes the return of the captivity by the decree of Cyrus.

See Ezra i.

38. See note on Isaiah xliv. 27.

51. 36. The Euphrates ran through the midst of Babylon: Cyrus, by turning the course of it, left the former channel dry, and by that means took the city.

The

Chap. Verse.

52. 31. The Jews have a tradition, that Evilmerodach, being deputy during the madness of his father Nebuchadnezzar, behaved so ill, that when Nebuchadnezzar recovered, he imprisoned him in the same place where Jehoiachim had so long been confined, and that this was the ground of their friendship. See Prideaux.

LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

1. THE LXX. have an additional verse prefixed to the Lamentations.

Now it came to pass, that after Israel was made captive, and Jerusalem was become desolate, Jeremiah sat weeping and lamenting this lamentation over Jerusalem, and said,

How does the city, &c.

EZEKIEL.

1. 3. *CHEBAR*, or Chaboras, is a river of Mesopotamia, flowing into the Euphrates.

4. 9. 390 *days*, &c. LXX. 190.

5. 7. *Ye are multiplied*, should be, *ye are changed;* that is, other nations have not changed their God as ye have done. Bp. Newcome.

6. 2. The mountains were the seats of idolatrous worship. See verse 13.

7. 26. The sense is, that they perverted their riches into instruments of idolatry.

8. 1. Ezekiel was carried into Babylon in the captivity that happened in the reign of Jehoiachin; therefore he dates from this first captivity, and not from the last, as Jeremiah does.

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8. 2. The LXX read the appearance of a man.

5. See Jeremiah vii. 30; xxiii. 11; xxxii. 34.

10. Round the room in Thebes, where King Osymandyas seemed to be buried, a multitude of chambers were built, which had elegant paintings of all the wild beasts sacred in Egypt. See Bp. Newcome.

14. *Thammuz*, supposed to be Osiris, or Adonis.

17. Spencer quoted by Archbishop Newcome, observes, that the heathens, in the worship of their deities, held forth the branches of those that were dedicated to them.

11. 11. That is, they should be obliged to fly from Jerusalem to the extremity of the land, where God would punish them by the hand of Nebuchadnezzar. See the completion of this prophecy, Jer. lii. 7, 9.

15. *Get ye far*, &c. This seems to be an insult of the Jews in Jerusalem, over those who had been carried captives into Babylon in the reign of Jehoiachin, of which number was the prophet.

12. 13. Zedekiah did not see Babylon, for his eyes were put out at Riblah.

19. 10. *In thy blood*, &c. rather like a pomegranate. See Bishop Newcome on this place.

20. 46. *South field.* Judea, which is south of the river Chebar, where the prophet was a captive.

21. 23. *Sworn oaths*, &c. that is, the Jews who had made a treaty with the King of Babylon, which they broke, and this caused their ruin.

25. *Profane*, &c. Zedekiah.

26. 14. Maundrel (page 48, 49), thus describes the present state of Tyre.

The city standing in the sea upon a peninsula, promises at a distance something very magnificent, but when you come to it, you find no similitude of that glory, for which

it

Chap. Verse. it was so renowned in ancient times. On the north side it has an old Turkish ungarrisoned castle; besides which you see nothing here but a Babel of broken walls, pillars, vaults, &c. there being not so much as one entire house left. Its present inhabitants are only a few poor wretches, harbouring themselves in the vaults, and subsisting chiefly upon fishing, who seem to be preserved in this place by Divine Providence, as a visible argument how God has fulfilled his word concerning Tyre, in Ezekiel xxvi. 14.

29. 3. *Dragon*, an allusion to the crocodile of the Nile.

29. 10. *Tower of Syene*, supposed to be the light-house fixed in the Sebenetic branch of the Nile: this was in the northern extremity of Egypt, and Æthiopia was the southern.

29. 18. During the siege the Tyrians had removed all their valuable effects to the place where new Tyre was afterwards built; so that when Nebuchadnezzar took the old city, he found nothing in it for plunder.

34. 29. The LXX seem to have translated it, *a plant of peace.*

38. 2. *Gog and Magog*, are by some supposed to be the Turks, by others the Russians: upon this last supposition may not *Rhos, Meshech, and Tubal,* mean Russia, Moscow, and Tobolsky.

43. 7. *Carcases*, the idols set up by their kings. They are so called to denote their weak and lifeless state.

DANIEL.

2. 38. *HEAD of gold,* the Babylonian empire destroyed by Cyrus, seventy years after the delivery of this prophecy. See Isaiah xiv. 4.

2. 39. *Inferior, &c. The silver breast, &c.* (v. 32) the Persian empire destroyed by Alexander.

Kingdom.

Chap. Verse. *Kingdom of brass*, the Macedonian empire.

2. 41. *Potter's clay, &c.* the mixture of barbarous nations, which weakened and divided the Roman empire.

2. 44. The fifth Monarchy, or kingdom of the Messiah, established without human force or power.

3. 23. The LXX add, *and they walked in the midst of the flames, singing hymns to God, and blessing the Lord.*

5. 31. *Darius*, the same with Cyaxares, the son of Astyages, and uncle to Cyrus.

7. 31. By the four beasts it is generally agreed are meant the Chaldean, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman Empires.

7. 7, 8. By the two horns are supposed to be meant the broken remains of the Roman empire. By the little horn, the Papal power; by the three horns plucked up by the roots before it, the Exarchate of Ravenna, the kingdom of the Lombards, and the state of Rome, which were granted to the Popes for ever, by Pepin, Charlemagne, and Louis le Debonnaire, in the eighth and ninth centuries.

See all this excellently well explained by Bishop Newton on the Prophecies.

8. 3. According to some writers it was usual for the King of Persia to wear a ram's head of gold and jewels, instead of a diadem: and ram's heads with horns, one higher and the other lower, are still to be seen on the pillars at Persepolis. See Newton.

8. 4. The Medes and Persians carried their conquests *westward* to the Ægean sea, *northward* to Armenia, Cappadocia, &c., southward to Egypt. Newton.

8. 5. The Macedonians, about 500 years before Daniel, were called Ægeadæ, or Goat's People; and their capital, Æge, or Goat's Town. Some of Alexander's successors are represented with goat's horns on their coins. Newton.

8. 6, 7. A description of the total defeat of Darius, by Alexander. See Newton.

1

After

Chap. Vers.

8. 8. After the death of Alexander, his empire was shared by Cassander, Lysimachus, Ptolomy, and Seleucus. Cassander had Macedonia, and the western parts: Lysimachus, Thrace, and the northern countries: Ptolomy, Egypt, and the southern: Seleucus, Syria, and the eastern parts: and thus they were divided to the four winds of heaven. Newton.

11. 2. The three kings after Cyrus, were Cambyses, Smerdis, and Darius Hystaspes; the fourth is Xerxes.

11. 3. *A mighty king.* Alexander the Great.

11. 6. Antiochus Theus was third king of Syria (the north), married Berenice, the daughter of Ptolomy Philadelphus, second king of Egypt (the south), and divorced Laodice, his former wife: he afterwards gave up Berenice, and took Laodice again: after his death Laodice and her son, Seleucus Calinicus, barbarously murdered Berenice and her son. See Justin, &c.

11. 7. This *branch of her root* was her brother Ptolomy Euergetes, who, to revenge her death, invaded Seleucus, and plundered his kingdom.

11. 10. The two sons of Seleucus Calinicus, were Seleucus Ceraunus, and Antiochus the Great. The first, after assembling *a multitude of great forces* to recover his father's dominions, was poisoned after two years: but Antiochus came with a great army, retook Seleucia, and recovered Syria: after a truce he returned, and defeated the Egyptian general, and thought of invading Egypt.

11. 14. *Robbers, &c.* The factious Jews who revolted from Ptolomy to Antiochus.

11. 31. *On his part*, or *arms shall stand up in his stead;* that is, the Roman power shall succeed to the Macedonian. Newton.

Chap. 11. Verse. 4. Bishop Newton understands *the king of the south* in this place to mean the Saracens; and by *the king of the north*, the Turks, who came from Scythia.

HOSEA.

1. 2. BISHOP Newcome interprets this not as literal whoredom, but that the prophet was to take a wife of the people of Israel, who were guilty of spiritual fornication against God.

1. 4 *The blood of Jezreel, &c.* the blood of Joram, and the rest of the family of Ahab, who were put to death in the portion of Jezreel, by Jehu, who instead of being warned by the instance of Divine justice, of which he was made the instrument, followed the wicked example of those whom he was appointed to destroy, and thus became obnoxious to that punishment, with which his house is here threatened.

2. 5. *Lovers.* Idols.

2. 14, 15, &c. The meaning seems, that after God had punished their idolatry, by extreme misery and desolation, he would deliver them from it, and restore them to prosperity and plenty.

2. 22, 23. *Jezreel*, in Hebrew, signifies, *God will sow*, which makes an allusion not to be preserved in translation.

3. 1. *Flaggons of wine*, that is, a dissolute, intemperate life, the usual attendant on idolatry. See chap. iv. 2.

3. 4. *Without a king, &c.* that is, without either civil government or religion, true or false.

Teraphim, are images.

4. 4. *Strive with the priest;* that is, oppose the law of God, which the high priest and judges were appointed to execute. Diodati.

Thy

hap. Verse.

4. 5. *Thy mother;* that is, thy metropolis. Bp. Newcome.

4. 12. *Staff,* probably some kind of conjuring rod used in idolatrous divination.

4. 15. *Not swear, &c.;* the meaning seems, that they were not to confound the worship of Jehovah, the living God, with the worship of idols.

Bethaven, was near Bethel, where Jeroboam set up one of his golden calves.

5. 6. For the Hebrew word which signifies *a month,* some read the Hebrew word meaning a locust. Bp. Newcome.

Flocks; that is, with their offerings.

7. 6. The LXX translate it. *Ephraim is filled with sleep.*

7. 16. Hosea, King of Israel, had engaged to become a tributary to Shalmanezer, King of Assyria, but afterwards sent an embassy to So, King of Egypt, and broke his engagements with Shalmanezer, who, upon this provocation, imprisoned Hosea, and carried the whole people of Israel into captivity: and thus their application to Egypt, against which they had been so often warned, proved their ruin. See 2 Kings xvii.

8. 5. *Thy Calf, &c.* The idol set up in Dan and Bethel.

8. 9. *Hired lovers.* Idolatrous allies.

10. 4. This false swearing perhaps relates to the breach of the agreement which the Israelites had made with Shalmanezer. See note on chap. vii. 16.

11. 2. The LXX read the Hebrew differently and translate it, *when I called them, they departed from me,* which agrees with the latter part of the verse.

11. 8. *Admah* and *Zeboim,* two of the cities of Sodom.

12. 1. *Oil is carried into Egypt, &c.* as a present to procure assistance.

13. 2. *Kiss the calves,* the objects of their idolatrous worship.

14. 2. *Calves of our lips,* that is, the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

JOEL.

Chap. Verse.

2. 6. *BLACKNESS*, rather *livid paleness.*

2. 14. The meaning is, who knows but God, upon the supplication of his people, may remove the locusts, &c. and preserve the remainder of the fruits of the earth, of which the meat offerings, &c. were composed. See v. 24, 25, &c.

3. 2. There is an illusion in the Hebrew which cannot be preserved in a translation. *Jehoshaphat*, signifies *Jehovah judges.*

AMOS.

1. 3. THE Syrians, under Hazael and Benhadad, had invaded Israel, in the reigns of Jehu and Jehoahaz, and destroyed Gilead, and all the country east of Jordan. See the marginal references.

1 5. Kir was a city of Media. This prophecy against Damascus was fulfilled about twenty-seven years after its delivery. Ahaz, King of Judah, being oppressed by Rezin, King of Syria, applied to Tiglathpileser, who brought an army, destroyed Damascus, and carried the people captive to Kir: and thus ended the kingdom of the Syrians in Damascus, which had been founded in the reign of Solomon, by Rezin, the son of Eliadah; and from its foundation to its destruction had been a constant scourge to Israel and Judah. See 1 Kings xi. 23. 2 Kings xvi. 9.

2. 13. Bishop Newcome supposes, that the four last verses of this chapter refer to the inextricable calamities caused by the earthquake. Chap. i. 1.

4. 1. *Bashan*, was a fruitful pasture; and great, oppressive and luxurious men are in scripture compared to the cattle which fed on it.

Perhaps

Chap. Verse.
6. 10. Perhaps the silence enjoined by the person who brought out the bones, might be to avoid the inconvenience of the legal impurity contracted by touching the dead body, and may be mentioned by the Prophet as an instance of the neglect of those ceremonies which had been prescribed to the Jews, in the name of the Lord. See Diodati.

7. 9. *With the sword, &c.* Fulfilled when Zechariah, the son of Jeroboam, was slain by Shallum.

8. 2. There is an allusion in the original, which shews the propriety of the type, and which cannot be preserved in a translation.

9. 11. The LXX translate differently, and St. James follows their interpretation. See Acts xv. 17.

OBADIAH.

1. 14. THE distress here mentioned was probably the flight of the Jews from the victorious army of the Chaldeans, when Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem. This prophecy against the Edomites was delivered by Obadiah about a year after the captivity.

JONAH.

1. 2. NINEVEH was the capital of the latter Assyrian empire. About 236 years after the prophecy of Jonah, in the reign of Saracus, it was besieged by Cyaxares, King of Media, (the father of Astyages) and Nabopolassar, King of Babylon. They took and utterly destroyed it, and from that time Babylon became the metropolis of Assyria.

3. 3. Diodorus Siculus relates, that Nineveh was sixty miles in circuit. Prideaux.

MICAH.

Chap. Verse.

AT the beginning of the time of Micah's prophecy, Rome was built.

1. 6. The destruction of Samaria, by Salmanezer, happened about thirty years after this prophecy.

5. 6. The prophecy relating to our Saviour begins at the second verse, and ends with *and this Man shall be the Peace,* in the fifth verse.

When the Assyrian, &c. should begin a new section, as it relates to a new subject. See Dr. G. Sharpe on prophecies.

NAHUM.

NINEVEH was destroyed by the Medes and Babylonians about 146 years after this prophecy, and about 24 years before the destruction of Jerusalem.

1. 12. *Though they be quiet, &c.* The present Hebrew text is corrupt and unintelligible. By a very ingenious conjectural reading of Bp. Newcome, the translation is thus: *though the rulers of many waters have thus ravaged, and thus run through, &c.*

2. 1. Hammer, or battering instrument, is a title given in other parts of scripture to the destructive power of conquerors.

2. 2. *Turned away, &c.* might be translated *restored,* which seems more agreeable to the last verse of the foregoing chapter, where Judah is called upon to rejoice in the peace and security that would succeed the destruction of her enemies, the Assyrians.

2. 7. There are various interpretations of *Huzzab:* some think it to be the name of the Queen of Assyria.

Populous

Chap. Verse.
3. 8. *Populous No, &c.* No Ammon was the same as Thebes in Egypt, and is supposed to have been destroyed by Sennacherib when he invaded Egypt, in the reign of Sethon: in whose time Egypt and Æthiopia were as one country, and mutually strengthened each other. See note on Isaiah xx.

HABAKKUK.

IT does not appear when Habakkuk prophesied; but it is supposed to have been about the same time as Jeremiah. There is a great conformity between the first chapter of Habakkuk, and the fifth of Jeremiah.

3. 9. *The oaths, &c.* the covenant which God had made with the people of Israel.

ZEPHANIAH.

ZEPHANIAH is supposed to have been of the royal family of Judah.

1. 4. *Chemarims,* sacrificers.

1. 10. This verse probably describes the cry and confusion, and the taking of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans. The fish-gate is mentioned. See 2 Chron. iii. 14. Nehem. iii. 3. xii. 39. Jer. xxxix. 3.

HAGGAI.

1. 1. *DARIUS the King,* from the first year of Cyrus to the second of Darius Hystaspes, was about sixteen years; during which time the building of the temple was suspended.

The

Chap. Verse.
2. 8. *The silver, &c.;* that is, God, who possesses all things, could not want the means of rendering the second temple as magnificent in outward glory as the first; but he appointed an infinitely superior kind of glory for it, by the presence of the Messiah, the desire of all nations.

ZECHARIAH.

1. 18. *HORNS*, the emblem of strength, are frequently used in scripture to denote powerful kingdoms. See Daniel vii. &c.

2. 4. See Isaiah xlix. 19, 20; liv. 2, 3; lx. 4, 11.

4. 13. *He shall be a priest.* It should be translated, *there shall be a priest;* that is, Joshua.

7. 3. The fast of the fifth month (July 5) was observed in memory of the burning of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar.

7. 5. Fast of the seventh month, in memory of the murder of Gedaliah.

8 19. Fast of the fourth month (June 9) in memory of the destruction of Jerusalem.

Fast of the tenth month, in memory of the day when Nebuchadnezzar began the last siege of Jerusalem.

See the marginal references, and note on ch. vii. 3, 5.

9. 19. It is supposed by some commentators, that this chapter, and all the others to the end of the book, do not belong to Zechariah; but to Jeremiah, or some of the earlier prophets.

12. 13. Shimei, was one of the descendants of Levi. See 1 Chron. vi. 17. and xxiii. 10.

13. 4. *A rough garment*, the usual dress of the prophets.

APOCRYPHA.

APOCRYPHA.

1 ESDRAS.

Chap. Verse.

1. 22. THIS passover of Josiah was kept 103 years after that of his great grandfather, Hezekiah.

JUDITH.

1. 1. *ARPHAXAD* Deioces. After the defeat of Sennacherib in Judea, the Medes revolted from him, and made Deioces their king.

1. 5. *Nabuchodonosor.* Saosduchinus, King of Assyria, and son of Esarhaddon.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

12. 11. THIS simile of *rust*, respects mirrors formed of polished metals.

14. 18. See Iliad 6. v. 146, &c.

35. 17. See Luke xviii. 7.

1 MACCABEES.

2. 42. WHEN the Jewish Church was settled in Judea, after the Babylonian captivity, there were two sorts of men among the members of it; the one was called *Zaddikim*, or the Righteous, who contented themselves with what was written in the law of Moses only. From these were derived the sects of the Samaritans, Sadducees, and Karaits.

The

Chap. Verse. The other sort of men to the law of Moses superadded the traditions of the elders, and other rigorous observances, to which, by way of supererogation, they devoted themselves: and these being reckoned more holy than the *Zaddikims*, were called *Chasidim*, or the Pious. Of these *Chasidims* were the *Assideans* here mentioned, which ought to be writ Chasideans.

From these Chasidims were derived the sects of the *Pharisees* and *Essenes*. Prideaux.

3. 1. The motto of Judas on his standard was taken out of Exodus xv. 21, which in Hebrew is Mi camoka Baelim Jehovah; and its being writ only in the initials, which form the artificial word Macca B. J. all who fought under that standard were called Maccabees.

4. 46. The mountain of the temple contained all that space included within the outward wall, and formed a square of 750 feet.

THE

NEW TESTAMENT.

ST. MATTHEW.

Chap. Verse.

1. ALL the successions of the Hebrews were kept in the secret archives of the temple; and thence they were transcribed from their Ephemerides by the kinsmen of our Saviour. It was doubtless from these authentic records that St. Matthew had his genealogy, for otherwise he would have exposed himself to the cavils of the Jews.

Whitby.

1. 18. *Espoused*, that is, contracted, betrothed.

1. 21. *Jesus*, is derived from a word in Hebrew, which signifies to *save*.

2. 1. *The Eaſt*, Arabia. See Job i. 3; Psalm lii. 15; and cx. 3.

2. 22. *Archelaus* was the sixth son of Herod the Great, who left him the kingdom of Judea by will. He was deposed and banished to Vienne in France, by Augustus, for his cruelties. See Josephus Antiqui. L. xvii. c. 15.

3. 4. This seems to have been the usual clothing of the old Jewish Prophets: Elijah, who was the type of John, is described in the same dress. See the marginal references.

4. 12. Jesus went from Nazareth to Judea, where he was baptized by John (Mark i. 9): from Judea he returned to Galilee (John i. 43. xi. 1): he went again to Judea, and kept the passover at Jerusalem (John ii. 13): he baptized

Chap. Verse. in Judea, while John was baptizing in Enon (John iii. 22): John was yet at liberty (John iii. 24); but the Pharisees conspiring against Jesus (John iv. 3), and Jesus having heard that John was cast into prison by Herod, the tetrarch of Galilee, (Mark i. 14) he departed into Galilee, as it is mentioned in this verse. See L'Enfant on the New Testament.

5. 13. As *salt* preserves natural bodies from putrefaction, the doctrine and practice of the Disciples were fitted to preserve society from moral corruptions.

5. 17. *The law, &c.*; that is, the moral law, to which all the precepts in our Saviour's discourse relate. He likewise fulfilled all the ceremonial law, as he was the substance, of which the Jewish rites were only types and shadows.

5. 34. It appears by other parts of scripture, that this prohibition does not forbid the use of oaths upon great and solemn occasions; but only the profane practice of swearing in common conversation.

8. 4. *Testimony, &c.*; that is, a proof of the reality of the cure.

9. 16. This similitude seems designed to express the impropriety of mixing the new and spiritual religion of the Gospel, with the old Jewish customs, many of which were added to the Mosaic law by the severe superstition of the Pharisees.

9. 23. *Minstrels, &c.* These were persons hired in case of death, to compose funeral songs, and sing them to mournful music. See marginal references; Jer. ix. 17; Amos v. 16.

11. 12. See Isaiah lx. 4, 8, 11.

11. 25. This thanksgiving of our Saviour was occasioned by the account which the Disciples, whom he had sent out to preach the Gospel, gave him at their return of the success of their ministry. See Luke x. 17, 21.

Profane

Chap. Verse.

12. 5. *Profane the Sabbath;* that is, by offering sacrifices, they broke that absolute rest for which the Pharisees contended.

12. 31, 32. The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost consisted in ascribing to the operation of the devil those miracles which Jesus wrought by the Spirit of God. Our Saviour in the preceding verses (25—30) confutes the folly of this accusation, and then declares the irremissable wickedness of it, as arising from a disposition so hardened against conviction.

13. 12. *Whosoever hath, &c.;* that is, all who make a due improvement of the talents and opportunities already granted them, become, by the Divine goodness, entitled to receive still more; while those who slight, or misapply, them, become justly liable to be deprived of such as they have.

13. 15. See note on Mark iv. 12.

14. 16. The Jews ascribed the ill successes of Herod, and the defeat of his army, to the just judgement of God upon him, for the death of the Baptist. Josephus.

15. 13. *Every plant, &c.* Every doctrine unauthorized by the command of God. See v. 3, 9.

16. 18. Ambrose (quoted by Whitby) says, that Peter was styled the rock, because he laid the first foundation of faith among the nations. See Acts ii. 41; x. 5, 44, 48; xv. 7.

16. 28. *Coming in his kingdom* after his resurrection, when *all power was given him in heaven and on earth.* Chap. xxviii. 18.

17. 24. This *tribute* was an offering for the service of the temple.

19. 28. The comma should be at *me;* the *regeneration* relates to the latter part of the sentence, when the Son of man, &c.

19. 30. Should begin the next chapter.

Chap. Verse.

21. 1. *The Mount of Olives* was so called from its being planted with olive trees, which supplied oil for the service of the temple. It was separated from Jerusalem by a valley, through which run the brook Cedron.

21. 5. The great number and variety of prophecies delivered at very different and distant times and occasions, yet all uniting in our blessed Saviour, and altogether applicable to him alone, give the highest degree of evidence to the truth, that he was the person designed by them. It is to be observed, that these prophecies were in the hands of his most determined enemies, the Jews, who would gladly have detected the fraud, if any false representation had been given of them.

21. 12. This seems to have been a trade carried on to furnish private persons who wanted offerings to sacrifice in the temple. From our Saviour's expression it seems to have been transacted in a cheating, fraudulent manner. Doves and pigeons were the offerings of the poor, and this dishonesty must have been particularly oppressive to them. See Leviticus v. 7; xii. 8; xiv. 22.

21. 31. *Publicans and harlots*; that is, penitent sinners were better qualified for the mercy of the Gospel, than the proud and self-conceited priests and elders who trusted in their own fancied righteousness, and felt no need of repentance.

22. 16. The danger of a direct answer to this question, was, that if Jesus had denied the lawfulness of giving tribute to Cæsar, the Pharisees might have accused him of rebellion to the Roman power. If he had affirmed that it was lawful, they might have accused him to the Jews, for admitting the authority of an arbitrary and heathen government.

Chap. Verse.

23. 37, 39. In this pathetic and solemn address our Saviour takes leave of the Jews, and finishes his personal instructions to them. The following discourses were held with his Disciples only.

24. 26. Before the destruction of Jerusalem there were deceivers and enchanters, who drew the people after them into the desarts, promising to shew them signs and wonders. See Josephus Antiq. xx. 6.

24. 29. See the note on Isaiah xiii. 10.

24. 30. *Tribes of the earth*, rather, *of the land;* that is to say, of Judea.

25. 14. *For the kingdom, &c.* This is wrong translated, it should be, *for he*, i.e. the Son of Man, *is as*, &c.

26. 6. *Simon the leper*, the same who in St. John is called Lazarus.

26. 13. Every body who reads this verse, reads at the same time the accomplishment of the prophecy.

26. 17. None of the houses at Jerusalem were hired, but all the Jewish strangers were lodged there gratis. L'Enfant.

26. 64. *Nevertheless:* it should be rather translated, *and indeed.*

27. 4. It is supposed by some, and with great probability, that all the chapters in Zechariah, beginning at the 9th, to the end of the book, do not belong to him, but to Jeremiah, or some of the elder prophets. Both the subject and the style of these chapters differ from the preceding ones.

27. 35. See the note on chap. xxi. 5.

27. 45. As it was at the full moon that our Saviour was crucified, there could be no eclipse of the sun, consequently the darkness was supernatural.

27. 49. There was a tradition among the Jews, that Elias was to come to deliver the unhappy. Hence, perhaps, some who stood by Jesus, mistaking his words, thought he called upon Elias to come and help him. L'Enfant.

These

Chap. Verse.

28. 2, 3, 4. These verses should be in a parenthesis. It was before the arrival of the woman, that the angel had rolled away the stone. The earthquake, the appearance of the angel to the guards, and their terror, had happened previously.

Compare this with the account of the other Evangelists.

28. 8. *They departed*, should be rendered, *they went out*; for it was within the sepulchre they saw the angel, (Mark xvi. 5.) though he was without when he was seen by the guard. See West on the Resurrection.

28. 18. *Came*; it should be translated *came near*, or *up*, to them, by which they saw him the more distinctly.

OBSERVATIONS ON BOWYER'S NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW.

9. 6. It is strange that any one should be so insensible to the force and spirit of this passage, as to think it needs any correction.

21. 9. Much better as the English version.

26. 29. Omnino does not seem to be the meaning of *απαρτι* in this passage of Aristophanes, nor in the Evangelist. In both it appears to signify *henceforth*. See ver. 64, and John i. 52.

ST. MARK.

1. 6. SEE note on Matthew iii. 4.

2. 15. *In his house*; that is, in Matthew's house. Luke v. 29.

3. 28. See note on Matthew xiii. 31, 32.

3. 31. See ch. v. 31.

4. 12. At the same time that our Saviour expressed himself in a manner intelligible to pious and teachable minds, it was fit that such as *closed their eyes* against conviction should be left to that wilful blindness which the perverseness of their hearts had brought upon their understandings.

Gadara

Chap. Verse.

5. 1. Gadara was a town in the country of the Gergesenes.

6. 16. Herod Antipas, second son of Herod the Great. He had married the daughter of Arethas, King of Arabia Petræa, whom he determined to put away when he took his brother Philip's wife. Arethas, to revenge this injury intended to his daughter, made war against Herod, and absolutely destroyed his whole army. Josephus Antiq. xviii. 7.

9. 1. See note on Matthew xvi. 28. This verse belongs to the foregoing chapter.

9. 7. This voice served as an answer to the proposal of Peter at the fifth verse, that the disciples had now no need of the presence of Moses and Elias, but were to attend to the instructions of the beloved Son of God. See a pamphlet of Bp. Porteus on this passage.

11. 13. There were two kinds of figs of that kind in Judea, which ripened at different times. This fig-tree might be one of the latter season.

11. 15. See note on Matthew xxi. 12.

12. 14. See note on Matthew xxii. 16.

13. 1. The second temple of Jerusalem had been taken down and rebuilt by Herod, in a very magnificent manner. The stones, of which the Disciples take particular notice, are mentioned in history as being of an amazing size.

13. 24. See note on Isaiah xiii. 10.

14. 3. *Simon the leper*—Lazarus. *A woman, &c.*—Mary, the sister of Lazarus.

14. 25. *In the kingdom, &c.*; that is, till after his resurrection; which, as it afforded the fullest proof of his Divine mission, was the perfect establishment of the kingdom of God.

15. 21. *Simon*, the father of *Alexander, &c.* Such little circumstances mentioned in so unaffected a manner, are strong proofs of the truth of a narration.

Chap. Verse.

15. 28. See note on Matthew xxi. 5.

16. 1, 2. It seems very evident, both from the text itself, and by comparing it with the other accounts of the resurrection, that this passage should be translated thus:

And when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene had brought sweet spices, that they might embalm him: (and very early in the morning they came to the sepulchre) as soon as the sun should be risen.

By this parenthesis the account is perfectly consistent with that of the other Evangelists, who all agree that the woman came to the sepulchre by the dawning of the day, and not after the sun was risen.

The parenthesis, by which every difficulty is avoided, is authorized by one of a like kind in the fourth verse of this chapter.

Though both Marys went to the sepulchre, it was not together, Mary Magdalene went first alone.

16. 8. *Neither said they, &c.;* that is, they told it to no one.

OBSERVATIONS ON BOWYER'S NOTES, &C. ON ST. MARK.

6. 1. He did sit in the sea (Matthew xiii. 2.) Jesus had begun to speak on the shore; but, as the multitude increased, he got into a ship, where he could be more distinctly heard.

16. 36. Εν τω πλοιω is perfectly right. Jesus was already in the ship when he took him along with them. It does not appear that he had gone on shore; and the circumstance of his falling asleep was very natural after the exertion and fatigue of speaking so long to such a multitude, and then explaining the parables to his Disciples.

ST. LUKE.

Chap. Verse.

1. 2. SHOULD be translated thus: *Even as they, who from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word, delivered them to us.*

69. *Horn of salvation,* that is, a saving power. Horn is an Oriental emblem of strength and power.

6. 1. This *second sabbath,* should have been rendered, *the first sabbath after the second day of the Passover.* It was so called because from that day the Jews counted seven complete sabbaths to the feast of Pentecost. Whitby.

7. 19. The Baptist knew that Jesus was the Messiah, but this message was probably designed for the conviction of his disciples.

28. The meaning seems, that though there was no greater prophet than John, born under the law, yet his office was inferior to any under the perfect dispensation of the Gospel.

30. *Against themselves,* &c. rather *towards,* &c. That is, the gracious designs of God for their salvation.

8. 18. See note on Matthew xiii. 12.

9. 14. This not only contributed to an orderly distribution of the food, but enabled the disciples to compute the numbers.

35. See note on Mark ix. 7.

10. 14. *But,* &c. is not a good translation of πλὴν. *Therefore indeed* is better.

13. 24. This verse should not be marked as a new section, it is a reply to the question in the preceding verse. It should be observed, that our Saviour, instead of satisfying the idle curiosity of these disciples about *others,* takes occasion from it to turn their thoughts to a necessary attention to *themselves.*

Chap. Verse.

13. 33. *Out of Jerusalem*, and therefore he could be in no danger from Herod, whose authority was confined to Galilee.

16. 9. *Mammon of unrighteousness* does not signify here riches unjustly gotten, but deceitful and uncertain riches, on which there is no dependance. Compare this verse with the 11th, where the same expression is used, and opposed to the *true* riches.

22. 18. See note on Mark xiv. 25.

36. This does not seem intended by our Saviour as a literal command, but only as a general signification to his disciples of their approaching danger.

23. 32. *Two other*, &c. should be translated, *two others being malefactors.*

OBSERVATIONS ON BOWYER'S NOTES ON ST. LUKE.

1. 72, 73. Does not ορκον follow ποιησαι, and is it not an explanation of ελεος?

78, 79. Is not επιφαναι infinitive, and the latter of two verbs? See chap. ix. 1. In the passage quoted from Ælian, is there not an ellipsis of ην αιτια!

7. 19, 20. Though John knew Jesus to be the Messiah, the message might be sent for the conviction of his disciples.

30. Εις εαυτον, instead of our version *against* themselves, would it not be better rendered *towards* themselves? i. e. they frustrated the intentions of God for their salvation.

8. The meaning of the parable cannot be mistaken, but the grammatical construction is remarkable: in verse 12, 13, it is οιδε, in 14, τοδε. I think κατα is understood before το, and it should be rendered, *as to what fell*, &c.

9. 13. They could not imagine it: it is only a strong expression to mark their sense of the impossibility of feeding such a multitude.

Πλην

Chap. Verse.

10. 14. Πλὴν is not well rendered *but*, *therefore indeed* would better express the sense.

22. 20. In the quotation from 2 Cor. viii. ἐστι is evidently understood.

ST. JOHN.

1. 45. PERHAPS the translation might be better thus, *We have found Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph (to be) him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write.*

2. 19. It is supposed that our Saviour pointed or made some sign, by which it appeared that he meant the *temple* of his body, and it seems to have been well understood by his disciples, by their recollection and application of his words after his resurrection.

4. 20. *This mountain*, Mount Gerizim, on which the Samaritans had built a temple.

22. See Jer. xxxi. 6; l. 5.

23. See Malachi i. 11.

5. 17. The meaning seems, that though God rested from the work of creation on the sabbath day, his works of providence continue without intermission.

32. The word of God is in other parts of scripture represented under the figure of food, and the want of Divine instruction as a famine. See Isaiah lv. 1, 2, 3, and Amos viii. 11, 13.

7. 37. This is an allusion to a custom among the Jews, who on that day used to bring into the temple vessels filled with water, from the fountain of Siloe, to implore the blessing of rain on the fields which were going to be sowed; they likewise read the fiftieth chapter of Isaiah, which begins with nearly the same words as our Saviour uses here, and of which he teaches them the spiritual signification accomplished in himself. See Zech. xiii. 1. L'Enfant.

Chap. Verse.

8. 11. The kingdom of our blessed Saviour was not of this world, neither did he exercise any judicial power while he remained on earth.

9. 2. The disciples saw that the man was blind, but might not know that he had been so from his birth, and therefore supposed it was a punishment for his sins.

6. As this application was more fit to prevent than to promote the restoration of sight, it served as a proof that the cure was not effected by any human means.

10. 8. See Jer. xxiii. 1. Ezek. xxxiv. 2, 4.

22. This was an annual festival observed by the Jews in honour of the dedication of the temple by Judas Maccabeus, after he had repaired and purified it from the ruin and profanation of Antiochus Epiphanes. This festival lasted eight days, during which the Jews illuminated their houses, from whence it was called the feast of lights.

23. *Solomon's porch* was a portico supported by marble pillars, on the east side of the square, without the temple.
L'Enfant.

11. 16. See verse 8.

14. 31. The preceding discourse seems to have been held where our Saviour and his disciples eat the passover; they afterwards went from thence unto the Mount of Olives.

16 16. *A little while, and ye shall not see me*, because they were soon to be deprived of the sight of him by death. *And again a little while, and ye shall see me*, that is, after his resurrection, when he was seen by them during forty days before his ascension to the Father.

17. 29. See verse 17, 19.

18. 28. It is not necessary to restrain the expression of *eating the passover* to the paschal lamb; the feast of the passover lasted seven days, and during that time there were other sacrifices besides the paschal lamb, which are called pass-

over

Chap. Verse. over offerings. See Num. xxviii. 19, 24. Deut. xvi. 2, 2. 2 Chron. xxxv. 8. See L'Enfant, Pref. Gen. p. 119.

20. 1. Mary Magdalene was the first who visited the sepulchre; when she found the stone removed, and the body gone, without staying to examine any further, she ran to tell the disciples of this circumstance. Peter and John came and examined the sepulchre, and departed. Mary Magdalene then returned, and took a nearer survey of the sepulchre (v. 2.) where she saw two angels, and on turning back saw Jesus himself, whose appearance and discourse informed her of his resurrection. It was probably after she had left the sepulchre that the other women arrived with the spices, &c. to embalm the body, and were told on their way by two angels, and afterwards by Jesus himself, that he was risen from the dead.

17. *Touch me not*, &c. The meaning seems to be, Do not detain me at present, (for I have not left the earth) but go and tell my brethren, &c.

OBSERVATIONS ON BOWYER'S NOTES ON ST. JOHN.

3. 12. The parenthesis here proposed seems to disturb the sense: the 13th verse contains a proof of the qualifications of our Saviour, for teaching what is contained in the 12th verse: the 18th should not be marked as a section.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

2. 15. *THIRD hour*, &c. Nine in the morning.

47. *Such as should be saved*. See v. 40.

5. 37. This taxing was made by Quirinus about ten years after the birth of our Saviour. Judas of Galilee, and Sadoc, a Pharisee,

Chap. Verse. Pharisee, stirred up the Jews to oppose it as a mark of slavery. Under the pretence of defending public liberty, the people formed themselves into a band of robbers, who committed all sorts of outrage and devastation ; these were the first seeds of that rebellion, which afterwards ended in the utter destruction of the Jewish state. See Jos. Antiq. xvii. 1. L'Enfant Pref. 9. n. p. 160.

6. 3. It should be observed, that the deacons were chosen by the body of the disciples themselves, which helps to shew that the Apostles did not make any private advantage of the public stock, of which they declined the distribution.

8. 14, 17. It appears that the extraordinary powers of the Holy Spirit were conferred by the hands of the Apostles only : Philip, who converted the Samaritans, was only a deacon, and could not bestow this miraculous gift ; and therefore Peter and John were deputed from Jerusalem.

9. 7. It appears by Paul's account (xxii. 9.) that his companions heard only the *sound*, but not the words which were spoken.

26. This was three years after his conversion. See Gal. i. 18.

12. 1. *Herod Agrippa* was the son of Aristobulus, and grandson of Herod the Great and Mariamne.

17. *To James*, probably James, the son of Alpheus, for James, the son of Zebedee, had been killed by Herod.

19. 2. This cannot be meant of the common gifts of the Holy Spirit, of which they could not be ignorant, but of his extraordinary and miraculous powers, which were conferred by the hands of the Apostles. This is plain from verse 6.

22. 9. *Heard not the voice*, &c. that is, they did not distinguish the words, nor see by whom they were uttered.

26. 17. *The people*, that is, the Jews.

OBSERVATIONS ON BOWYER'S NOTES ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

Chap. Verse.

7. 20. No need of alteration, *αστειος τω ϑεω* is a Hebraism.

59. There needs no addition, *επικαλουμενος* relates to Jesus, who was the object of the invocation.

ROMANS.

1. 25. *INTO a lie*, &c. that is, into idolatry. Jer. xix. 19, 20.

28. *As they did not lie*, &c. or perhaps better thus, *As they did not make use of their judgment to acknowledge God, God gave them over to a mind void of judgment.*

2. 22. It is with great propriety that the Apostle here varies his subject of accusation; he could not justly say, Dost thou commit idolatry? for of this the Jews were not guilty, but they were guilty of that sacrilege which consists in the profanation of sacred things; as in the instance of buying and selling in the temple, &c.

3. 3. *Faith of God*, &c. that is, the truth of God with regard to his promises.

5. 12. *And so*, better *even so*.

6. 4. In the primitive times, baptized persons were plunged totally under water, which was a figure of burial, as their rising out of the water again was of their resurrection.

6. *Our old man*, that is, our former natural evil disposition and habits.

14. *Under grace*, &c. under the gracious covenant of the gospel. See Titus ii. 11.

8. 3. See Coloss. i. 21, 22.

This verse, perhaps, might be translated thus: *God having sent his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and a sacrifice*

Chap. Verse. *sacrifice for sin, has condemned sin in the flesh, which the law could not do, by reason it was weak through the flesh.*

8. 20, 21. *In hope because,* rather *in hope that.*

9. 13. This is a Hebrew phrase, and signifies only a preference of Jacob to Esau. The whole of this comparison relates entirely to the condition of persons in this world.

16. *Him that runneth,* &c. An allusion to the history of Jacob and Esau. Gen. xxxviii.

11. 5. *Election of grace.* That gracious election which God made of the Jews to be his peculiar people, according to his promise to their fathers. Compare this with v. 28.

22. *Thou also shalt be cut off.* It is plain from this, that the Divine favour is not continued unconditionally, but that its continuance depends on the right use of it.

12. 3. *Measure of faith.* That proportion of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, entrusted to each person's fidelity for the common good of the Christian society.

OBSERVATIONS ON BOWYER'S NOTES ON THE ROMANS.

2. 22. There is no need of any alteration. See note on xi. 22.

5. 12. No need of omitting *και, και ουτως, even so.*

1 CORINTHIANS.

1. 12. *NOW this I say,* rather, *now what I mean is this.*

5. 15. *Unto Satan.* A figurative mode of expression for present punishment; the last verse explains it to mean in this place, an exclusion of the offender from the Christian society.

6 4. *Set them,* &c. rather, do you set them, &c.

That

Chap. Verse. That is, Are you so wrong as to appoint those for judges of your differences, who have the least weight and character among you?

9. 5. Brothers and sisters was the term by which the first Christians expressed their affection and relation to each other, as members of the same common family, of which our Saviour was the head. It was perhaps from a misapprehension of this general expression, that the Heathens charged the primitive Christians with incest.

25. *Mastery*, rather, *for the prize at the public games.*

11. 29. *Not discerning the Lord's body*; that is, not distinguishing the Lord's Supper from a common entertainment. See v. 20, 21, 22, 34.

12. 13. *Drink into our spirit.* The gifts of the Holy Spirit are in many parts of Scripture described under the figures of refreshing streams. See Isaiah xliv. 3. Joel ii. 28. John vii. 38, 39.

14. 32. The Apostle affirms the spiritual gifts to be under the direction of the prophet, to obviate any objection from such as might pretend an irresistible impulse.

15. 14. See Rom. iv. 25; v. 10; viii. 34.

OBSERVATIONS ON BOWYER'S NOTES ON 1 CORINTHIANS.

2. 13. The opposition is between human and spiritual wisdom.

14. 32. Better perhaps as it stands. See note on xiv. 32.

2 CORINTHIANS.

1. 5. *SUFFERINGS of Christ.* Sufferings and persecutions on account of the Christian faith.

Chap. Verse.

3. 14, 16. Should be thus, *But their minds were blinded, nevertheless when they shall return,* &c. All the intermediate words in a parenthesis.

17. *Now the Lord is that spirit*; that is, Jesus Christ is the spiritual meaning and end of the law.

4. 7. *In earthen vessels*; that is, amidst all the infirmities of a frail mortal state.

10. See note on chap. i. 5.

5. 21. *Made him to be sin,* &c. that is, to undergo the punishment of an offender.

6. 1. *The grace of God,* the gracious dispensation of the gospel. See v. 18, 19, of the preceding chapter.

7. 8. This, and what follows nearly to the end of the chapter, probably relates to the compliances of the Corinthians with St. Paul's directions concerning the offender mentioned in the 5th chapter of the 1st Epistle.

10. 12. *Measuring themselves,* &c. that is, determining right and wrong by their own practice.

OBSERVATIONS ON BOWYER'S NOTES ON 2 CORINTHIANS.

3. 14, 16. From *αυτων*, in v. 14 to the end of 15, perhaps should be a parenthesis, and thus *νοηματα* will be the nominative to *επιστρεψη*.

GALATIANS.

4. 15. *BLESSEDNESS,* &c. that is, happiness they expressed in his preaching, &c.

5. 4. *Fallen from grace*; that is, by seeking justification from Jewish laws, they would forfeit all the gracious privileges of the Gospel.

OBSERVATIONS ON BOWYER'S NOTES ON GALATIANS.

Chap. Verse.

2. 5. No need of Dr. B.'s alteration: the opposition made by the Apostle was, that the gospel might remain in its truth and purity, free from the imposition of Jewish ceremonies.

3. 28. Ενι is not *rarely*, but very frequently used for ενεστι in the best writers. Herodotus, Polybius, &c. &c.

EPHESIANS.

4. 12. *FOR the perfecting*, &c. rather, *in order to the perfecting of the saints for the work of the ministry, for the edifying*, &c.

22. See note on Romans vi. 6.

26. That is, do not indulge your anger so as to lead you into sin. See v. 31.

5. 1. *Followers*, rather *imitators*.

30. *Members of his body*, &c. of that community of which Christ is the head.

OBSERVATIONS ON BOWYER'S NOTES ON EPHESIANS.

4. 12. Our version takes no notice of the difference between προς and εις. Might not the translation be thus, *In order to the perfect qualification of the saints for the work*, &c.

PHILIPPIANS.

1. 21. BY the following verse, the sense appears to be, that the continuance of the Apostle's life and labours would be advantageous to Christianity, but that death would be his own private gain.

Chap. Verse.

2. 6. *Thought it not robbery*, rather, *did not eagerly covet.*

3. 3. *Confidence in the flesh*, that is, in ceremonies of the Jewish law.

COLOSSIANS.

1. 3. *TO the God and Father of*, &c. See John xx. 17.

19. *First born of every creature*, or, *born before all creation.*

24. *Afflictions of Christ.* See note on 2 Cor. i. 5.

2. 2. *And of the Father—even of the Father.*

10. *Complete in him*, &c. and therefore they had no need of the Jewish ceremonies.

12. See note on Romans vi. 4.

14. *Hand-writing of ordinance*, the Jewish law.

3. 9. *The old man*, &c. our natural evil disposition.

1 THESSALONIANS.

1. 1. THESSALONICA was a principal city of Macedonia, situated at the top of the Thermaic Bay, and anciently called Thermæ: it is now called Salonichi, and is a very considerable place.

6. Perhaps the afflictions here mentioned relate to the tumults raised by the unbelieving Jews against the Christian converts at Thessalonica. See Acts xvii. 5, &c.

3. 11. *Now God himself*, &c. rather, Now may our God and Father himself, &c.

1 TIMOTHY.

1. 6 FROM this verse to the end of the 10th there seems to be a parenthesis, and thus the 5th verse will be properly connected with the 11th.

See

Chap. Verse.

1 20. See note on 1 Cor. v. 5.

5. 21. The order of the verses seems to have been disturbed, perhaps the 24th ought to have immediately followed the 20th, and the 21st, 22d, and 23d, to be placed after the 25th.

6. 5. *That gain is godliness*, rather, *that godliness is gain*; that is, supposing that Christianity sets men free from their civil relations and duties; a false and pernicious opinion, which the Apostle opposes, and shews here, and in many other parts of his writings, that the design of the Gospel was not to dissolve the necessary subordinations of social life, but to make all persons the more faithfully and diligently discharge the duties arising from their several relations to each other.

2 TIMOTHY.

2. 5. *STRIVE for masteries*, &c. should rather be translated, *If any one contend for the prize in the public games*, &c.

TITUS.

1. 12. *PROPHET*, &c. Epimenides.

HEBREWS.

1. 6. THE passage here quoted by the Apostle is not to be found in the English Bible, but is taken exactly from the Greek translation. Deut. xxxii.

3. 4. *By some man*, rather, *by some person*.

7. 8. *Witnessed*, &c. By that passage in Psalms, which the Apostle has before cited, *Thou art a priest for ever*, &c.

10. 26. *Sin wilfully*, that is, if we renounce our Christianity, and reject that sacrifice which was made for our sins by the

Son

Chap. Verse. Son of God, there remains no other appointed means of salvation; but we are left with all our guilt exposed to the terrors of Divine justice and indignation.

10. 38. Should be translated, *The just shall live by faith, but if he draw back*, &c.

11. 19. *Received him in a figure.* See verse 12.

JAMES.

1. 21. *SUPERFLUITY of naughtiness*, rather *vicious superfluity*, in opposition to that temperance and moderation of speech enjoined in the 19th verse.

21. *Law of liberty*, the gospel which frees us from the slavery of sin. See John viii. 34, 36.

3 1. *Masters* is too general a word, it ought to be translated *teachers*, which exactly answers the original, and exactly clears the sense of the whole chapter, which is designed to reprove a passionate and uncharitable use of speech in dictating to others.

4. 14 Should be perhaps better in a parenthesis, then the 13th verse being joined to the 15th thus, *Ye that say*, &c. instead of saying, there will be no need of the supplemental word *ought* in our version *.

Ye know not, better, *ye know nothing of the morrow.*

5. 5. *Day of slaughter*, rather, *a day of sacrifice*, that is, a festival.

11. *End of the Lord*, the conclusion which God gave to the troubles of Job.

14. *With oil*, &c. in order to a miraculous cure, and not as the Papists use extreme unction when the patient is past all hopes of recovery.

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* Copied exactly from the MS. The sense may be understood, but some words seem to be wanting.

2 PETER.

2 PETER.

Chap. Verse.

1. 5. *BESIDES this,* &c. is not a good translation of which might perhaps be better rendered, *upon this very account,* which is more agreeable to the foregoing verses, and renders the argument strong and conclusive: that the assistance and encouragement of the gospel lay us under the highest obligation to a diligent improvement in the duties of a good life.

17, 19. Peter here refers to the transfiguration of Jesus, and the testimony given to him by the voice from heaven. This testimony seems to have been an application of the prophecy in Isaiah xlii. 1, which is applied to our Saviour likewise in Matthew xii. 18, and thus the Apostle's argument is, that the voice heard at the transfiguration more fully confirmed the words of the prophecy.

See Bowyer's New Testament.

OBSERVATIONS ON BOWYER'S NOTES.

Coloss.

11. 17. Much better μελλοντων. See Heb. viii. 5, and x. 1.

Titus.

11. 8. A strange correction this, a strange reason for it, surely they might well blush on that very account, that they were adversaries to those to whom they had nothing to object.

Heb.

7. 1. No other verb seems to be necessary besides in verse 3.

12. 13. Perhaps μετανοιας—ευρε should be in a parenthesis, and thus αυτην will relate to ευλογιαν.

James.

1. 25. Perhaps better ουτος in opposition to that in verse 23.

If

Chap. Verse.

1 Pet.

4. 1. If *πεπαυται* is rendered actively, as I believe it sometimes is used, all the difficulty of this passage is removed, and the argument very strong—*Having suffered in the flesh, has made an end of sin.*

1 John.

3. 11. A very unnecessary change, which weakens the sense.

REVELATION.

2. 10. *TEN days*, which in the prophetical style are ten years, and so long did the persecution of Dioclesian last.

4. 4. *Twenty-four elders*, answering, according to Bishop Newton, to the twenty-four princes of the courses of the Jewish priests.

6. *Four beasts*, rather, four living creatures, and so it should be translated in all the other passages. Bishop Newton supposes these living creatures to resemble the four standards in the four divisions of the camp of Israel, according to the Jewish traditions. The standard of Judah, &c. in the eastern division was a lion; of Ephraim, &c. in the west, an ox; of Reuben, &c. in the south, a man; of Dan, &c. in the north, an eagle.

6. 2. This period continued for twenty-eight years, from Vespasian to Trajan, during which Judea was conquered, and Jerusalem destroyed.

3. A period of ninety-five years, during which were constant wars between the Jews and Romans.

5. A period of forty-two years, during the reign of Severus and his successors, who were rigid exacters of justice, and careful in providing supplies of corn, &c. for the people.

7. This period was of fifty years, from Maximin to Dioclesian, and history mentions all the several calamities here foretold.

The

Chap. Verse.

6. 9. The great persecution under Dioclesian.

12. The subversion of the heathen religion, and the establishment of Christianity under Constantine.

7. This chapter is supposed by Bp. Newton to contain a description of the peace and prosperity of the Church from Constantine to Theodosius, a period of seventy years. This tranquillity is denoted by the angels restraining the winds.

3. *Sealed*, &c. an allusion to the sign of the cross in baptism.

8. 2. As the seals foretold the fate of the Roman empire till it became Christian, the trumpets foreshow its fate and condition afterwards.

7. The irruption of the Goths under Alaric, who wasted Italy in 395, and took and plundered Rome in 410.

8. Attila and the Huns.

10. Genseric and the Vandals, 455.

12. Total extinction of the Roman empire by Odoacer, king of the Heruli, 446.

9. 1. *A star*, &c. Mahomet.

3. *Locusts*, &c. Arabians.

4. Abubeker, when he sent an army against Syria, forbid them to destroy fruit, trees, corn-fields, &c.

13. 1. *A beast*, the Roman empire after the establishment of Christianity; *seven heads*, seven forms of government, Kings, Consuls, Dictators, Decemvirs, Military Tribunes, Emperors, Dukes. 566.

3. *One of his heads*, the imperial, when Rome was reduced to a dukedom.

Was healed, when Charlemagne was made Emperor of the Romans in 800.

Chap. Verse.

13. 18. *Number of the beast.*

Λ — 30
Α — 1
Τ — 300
Ε — 5
Ι — 10
Ν — 50
Ο — 70
Σ — 200
666

Lateinus.

ר — 200
ו — 6
מ — 40
י — 10
י — 10
ת — 400
666

Romiith.

17. 10. *Five are fallen,* Kings, Consuls, Dictators, Decemvirs, Military Tribunes.

One is, Emperors.

Not yet come, Dukes of Rome.

OBJECTIONS

OBJECTIONS
AGAINST THE
NEW TESTAMENT,
WITH
MRS. CARTER'S
ANSWERS TO THEM.

TO MRS. CARTER.

AND now I have again perused the four Gospels with the utmost care and attention, with a heart I am sure thoroughly in earnest, open to conviction, wishing that every doubt, every objection, may be removed. I have written my remarks with freedom, that nothing might be left on my mind unsatisfied, for very anxious have I been on this subject; but the sincerity of my intentions, my ardent desire to know the truth, and to act conformable to it, when known, assures me I am not far from the right way. Besides, as it is absolutely necessary for every body very early in life to fix some principles whereby to regulate their conduct, it cannot possibly be requisite for them to enter into such examinations as may take up half, nay, all the time allotted for their existence in this world, before they come to a clear determination, and must unavoidably act all the while on some motive or other.

For my own part, I know not any guide for every moral duty equal to what the Christian Religion teaches, by that I therefore endeavour to regulate my actions as far as I am able, being sure that whoever is a good Christian must be a good man, and not doubting but a good man, whatever may be his religious principles, will be acceptable in the sight of God. Yet to be assured of what the Christian Religion promises, is doubtless the highest felicity we can enjoy in this life.

I am sure of your candour and indulgence, my dear friend, with regard to the remarks which I have made, where it was absolutely necessary to mention every objection, for which purpose alone I writ, so that some passages which raised in me veneration and admiration have passed unnoticed, and some which struck me too forcibly to be wholly omitted, are but slightly mentioned, as with regard to those subjects, I was certain you would be of my opinion.

I know the pleasure you will take in giving information, and in endeavouring to dissipate the doubts of an ingenuous mind, will be proportionable to the satisfaction and advantage I shall receive from your kind instructions, therefore I make no apology for this trouble, but proceed to my objections *.

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* The Editor thinking it would make the subject more clear and impressive, has stated each Objection, with Mrs. Carter's Answer following it, and this plan he has adopted through the four Gospels.

OBJECTIONS TO THE GOSPELS IN GENERAL.

OBJECTION I.

WHY should so many ages pass away unenlightened by the Gospel? Why should so many barbarous customs be allowed, even amongst the chosen people of God, which were afterwards condemned and looked upon as highly criminal, such as sacrifices, polygamy, &c.

ANSWER.

IT is no objection to the truth of any revelation, that it does not satisfy all the demands of our unnecessary curiosity. Inquiries of this nature may be made, let our scheme of religion be what it will, and therefore have no peculiar force against Christianity; but indeed all such inquiries serve only to involve the mind in endless perplexity, as it is impossible for the limited powers of human understanding to comprehend the infinite designs of Providence; reason is perfectly assured that the ways of God must be just and good, and on this assurance, let it, under all apparent difficulties, humbly repose, instead of bewildering itself in such researches as must end only in disappointment and confusion. Nothing is to be admitted for a truth that is found on a diligent inquiry to be *contrary* to reason, but let us not forget that to such finite understandings as ours, there must be innumerable truths *above* our reason.

Heb. ix. 12, to the end. x. 1, 9, 12, &c. 1 John i. 7.

Sacrifices were not only *allowed*, but commanded, nor were they afterwards condemned as *highly criminal*, but as rendered unnecessary by the atonement of which they were the types and shadows.

With regard to Polygamy it may be observed, that things not in themselves evil, may be properly allowed in some cases and circumstances, though generally inconvenient in others. It should be remembered to that in the Jewish law there were sufficient restrictions provided against any injustice or confusion which this toleration might be liable to produce in families.

OBJECTION II.

But with regard to the New Testament only. If the four Evangelists were inspired, how could it happen that they should in any material instance vary from each other? If not inspired, their veracity cannot be doubted, since they laid down their life to preserve it.

ANSWER.

John xiv. 2 Tim. iii. 16. 2 Pet. i. 20, 21.

It is the belief of Christians, that the Prophets and Evangelists were guided in their writings by immediate inspiration with regard to all essential points of faith and practice; in other less important circumstances they appear to have been left to their own particular stile and method; and if the same candour be allowed to them as to other authors, they never will be found to vary from each other in any material instance.

OBJECTIONS TO ST. MATTHEW.

I.

The almost incredible story of Herod's cruelty, is no where mentioned in holy writ but by Matthew. Does any profane historian of that time take notice of it?

Who, that reads the admirable sermon on the Mount, would not grieve to find any cause for doubting the truth of a religion so amiable and advantageous.

ANSWER.

The story of Herod is not mentioned, I believe, by any contemporary profane author, and indeed scarcely any thing else relating to the Jews is to be met with in the historians of those times: that it was omitted by Josephus is not strange, as this massacre was committed in so obscure and inconsiderable a place as Bethlehem, and the story might easily be lost amidst the innumerable instances of cruelty of which the long reign of Herod was composed.

OBJECTION II.

Among the miracles for raising dead, and healing sick, why suffer devils (whatever they were) to enter into a herd of swine? What were those devils? Why not absolutely destroyed?

ANSWER.

The suffering the herd of swine to be destroyed might perhaps be designed as a punishment upon the people who kept those animals, whose use was forbidden by their own laws: but whether this solution be admitted or no, as the infinitely greater part of the miracles performed by our Saviour were indisputably beneficial to mankind, and perfectly consistent with the character of him "who went about doing good," it is surely but fair to conclude, that those very few miracles, the tendency of which is not immediately evident, were equally worthy the Divine wisdom with all the rest.

Matt. xvii. 15, 18. The possession so often mentioned, seems to have been a lunacy, and curable by those who had not a Divine mission; nor would the cure, when performed by our Saviour, have been mentioned by the Apostles as a miracle, nor appeared so remarkable to the Jews, had it not been effected in an extraordinary manner. It is no miracle that a physician, by the use of natural means, should cure a lunatic; but it would be a miracle if he cured him merely by commanding him to return to his right senses, which was the case in the present question.

OBJECTION III.

When the Pharisees and Sadducees asked for signs, they were never granted. Christ makes a reference to the prophet Jonas, which he knew they cannot understand; and speaks in parables purposely that they may not. Did he not come to instruct all mankind? Why not give an explanation of the truth to all who desired information?

ANSWER.

The whole Gospel history shews, that the fullest explanation of all necessary truths, and every reasonable method of instruction, were with the most condescending goodness afforded by our blessed Saviour to all who sincerely desired to be informed; but if the whole behaviour of the Pharisees and Sadducees be impartially considered, it will plainly appear that *information* was by no means their aim. The single instance of their imputation of the most beneficial miracles to the operation of the Devil, sufficiently discovers a mind obstinately set against conviction, and therefore justly left to its own wicked prejudices. There is no doubt but that He who had the absolute command of all nature might have forced the belief of the most hardened obstinacy; but irresistible evidence is inconsistent with human liberty, and the Gospel requires the rational assent of moral agents: hence it is that so much stress is every where laid upon *faith*, as arising from that simplicity and goodness of heart which leaves the understanding open to conviction, and prepares it for the reception of truth. Mere belief is *necessary*, but the dispositions on which it is founded are often *voluntary*. Matt. xiii. 3. A modest, humble, and teachable temper, not a blind credulity, was indispensably required to entitle men to the privileges, and prepare them for the reception of the Gospel. John v. 39. Acts xvii. 11. A fair examination was commanded and applauded, and sufficient evidence afforded to all who were sincerely desirous of the truth, at the same time that no irresistible force was employed to controul wilful perverseness, and determined wickedness of heart, which was the source of all the opposition made to our Saviour by the Pharisees and Sadducees. Tyranny over the consciences of the people, oppression, fraud, hypocrisy, and pride, were their distinguishing characters, and the true obstacles to every impartial examination of a religion which indispensably demanded a totally contrary behaviour.

OBJECTION IV.

It seems strange that the Disciples, after the miracle of feeding the multitude with the loaves, &c. should so soon after be concerned for provision on a like occasion;

and that they should be astonished at any supernatural assistance, knowing what they knew.

What an admirable parable of the sower! how inexpressibly fine and good the morality given under all those allegorical stories!

I cannot help being sorry for the young man who had always kept all the commandments, yet was sent away sorrowing because he could not give up all his great possessions. Though his heart seemed set too much upon riches, there was some merit in having led a life of strict morality.

ANSWER.

The doubts of the Disciples, however strange, prove at least that they were by no means over credulous; indeed they every where seem inclined to the contrary extreme; but their doubts were the doubts of weakness, and accordingly are always treated by our Saviour in a manner very different from that which he made use of with regard to the perverse cavillings of the Scribes and Pharisees.

OBJECTION V.

The parable of the fig-tree is extraordinary. According to human understanding one should rather have expected the tree would have instantly afforded fruit, than that it should wither and never bear more, especially as it is said it was not the season for figs.

ANSWER.

The same general observation may be made on the miracle of the fig-tree, as on that of the herd of swine. If

Matt. iii. 10. viii. 19. If it be considered, however, that the method of teaching among the Jews consisted much in figures and parables, it is probable this fruitless fig-tree might be intended as an allusion to the unprofitableness of the Jews under the means of grace which were afforded them, and its withering their just destruction.

OBJECTION VI.

Did not the Disciples understand they were to see the end of the world? Did not the words "this generation shall not pass away, &c." seem to imply as much?

Most admirable doctrines of humanity and universal charity every where inculcated, duties of morality equally obligatory on good men of all religions to practise.

The sufferings of Christ, his being betrayed, his humble deportment, &c. always affect me extremely, though I have so often heard it read, and read it myself.

ANSWER.

Matt. xxiv. It does not seem necessary from any thing in this account to suppose that the Disciples understood they were to see the end of the world: they had heard our Saviour foretel the destruction of Jerusalem, and were inquisitive to know the time and circumstances relating to that great event, and desired likewise some information about the end of the world.

V. 4, 5, 6. Jesus begins with warning them against the seductions of impostors, and bids them not be disturbed with wars

Verses 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. and rumours of wars, for the end was not to be yet. He then describes the commotions and calamities that were to precede the destruction of Jerusalem; the persecutions and dangers which they themselves were to undergo for his name's sake: foretels the success of false prophets, and encourages his disciples to perseverance: he tells them that the Gospel should be preached to all nations, and *then* that the *end* should come. Then he proceeds to a description of the several sad distresses that were to happen, and refers them to a prophecy in Daniel; advises them to a timely retreat, and again very particularly warns them against false Christs, and false Prophets, and cautions them not to be misled by any false intelligence about his coming, for that the coming of the Son of Man would be sudden as the lightning, and its influence extend from one end of heaven to the other.

Verse 14. V. 18, &c. Verse 27. Luke vii. 24.

Verse 29. He then foretels the total destruction of the Jewish nation and government (by a figure well known among that people) which was *immediately* to follow the tribulations he had described. In these verses he mentions his coming to judgement in much the same manner as in some former discourses (see Matt. xiii. 41, &c. xxv. 31.) He then resumes the subject of the destruction of the Jews, which he tells them would as certainly follow the circumstances he had been describing as the summer does the appearance of leaves on the fig-tree, and should be accomplished before the end of that generation; for though heaven and earth should pass away, his words should not pass away: but adds he, of *that* day and hour (namely his final coming to judgement) knoweth no man, no not the angels in heaven, nor the Son, but the Father only. (*That day* is a known phrase in Scripture for the day of judgement.)

V. 30, 31. Matt. xxiv. v. 32, 33. Verse 34. V. 36. (and Mark xiii. 32.)

He then goes on to the end of the chapter describing the day of judgement as absolutely sudden and unexpected, and from thence very earnestly enjoins them to watch and be prepared for that awful period.

2 Tim. i. 12, 18. iv. 8.

It may be observed here, that the destruction of the Jews, as a people, and their dispersion into all nations, are a standing evidence of the truth of our Saviour's predictions to this very time.

The regal authority of Christ exercised in the vengeance taken on the Jews for their rejection of Him, bears such an analogy to his universal judgement at the last great day, that it is not strange that the description of these two important events should have been so connected with each other.

OBJECTION VII.

I WISH to know what other historians have related concerning those facts of which the Apostles give an account; and how unprejudiced writers, if there were any such who lived at that time, have spoken of Christ, and of the miracles he wrought, and especially his resurrection.

ANSWER.

I KNOW not particularly what other historians have said concerning the facts related by the Apostles. I think in general neither Julian nor Celsus pretended to deny the miracles. Some Jewish writers have recourse to the wretched fable of our Saviour's having discovered how to pronounce the name of Jehovah, which they affirm enabled him to perform all his miraculous works.

OBJECTIONS TO ST. MARK.

OBJECTION I.

ST. MARK makes no mention of the conception, nor of Herod's cruelty, but begins at a period long after those events; yet they were so remarkable, that one would have thought he ought not to have omitted them.

ANSWER.

St. Mark's Gospel is usually considered as an epitome of St. Matthew's.

OBJECTION II.

Why were the people who were miraculously healed bid to tell no where what had happened? Was it not designed nevertheless that they should proclaim it? And was it not for the advantage of the religion Christ came to teach, that those marvellous effects should be published all over the world?

ANSWER.

See John, v. 15.

The restraint often laid by our Saviour upon those who were healed, seems designed to check that popularity which would have furnished pretences to the rage of the Scribes and Pharisees.

OBJECTION III.

I wish for an explanation of the following lines: "That seeing they may see, &c." This seems directly contrary to that benevolent spirit which shines every where else, and to frustrate the end for which Christ came among men.

ANSWER.

This place is sufficiently explained by the parallel passage in Matthew xiii. 10. God forbid it should be understood

stood to mean any necessary infatuation. It signifies that at the same time that our Saviour explained himself in a manner intelligible to pious and teachable minds, it was fit the stubborn and invincibly prejudiced should be left to the wilful blindness which the wickedness of their hearts had brought upon their understandings. There are other passages in Scripture where it is affirmed that God will send strong delusions, and suffer the impositions of false teachers to deceive the profligate minds of such as love not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness. And surely equitable is the sentence. For the heart which delights not in truth has forfeited all title to the Divine assistance to secure it from falsehood.

See 2 Thess. ii. 9, 10, 11, 12.

OBJECTION IV.

It is most astonishing that any could be an eye-witness of the miracles related in the Gospels, and not believe!! Yet many who were present remained unconverted.

ANSWER.

It is not so astonishing that they should remain unconverted by the miracles of our Saviour, who were unreasonable and wicked enough to attribute some of them to the power of the Devil.

OBJECTION V.

Christ rebukes the Disciples for their want of faith when they could not cast out devils; yet says to them, "this kind can come out only by fasting," &c.

What a charming idea of purity, innocence, and goodness is conveyed by what is said concerning the little children among the multitude! And what an amiable disposition and simplicity of manners every where appears in the character of Christ's mind, with the most admirable sagacity and judgment.

ANSWER.

There is nothing contradictory that our Saviour at the same time that he reproves the Disciples for their want of faith, should mention other circumstances necessary to a particular case.

OBJECTION VI.

The Disciples ask, " When shall these things be," &c. And the answer relates, I have heard, partly to the destruction of the Jews, which the Disciples were to see, and partly to the day of judgment, which was not to happen in their life time. I cannot see where or how that distinction can be made.

ANSWER.

See the remarks on the 24th chapter of St. Matthew, in answer to Objection VII, on that Gospel.

With regard to the present translation of the Bible, however it may in some instances be thought capable of improvement; it is abundantly sufficient to answer all necessary purposes in faith and practice.

OBJECTION VII.

I do not find that any body saw Christ rise out of the sepulchre; only an angel in that place tells the women he is risen: and when he appeared to the Disciples they knew him not, nor at all expected him, though he had told them he should rise from the dead.

ANSWER.

It appears by the whole Gospel-history, that the Disciples had very confined and mistaken notions both of the power of their Divine Master, and the nature of his kingdom; their minds were filled with ideas of temporal grandeur, notwithstanding all the intimations he had given them, that his kingdom was not of this world. It is no wonder then that their spirits were sunk by his death, which seemed to frustrate all their hopes, and that they should at first doubt of the reality of so surprizing a circumstance as his resurrection. The simplicity with which their own dulness is related, is a strong argument of the truth of their relation.

Had the Disciples been impostors, it would have been just as easy for them to have affirmed they saw our Saviour rise out of the tomb themselves: and the omission of such a circumstance is a much stronger argument for, than against, their veracity.

OBJECTIONS ON ST. LUKE.

OBJECTION I.

St. Luke begins his narrative at an earlier period than St. Matthew or St. Mark: his style is more elevated than the others, but I think they all seem to write merely according to their natural capacities. Each related the same facts in a different manner, and each related some circumstances omitted by the others; so that it does not seem probable that they were inspired; nor is it necessary for the belief of the Christian Religion that they should be so.

ANSWER.

See Answer to Objection II, on the Gospels in general.

OBJECTION II.

The Devil is to me an unaccountable being; who or what he is, I cannot understand, or why suffered to tempt Jesus in the wilderness. How had that evil spirit the power to set Christ on a pinnacle of the temple, and offer to give him all the kingdoms of the world, as if at his disposal?

ANSWER.

There are very few, of whatever religion they may be, who confine their notions of intelligent beings to so narrow a compass as the visible creation: how can it be unaccountable then, that angels should have perverted their nature as well as men; and that in proportion as their faculties are higher, their powers of doing mischief should be more extensive? Is there any absurdity in supposing wicked spirits to have that same power of temptation which we every day see practised by wicked men?

The reason why that superlatively wicked spirit, stiled in scripture the Devil, should be suffered to tempt our Saviour, seems obvious: he who condescended to become partaker of our nature, submitted to all its infirmities, and was in all points tempted as we are; and was thus qualified to be our great example, as well as instructor.

It is not to be inferred from the promises of the Devil that he was able to make them good, or that the kingdoms of the world were at his disposal, for his distinguishing character is that of a liar. Whatever his powers of temptation may be, it is very certain, from the declarations of Scripture, that they are to be resisted, and can have no other influence over us than what they receive from the concurrence of our own wills.

OBJECTION III.

The mother and brethren of Jesus, were they supposed to be the sons of Joseph and Mary? And was Joseph supposed by the people in general to be really the father of Jesus?

ANSWER.

Acts i. 16. ii. 29. *Brethren* among the Jews has a very extensive signification, and means near relations, and often countrymen. Thus, James is stiled the brother of our Lord, i.e. his first cousin. There are too many instances of this kind to be quoted.

OBJECTION IV.

The distemper, or whatever it was which they called being possessed with devils, never before or since that æra has been heard of, when Christ and his Disciples cast them out: nay, other people had sometimes that power. Does any other historian mention these remarkable incidents?

ANSWER.

There seems some resemblance between the possession mentioned in Scripture, and the accounts given by profane writers of the frantic behaviour of the heathen priests at the delivery of their oracles.

With regard to the particular phrase, possest with devils, there is nothing more wonderful in the supposing the God of Nature to have made use of the agency of bad spirits to inflict a lunacy, than his employing the air and elements as instruments to produce a pestilence.

OBJECTION V.

" I tell you of a truth there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the kingdom of God." How can these words be explained? The natural import of them seems, that the end of the world was near at hand.

The story of the good Samaritan always fills me with delight and admiration.

ANSWER.

Matt. xii. 28. xiii. 24, 45, &c. Luke xvii. 21. Rom xiv. 17. 1 Cor. iv. 20.

The kingdom of God signifies as well its beginning on earth from the establishment of virtue and true religion by the publication of the Gospel, as its completion in heaven. The preaching of our Saviour himself was confined to Judea, and it was not till after his death and resurrection that the Gospel was to be published to all nations. He is speaking of his death and resurrection in this place, and the consequent publication of the Gospel, which was to happen in the life of many who heard him.

John viii. 28. xii. 32.

OBJECTION VI.

" Though he will not give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity, &c." This is said with regard to prayer; but in another place it is said they shall not receive for their much speaking.

ANSWER.

There is no contradiction that frequent, serious, and earnest prayer should be commanded, while an ostentatious parade of hypocritical worship is severely censured and condemned.

OBJECTION VII.

" The things which are impossible," &c. Is that a satisfactory answer to the Apostles when they ask, " Who then can be saved?" It is an answer might be given in general to every thing, and must prohibit all reasonable enquiry.

ANSWER.

It does not follow that because a general answer was given to an unnecessary enquiry, therefore no answer was to be given to a reasonable one. It has been remarked to be the method of our Saviour to restrain all idle curiosity in his Disciples, and to accompany his answer to such questions with some useful applications to themselves.

Luke xiii. 23, 24. and John xxi. 21, 22.

OBJECTION VIII.

How uncharitable seem on many occasions the Disciples, who would have hindered the sick and lame from coming to be healed, and rebuked the little children, notwithstanding the constant admirable example of universal charity and benevolence given them by their Master.

ANSWER.

Had the Apostles been impostors, it can hardly be supposed that they would have chose to relate such passages as reflect so little honour on themselves.

OBJECTION IX.

Wherever Jesus went he was followed by great multitudes; but they seemed rather to follow him from curiosity than from reason and religion, and were only the common people, a person of rank rarely among them: even the Disciples were low born, and most of them illiterate men. Would it not have been a greater honour to the Christian Religion if it had at that time convinced men of the most enlightened understanding, and who had enjoyed the advantages of a superior education?

How noble and how wise are all the answers to the chief priests and elders whenever they ask questions in order to entrap Jesus.

ANSWER.

That the Christian Religion was established without any assistance from the arts of human wisdom, or the strength of worldly power, at the same time that it opposed all the vicious inclinations of mankind, seems a striking evidence of its being the work of God.

OBJECTION X.

"When ye see these things, know ye then the kingdom of God is at hand. Verily this generation shall not pass away till *all* these things be fulfilled." Do these words relate to the destruction of Jerusalem, or of the whole world, or of both?

ANSWER.

See the remarks on the parallel passage in St. Matthew.

OBJECTION XI.

To human eyes it appears, that if the Disciples themselves had seen the resurrection, the evidence would have been yet more incontestable; but none of them saw him rise from the dead, and some who relate this fact never saw Jesus.

ANSWER.

It was impossible that the Disciples, who had so long conversed with their Master, could, after their first surprize at his resurrection was over, be mistaken in him. As the evidence of this fact depends on their testimony, it could not have been more incontestable if they had affirmed that they themselves had seen him rise; for it would be just as easy for those who dispute it, to charge them with a falsehood in that case as now.

OBJECTION XII.

Of the two thieves crucified with Jesus, only Luke relates, that one repented on the cross. Both Matthew and Mark say, the two thieves also reviled him on the cross, which seems strange too in the agonies of death.

ANSWER.

Nothing is observed to be more common among historians, than to put a part for the whole, and on the contrary.

That a criminal should behave in a hardened and profligate manner even in the agonies of death, is too commonly related in all history, and even in the daily accounts of our own time, to be thought at all incredible.

OBJECTION XIII.

Christ never writ any thing himself, nor do we find that he gave orders to any one for that purpose, nor did any write their accounts till long after the facts had happened.

ANSWER.

John xiv. 26. The general order of teaching all nations, and the promise that the Holy Spirit should bring all things to the remembrance of the Disciples, seem a very sufficient direction for their writings. In what other way was the order to be complied with, and the Christian Religion be transmitted to posterity?

There was no necessity that the accounts of the Evangelists should be writ sooner, as the Apostles were alive to relate the story themselves.

OBJECTIONS ON ST. JOHN.

OBJECTION I.

St. John writes in a very mystical manner; almost like the language of the Athanasian Creed, and almost as unintelligible in some places (particularly at the beginning) as the Trinity.

ANSWER.

Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. (* John x. 35, 36.) (Col. i. 16. Heb. i. 2.) In the first chapter of St. John it is affirmed, that the Divine Person here stiled the *Word* and God *, was in the beginning in a state of glory with the Father, that all things were made by his ministration, that he received (John v. 26.) from the Father the principles of immortal life, that he Verse 9. was the true light, which, by coming into the world, was to guide mankind to virtue and immortality; that he ma- 12, 13. nifested himself to his own people, the Jews, who generally rejected him; but that as many as received him were indued with the glorious privilege of becoming the heirs and sons of everlasting life, and that this privilege was not restrained to any particular nation, but equally to be conferred on all who should render themselves worthy of it by a regeneration to a life of virtue. (Gal. iii. 26. iv. 5.)

Verse 14. That this Divine Person, in a sense which no other being was, the Son of God, was invested with a human body, and dwelt among mankind, that of the complete
16. power and excellency with which he was indued all his
17. faithful Disciples are made partakers, that as the Jewish law was delivered by Moses, the divine favour to mankind, and that true religion of which the legal rites and
18. ceremonies were only types and shadows, were revealed by Jesus Christ, who is the image of the invisible God, and the publisher of his will to mankind.

OBJECTION II.

I CANNOT quite understand the Spirit of Heaven descending like a dove. I suppose metaphorical, as must be understood likewise the lamb of God, only meaning emblems of innocence.

ANSWER.

WHATEVER be the precise meaning of the descent of the Holy Spirit from heaven like a dove, it appears in general that there was some extraordinary signification made to the Baptist, that Jesus was the Son of God, and the person who had been before described to him.

The lamb no doubt is an emblem of innocence, and has here an allusion to that atonement made by the death of our Saviour, for the sins of the world. (1 Peter i. 18, 19.)

OBJEC-

OBJECTION III.

TURNING water into wine seems to be a very odd chosen miracle.

ANSWER.

JESUS himself seems to disapprove the interposition of his mother upon this occasion, as of too little importance for the exertion of his Divine power. His compliance, however, gives at least an instance of condescending goodness, and an obliging disposition towards his relations and friends, who were assembled together at an entertainment of domestic joy.

OBJECTION IV.

"DESTROY this temple," &c. The people understood him literally; and any other than a literal meaning seems a mere mental reservation, and was absolutely deceiving those who heard such words.

ANSWER.

"DESTROY this temple," &c. was only an answer to the unreasonable cavils of the Jews, who, unconvinced by all the miraculous evidences which our Saviour gave of himself, were perpetually calling for more. Parables and metaphors were very common figures among this people; and many things which Jesus uttered in this way, though obscure at the time, were recollected afterwards, and appeared very clear in their completion.

OBJECTION V.

The pool of Bethesda; "An angel went down," &c. I suppose that was only a superstitious opinion of the vulgar, like St. Winifred's well, and other such vulgar errors, which have most abounded among the Roman Catholics.

ANSWER.

The circumstance of the pool of Bethesda must have been well known among the Jews. It is not at all incredible that the water, when in motion, should have a healing virtue, which it had not when it was still. Whatever might be the reason of that motion, it makes no difference with regard to the miracle here related.

OBJECTION VI.

"For neither did his brethren believe in him:" meaning the sons of Joseph and Mary? If so, it seems very strange that they should not believe, having the unquestionable evidence of their father and mother.

ANSWER.

This objection has been already answered.

OBJECTION VII.

"But Jesus hid himself, and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so past by:" which words I cannot at all understand.

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

I AM utterly at a loss to conceive any difficulty in our Saviour escaping the malice of his enemies by passing through the midst of a croud, and so getting out of the temple.

OBJECTION VIII.

"MADE clay," &c. Why make clay? Would not a word, as on former occasions, have been sufficient for healing the diseased?

That story of the blind man restored, is, however, very fine.

All that Jesus says to Mary and Martha admirable and amiable. The raising of Lazarus must indubitably convert all that saw and believed that miracle.

ANSWER.

IT would no doubt have been as easy for him, who was invested with all power, to have cured the blind man by a word. It is not therefore to be doubted, that there was some reason for these circumstances respecting either the man himself, or those to whom he related his story.

OBJECTION IX.

"THE devil having now put it into the heart," &c. How came he to have that power?

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

There is no more difficulty in conceiving that the devil should have the power of tempting Judas to betray his master, than that the chief priests, &c. should have the same power, by offering him a bribe.

OBJECTION X.

It seems strange that the Disciples, any of them, should suffer Jesus to wash their feet.

ANSWER.

John xiii. 8. It is not strange that the Disciples should obey their Master's command, especially considering the reason which he gave Peter for complying with it.

OBJECTION XI.

"Satan entered into him." Is that only a figurative expression?

ANSWER.

Acts v. 3. A figurative expression, I suppose.

OBJECTION XII.

Jesus plainly pointed out Judas for his betrayer, yet none of the Disciples seemed to understand what it was he meant. Their simplicity is extraordinary on many occasions.

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

It does not appear that Jesus pointed out his betrayer to any but the favourite Disciple. It is even plain from the history, that when our Saviour, in speaking to Judas, alluded to the design he was forming, the Disciples knew not what he meant. John xiii. 28.

OBJECTION XIII.

Christ's comforting, and taking leave, of his Disciples is extremely affectionate; but very mysterious in some places. "The Holy Ghost," something incomprehensible to human understanding. Pray how is it explained, if explained?

Christ's prayer for his Disciples very good and affectionate where intelligible.

"That they may be all one," meaning all of one mind; yet I do not perceive throughout the four Gospels any expression stronger than such an one to authorize the Trinity, "I and my Father are one."

ANSWER.

Upon this awful subject one ought never to speak but with the deepest humility and most reverential caution. The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, in their own essences, must be incomprehensible to finite human understanding. The safest and most useful enquiry is to consider the relation in which they stand to mankind; for this is all that is clearly revealed, and all that it concerns us to know.

The

Mark xii. 29.
1 Cor. viii. 6.
Rom. i. 19, 20, &c.
Gen. xii. 1. xvii. 7, 8.
Exodus vi. 7. xix. 5, 6. xx. 1, 2, 3, 23. or xxix. 45.
Lev. xx. 26.
Deut. vii. 6. xii. 2, 3, 30.
Josh. xxiv. 2, 3. Neh. ix. 7. Isaiah ii. 3, 4. xi. 10. xlii. 1, 6. xlix. 6. lvi. 8. lx. 1, 3, &c.

The Scriptures teach, that there is but one God the Father, of whom are all things: that when mankind, by their wickedness, darkened the light of reason, perverted their notions of the Divine nature, and were sunk into all the abominations of false worships, it pleased the supreme Lord of the universe to select one people to be the depositaries of the true religion; and that to these he made successive discoveries of his will by his prophets, and gradually opened to them the promise of a more perfect revelation by a person of the highest excellence and dignity; the benefits of whose appearance were to be universal, and who was to establish an everlasting covenant with mankind.

Dan. vii. 14.
Zech. vi. 12, 13, 15. xiv. 9.
Gal. iv. 4.
Eph. i. 10, &c. ii. 12, 13.
John vi. 29, &c. iii. 13. vi. 38. xvii. 5.
2 Cor. v. 21.
1 Pet. ii. 22.
1 John iii. 5.
Heb. x. 26.
John viii. 28.
Heb. ix. 38, &c. Acts ii. 24. Eph. i. 20, 21, 22.
Phil. ii. 9, 10, 11.

John xvi. 23.
Eph. v. 20, &c. 1 Tim. ii. 5. Heb. viii. 6. Acts x. 42, &c.
Rev. iii. 21. xxii. 3, 5.
Matt. xix. 28.

The Scriptures teach, that, conformably to these promises, in the fulness of time appointed by his unerring wisdom, God sent Jesus Christ into the world: that this Divine Person who is described under the highest titles, as in a peculiar manner the Son of God, descended from that glory which he had in the beginning with the Father, and voluntarily took upon him human nature. That his life was an example of perfect obedience to the Divine law, and that he made the last and fullest discovery of the will of God; that he laid down his life as an atonement for the sins of the world; that God raised him from the dead, and exalted him to the highest state of power and dignity at his own right hand; that all honour and worship is to be paid to him by the command and to the glory of God the Father; that all our prayers to God are to be offered in his name; that he is our intercessor, and the one only Mediator between God and man; that he is appointed to be our Judge at the great last day; and that at the consummation of mortal things he shall reign with the Father over all his faithful Disciples in everlasting happiness and glory.

Matt. xii. 28. Rom. xv. 19. Heb. ii. 4. Mark xiii. 2. Eph. iii. 5. 2 Pet. i. 21. John xiv. 26. Rom. viii. 26. 1 Cor. vi. 11. Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts v. 9. vii. 51. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

With regard to the Holy Spirit, it is affirmed, that he is sent by God as the worker of miracles, and the dispenser of extraordinary gifts and graces: that he was the inspirer of the Prophets and Apostles, and that the Scriptures were writ under his influence and direction. In his more ordinary operations, that he is the sanctifier of hearts, that he assists the endeavours of all good persons, and comforts and supports them in the performance of their duty. We are commanded to be baptized in his name, as well as that of the Father and Son, and are forbid to tempt or resist him.

This is in general what we are taught concerning the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, in relation to ourselves; and what the Scriptures have revealed is all that can be necessary for us to know.

OBJECTION XIV.

Mary knew not Jesus, but took him for the gardener. If he appeared in his own form it is amazing she should not know him, and it is still less probable he should appear in the form of another man. How then could she know it was he?

ANSWER.

It was dark when Mary came to the sepulchre, and therefore it is not strange that she should take Jesus for the gardener.

OBJECTION XV.

"Blessed are they which have not seen, and yet have believed:" meaning, I suppose, only the Disciples, to whom he had often foretold his resurrection.

ANSWER.

Our Saviour most probably spoke these words with a general meaning, that it would be happy for those who in all ages should believe the Gospel from that credible testimony that would be afforded them, without requiring such sensible proofs as Thomas did.

OBJECTION XVI.

"If I will that he tarry," &c.; which only seems to imply, that he would not satisfy the curiosity of Peter, though understood to mean that John should never die.

Jesus recommending his mother to the care of John is an instance of his peculiar regard for that Disciple. His behaviour to him in several instances is very remarkable and affectionate, giving one a very high and lovely idea of that favourite Disciple: yet those particulars not mentioned in any former Gospels, are, however, very modestly mentioned in this.

ANSWER.

See the answer to the seventh Objection on St. Luke. St. John did live till after the destruction of Jerusalem.

OBJECTION XVII.

Why were only these four Gospels chosen to be preferred out of a much greater number to be preserved? And why the others destroyed? By what means came those to be transmitted to us?

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

The Gospels and Epistles, &c. were transmitted to us like all other writings, and successively handed down among Christians from their first appearance to the present time. They are quoted by the earliest authors in the primitive ages of Christianity, nor has the genuineness of them ever been denied.

St. John only says, that Jesus did many other miracles, &c. which were not recorded in his Gospel, and does not mention any books being lost.

END OF THE OBJECTIONS, &c.

# LETTERS
FROM
MRS. CARTER
ON THE
SAME SUBJECT.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. ———.

GIVE me leave, my dear Vittoria, from a most sincere and tender regard to your happiness, to lay before you a few observations on a subject in which you are so deeply and so awfully concerned.

Let me, in the first place, most earnestly entreat you to consider, and to consider with the utmost attention, that to renounce the solemn engagement made for you at your baptism, to apostatize from a religion established in the community to which you belong, to disclaim the authority, and forfeit all the assistances and all the hopes of Christianity, is a resolution full of dreadful hazard; and to form it without a very careful and deliberate and serious examination, and without the most constant and sincere application for Divine aid in so important a search, would be acting contrary to the duty which you owe to your God, to your country, and to your own soul.

Now

each individual, what degree of attention should have been bestowed on the subject.

But let us suppose that it had been so ordered, that every one to whom the Gospel is proposed should be necessarily and instantaneously convinced of its truth, would this conviction universally produce those consequences in action which would answer the design of the revelation? Certainly not: any more than the conviction of the being of God had before produced obedience to his will.

It would be to no purpose then to stop here: we must proceed a step further, and wish that all mankind were under a necessity not only of believing the Gospel, but of practising it likewise. Now in this case, it is evident there could be no use in any revelation, since the same necessity that would compel us to act right with a revelation, might answer the same purpose without it. Our wish then must at last be reduced to this single point, that all the power of thinking, or of acting, might be totally removed.

What a delightful view does the accomplishment of such a wish present to the mind! All the disorders arising from intelligent perverseness at once prevented: all moral evil banished from the universe; and all beings proceeding with constant and undeviating rectitude to their end. In such a system, indeed, it is hard to guess what that end could be: however, on they would go, no matter whither.

To this noble and most desirable alteration of the present constitution of things, there is, I believe, only one trifling objection, that it would effectually annihilate all virtue, all happiness, and all personal identity.

The very essence of *virtue* consists in its being a voluntary act of choice; nor could it exist in circumstances under which any exertion of the powers of the mind is impossible, and its motion ruled by laws as necessary and inevitable as those which regulate the beating of the pulse.

Happiness is as inconsistent with necessity as virtue is on which happiness depends. The first and highest instance of happiness arising from the intercourse between created intelligence and the Supreme Being, must in a great measure be lost. There could be no exercise of our voluntary obedience to his power and wisdom; no voluntary expression of gratitude to his goodness; no reference of our actions to him; no self-approbation arising from a submission of our own wills to his, nor any consequent hope of his favour. All happiness arising from the connection of human creatures with each other would be equally lost; there could be no reciprocation of affection, but all social pleasures must vanish with the moral qualities on which they are founded.

But on the supposition of necessity, in what state would the soul be considered as an individual? In no state of personal existence at all: the action to which it is impelled by unavoidable necessity, is no more his than it is the action of B. or of C.: indeed it is, properly speaking, no action at all; nor could any more consciousness be excited by it, than we should feel for the impressions made by a hammer on an anvil.

LETTER III.

One of the points, on which you seem principally to insist, is, that there is no part of moral and religious duty discovered or enjoined by Christianity, which is not equally evident, and equally obligatory, from the religion of nature, and that therefore the Gospel is unnecessary.

Now suppose that even this point were to be admitted, it would not in any degree invalidate the usefulness of a revelation. For is reason, which is to be the interpreter of the principles of natural religion, in such a situation as to form an impartial judgment of what those principles require? Even allowing this in general, and in cases wherein we have no particular concern, universal experience proves how fatally apt it is to be misled in every personal application. To what a variety of errors is it liable from the fallacy of the passions, from the solicitations of appetite, from the examples of the world, from the peculiarities of natural temper, and from the weaknesses of the heart! under such circumstances, surely it cannot be denied, but that *reason* must derive very great assistance from such a simple authoritative rule, as may fix at once its wavering choice, preclude all the idle sophistry of our disorderly inclinations, and instead of allowing them to argue, may command them to be silent, and to obey.

All history bears testimony to the general opinion of mankind, that for the proper conduct of life, something more was necessary than the mere natural powers of the human mind. Universal experience felt the insufficiency of the soul to its own virtue, and to its own happiness, and under all the various modes of religious worship, one principal object was a search after some external signification of the Divine will, and some superior assistance. The whole system of augury, divination, oracles, &c. arose from this foundation; and however superstitiously and foolishly the search might be conducted, it proved at least the want of a superior guide to be real.

Nor was this search confined to the ignorant and the vulgar; on the contrary, the wisest and the best men were the most solicitous after such notices as they could obtain for the direction of their conduct. This was, I believe, particularly the case with regard to Socrates, and his immediate followers. One discovers it strongly in the writings of Xenophon, one of the greatest generals, one of the most illustrious philosophers, and one of the most amiable men, in all heathen antiquity. His own good sense, and the instructions of his excellent preceptor, taught him that humility which leads human weakness to the fountain of Divine wisdom for a supply of its deficiencies, and his piety though imperfectly directed, was sincere. How unlike this distinguished ornament of polished Greece, are the present soi-disant philosophers of Edinburgh and Paris! *He*, through all the impediments of long established error, carefully sought his way through clouds and darkness; *they*, on the contrary, shut their eyes against the Divine illumination which brightens all around them!

1772.

LETTER IV.

Mere doubts and difficulties, however uncomfortable to the mind, can never be a sufficient reason for apostacy from our Christian profession. The engagements of Christianity are of all others the most awful, and the most important. To renounce our baptism, to violate that covenant by which we have renewed the obligation of devoting ourselves to the service of God, upon the terms proposed in the New Testament, and to reject all the peculiar advantages and encouragements which are offered by it, is surely a resolution full of dreadful hazard: it can be justified by nothing less than the clearest conviction, that the Gospel is absolutely an imposture, and that our continuance in the profession of it is an impediment to virtue, and an offence to the Supreme Being. If there are any who, after examining this point, under the deepest sense of the Divine inspection, and with the sincerest application for the Divine assistance, can appeal to the searcher of hearts, that such is really their conviction, this, and this only, can absolve them from their original obligations.

Those who cannot arrive at such a conviction, must admit the want of it to be at least a proof, that there are doubts on each side of the question; and if this is confessed to be the case, it is plainly a duty to give the preference to that to which we have been engaged by such sacred ties. Now it is certainly in our power, instead of seeking and encouraging any arguments against it, to endeavour, with our utmost care, to banish them from our minds; and every method which can be employed for this purpose will proceed on a right principle.

Perhaps there are very few instances that doubts of this kind are removed by reasoning about them; but though, when they are permitted to dispute and argue, it may happen that they cannot be confuted, yet they may be silenced and stifled by immediately suppressing them, as often as they present themselves to the thoughts. By a constant opposition of this sort, which, except in cases of madness, is always possible, they will gradually vanish away, in proportion as the clear and acknowledged truths, relating to the same subject, are allowed and encouraged to fix themselves strongly on the understanding, and by a personal and practical application, to gain possession of the heart.

Now, though you are, at present, not convinced of those particulars relating to our blessed Saviour, which properly constitute the faith of a Christian, you believe, that there really did exist such a person as Jesus Christ, and that he delivered those doctrines and precepts which are recorded in the accounts given of him by the evangelists.

You go a step further in your belief, when you acknowledge that the system of religion established by him, is of all others the best calculated to promote the virtue and happiness of mankind, both here and hereafter.

By cultivating and strengthening these simple articles of belief, and by endeavouring, with diligence and sincerity, to proceed conformably to them, it seems scarcely possible but you must in time, and with the Divine assistance, make further advances; and grow at length convinced by the feelings of your own heart, that the religion which brings the soul to the nearest approach to God, must have proceeded from him.

With that opinion, which you constantly express of the tendency of the Gospel, you cannot suppose it displeasing to the Supreme Being, that you should receive for your instructor the person whom you acknowledge to have prescribed the most excellent rules of conduct. An impartial examiner must be struck with a veneration of the sanctity both of his precepts, and of his example; and an ingenuous mind can scarcely avoid feeling a strong sense of gratitude to one, who, without the least personal advantage, devoted his whole life to the good of others. His most malicious enemies, I believe, have never accused him of any selfish views, any schemes of interest, or of ambition; and the remarkable care with which he ascribes all that he did and taught to the power and appointment of the Father, must fully vindicate him from any charge of vanity, or self-applause.

The professed design for which Jesus came into the world was to establish "the kingdom of heaven," that moral government of God over the wills and affections of all intelligent beings, which tends to the regulation and perfection of every individual nature, and, consequently, to the promotion of universal virtue and happiness. This must be allowed to be the greatest and the noblest end for which any system was ever offered to mankind; and all the peculiar discoveries and doctrines of Christianity are uniformly directed to the accomplishment of this end.

Those who cannot at first discern this tendency with regard to some particular articles, may yet safely endeavour to conform themselves to that doctrine of the Gospel, which proposes the Divine approbation as the leading motive of our whole scheme of conduct; and which informs us that the value of every action depends on its being performed in obedience to the will of God. It is inconceivable in mere speculation, to what a degree this principle encreases our power of virtue; and what a dignity the most trifling circumstances of behaviour acquire when they arise from a real sense of duty. *Great* and *little* are arbitrary distinctions founded only on the external effects produced in human society: every action in itself is equally important in the sight of the Supreme Being, as its real character is determined by the dispositions of our hearts towards him. In this view, the suppression of any one rebellious thought, of any one perverse inclination, or wrong expression, may become a more real exertion of virtue than many a glaring outward action, to which the world erects statues, and which it celebrates with the loudest acclamations of applause.

It is only by a steady endeavour to keep up such a perpetual intercourse between God and the soul as the Gospel prescribes, that we can become acquainted with either our nature, or our obligations. If we look no farther than the moral behaviour necessary to be observed in society, our virtue will make a very inconsiderable progress; and we shall draw a very false estimate of our character, by a comparison with that of human creatures, weak and defective as ourselves. But if the whole internal state of the mind, as well as our outward actions, is regulated with a reference to God, and directed to him as their supreme object, we shall become sensible both of the unlimited obedience that we owe to his laws, and of our own frequent deviations from them. When once we are effectually convinced of this point, we shall soon feel how greatly we stand in need of superior assistance to succour our weakness, and of the assurance of Divine mercy to pardon our faults. I will not draw the inference. May God direct you to draw it for yourself!

1772.

LETTER I.

TO ————.

You seem to wish me to be more explicit on a subject on which I know not how to enlarge, without the hazard of running to a greater length than perhaps you would desire, and yet it is of too great consequence to be passed over in silence. And I must endeavour to give you some kind of answer, though I think you would, in a good degree, if you had pursued and extended the thought, have furnished an answer for yourself.

You say that it appears to you, "that it is the business of the head to bring to trial the authority of the facts upon which we receive a revelation." Very true; but let us consider what are the previous dispositions necessary to our entering upon such a trial.

To consider the Gospel merely as a subject of speculation, which we are at liberty to examine or let alone just as our other avocations will allow, is not having such a sense of its awful importance as gives room to expect any satisfaction from the enquiry. To examine it more diligently, and more in earnest, yet entirely with a confidence in our own understanding, is not having a proper sense of human weakness. Religion is a most solemn transaction between God and the soul, founded on every relation in which we stand to him; and it is only by keeping up a perpetual intercourse with him, and by an endeavour to form not only our outward behaviour, but the whole internal frame of our mind, with a reference to his approbation, that we can become sufficiently divested of all wrong tendencies, to be duly qualified to judge of the truth of any revelation proposed in his name.

Those who sincerely wish to make his will the first object of their choice, who submit their understanding to his direction, and implore and depend on his assistance to guard them from error, his goodness will never suffer to be fatally misled; and they will enter on their enquiry with a full security of obtaining every degree of conviction which is necessary to their virtue and their peace. So true I believe is the position that conviction depends on the heart, that I think you will not, in the whole circle of your observation, find a single instance of a person whose heart was disposed in the manner which I have described, who ever continued an unbeliever.

With regard to the nature of conviction, it should be carefully observed, that though necessarily existing truths, and such as are conveyed to us by our senses, strike us by an irresistible impulse, no such effect ought to be expected in the examination of historical facts, or of the moral truths which in their very nature can rest only on probable and reasonable proofs. The degree of conviction arising from these must necessarily be very different, according to the difference of their own circumstances, and different turn of mind in those to whom they are addressed. In cases where there appears no absurdity or contradiction, and where the subject is of infinite importance, where all is safe on our side of the question, and there is dreadful danger on the other, however faint the evidence may appear, common sense will justify the taking it for granted (as we do innumerable other truths) or the business of life must stand still. Those who proceed upon this supposition, and form the whole system of their lives accordingly, upon a principle of obedience to God, and as a proof of their readiness to accept the conditions of salvation offered by the Gospel, if it be indeed a revelation of his will, cannot fail of finding the evidence grow stronger in proportion as they advance in that sanctity of heart and manners which it prescribes.

But, my dear friend, why will you urge *me* to write in so imperfect a manner on a subject which you may find treated in a way so much more likely to resolve any difficulties, than I am qualified to do? Did you ever read Sherlock's Sermons? They are not all equally good, but the greater part of them seem to me most admirably calculated to silence the objections raised against revelation. Do pray let me recommend it to you to read one of them every day; this is not a very laborious task, and it will keep you in a habit of attention to a subject of so much importance. Most of them are very excellent, and those in which he defends the general truths of Christianity, and answers the cavils of unbelievers, are writ with a clearness and spirit which are seldom equalled; but in some others he is obscure and confused, and seems either not to have understood himself, or not to have wished to be understood by others. Upon some occasions too he appears to me to have caught the spirit of the society to which he preached, and to be a great deal *too* clever. Archbishop Secker's sermons are absolutely free from these errors.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

WHAT you say of the Christian morality is perfectly just, because you acknowledge it to be divine. It is not unusual among unbelievers, some perhaps from conviction, and others from mere shame, to talk very highly of its excellence, merely as a human system: but this is absolute jargon: for Christian morality is impracticable, except upon the principles of Christian faith, and with those assistances which are promised in the Gospel.

You mention "articles of faith, extracted out of different parts of the Bible," as a point of difficulty. If by this description you mean articles of faith really to be met with in the Bible, and expressed in the same terms in which they are delivered there, they have certainly a title to be believed upon the same Divine authority as the whole, whether we have a full and explicit comprehension of them or not. This is requiring no more than we every day experience in many subjects; for we continually admit, without hesitation, many things to be true, though we can neither tell the manner nor the reason why they are so. But if, by your description, you mean such articles as are drawn up together in human systems, and exprest in terms of human invention, they are certainly entitled to no further regard than as they agree with the declarations of Scripture; and how far they do so, a diligent, religious, and modest enquirer will easily be able to determine, so as not to be led into any fatal error.

You mention as a particular difficulty a most awful subject, on which I know not how to express myself without fear and trembling; and yet I trust that, from that very circumstance, I shall be withheld from saying any thing that may tend to mislead either you or myself. The word of which you make use on this occasion is never once to be found in the whole Bible, but is of mere human invention; and perhaps there have been few things productive of more mischief, than the adopting technical terms, unauthorized by that Divine power which dictated the Scripture. With regard to the doctrine itself, what you say of the presumption of not being neutral in that part of it, which certainly exceeds all the powers of our limited faculties to comprehend, is certainly right; but there are other parts very clearly revealed, and which it is our duty to study, and which form some of the principal articles of our Christian faith. We are initiated into our profession in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The distinct offices which these bear in the redemption and the salvation of the world, are distinctly marked through the whole of the New Testament, and the consequent duties which we owe to each. Of this it infinitely imports us to be well informed, and to leave that incomprehensible relation, in which by their essence they stand to each other, in that awful secrecy in which it is involved, without presuming to make any decisions on either side of a question on which so much unhappy dissention has been raised. This appears to me the only reasonable and safe method of proceeding, and of keeping free from fatal errors. I have said more on this subject than I should have chosen; but what you said about it made me desirous of explaining my own opinion to you.

I wish it was in my power to prevail on you to suppress that dangerous curiosity which weakens and neglects the evidence that is afforded, by perpetually seeking after some instance or other which is denied. Our convictions are much more in our own power than we are apt to suppose, if we honestly use the means of acquiring them. By checking the wild excursions of the mind, and fixing its view on the proofs that are offered it, they will appear with a degree of force sufficient to determine its assent, and remove every painful and hurtful doubt. It cannot be supposed that with heads and hearts properly regulated we should be left to wander in darkness and uncertainty, by the want of any necessary assistance; but we have no claim to be conducted through the voluntary perplexities, into which we are led by the indulgence of unlimited demands, and the extravagance of idle speculations.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

I AM inclined, my dear friend, to believe that you and I do not differ so much in the nature of our conviction, as in our different ideas what that conviction ought to be; and perhaps you might find you possessed enough, if you did not strive for more than is consistent with the very notion of probable evidence. If you were to make the same kind of demands on every subject as you do on the most important of all subjects; and if you were upon every occasion to speculate in the same way, you must doubt of every fact which does not fall under the immediate knowledge of your own senses, and of every proposition which you could not demonstrate by lines and angles: and thus, instead of acting and thinking with the liberty of a reasonable being, you would be reduced to a miserable incapacity of ever acting or thinking at all: your thoughts would be without an object, and your heart without a joy.

You and I should start at this supposition, that the friends whom we most highly esteem and love, were false, treacherous, and designing, and in every respect to the last degree foolish and wicked, when they are out of our sight and hearing; and yet what stronger evidence (or indeed what so strong evidence) have we of their being in reality what they appear to us, than that which proves that the Divine author of our religion was what he himself, and so many other concurrent testimonies, represented him to be? Whenever I affirm any thing to you upon my own knowledge, do you ever wait till you have examined all the possibilities of my being a liar before you believe it? No: for if you did you would never have finished your task: but you rest perfectly well satisfied with the mere probability that I speak truth. Upon this foundation we proceed in all the affairs of life; our reason requires no more, and common sense would pronounce us distracted, if we forebore to act on such evidence.

Did the great truths of Christianity engage our attention with the same force as those which concern the objects of our interest, and of our attention to the commerce of the world, we should, without hesitation, think it reasonable to admit them upon the same principles; but we are too apt to consider religion as something external, and merely a subject of speculative curiosity, on which we are at liberty to play all the tricks of our understanding, in a manner which would strike us as an instance of the highest absurdity, if it was applied to the common affairs of life. The difference which we make in the two cases arises only from our own prejudices, for the Supreme Being deals with us alike in both; that is, in exact conformity with the nature he has given us, which is that of reasonable creatures, whose assent is to be determined by reasonable arguments, and not to be kept in eternal suspense by refusing to admit the most probable side of a question, only because it cannot solve all the difficulties with which every question, to every understanding below omniscience, must be attended.

The clearness and satisfaction of our ideas on any subject are usually exactly proportionable to a due application of the faculties which we have: our confusion and embarrassment arise from our perplexing our understanding by objects which belong to faculties which we have not. I will not at present dispute the qualifications for judging, which your partiality ascribes to me in particular: but certainly no such qualifications can be necessary in general, in a case which equally concerns all mankind. It was not the force of parts, nor the researches of learning, that were required as necessary to a reception of the truth of the Gospel, but the simplicity and teachable disposition of little children: the first can be the portion of but very few; the last, from a due sense of our imperfections and of our wants, is attainable by all.

After all religion is not a jeu d'esprit, but the first and most important concern of our lives: and if we were to consider it as we do the other points in which we think ourselves deeply interested, not so much as a matter of speculation to the understanding as an object of the affections of the heart, all our difficulties would vanish.

If you did not always lead me into this subject, I would not run the hazard of defeating my own purpose by tiring you with writing so much about it. If, after all, you are tired, do let me know, and I will cease; for I write with diffidence in the dread of injuring so momentous a subject by treating it weakly, and consequently injuring you, for whose happiness I am so sincerely and so tenderly concerned.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

1764.

WHAT a delightful tête a tête might we have, my dear friend, if you were not stunned by the buz of an assembly room at ———, while I am silently drinking my solitary dish of tea in Clarges-street! Yet, after all, what impediments are seas and mountains to the flight of thought, and the magic of affection? In spite of interposing kingdoms here you are with me for the whole evening, and not a mortal besides shall be let in.

Most sincerely do I grieve for that disorder that deprives you of the amusement of reading, which would at present be so particularly useful a resource to you. As you say this difficulty is not from want of sight, I flatter myself it is not occasioned so much from any defect in your eyes as from a general weakness of nerves: this, alas, I fear, is aggravated by the uneasiness which you suffer from a way of life not agreeable to your inclinations; but are there no lenient medicines in the repository of a mind like yours, to render this necessity less painful? A strong degree of regret for the absence from a society we love, is perhaps unavoidable, and a consequence of those affections which are interwoven with the very constitution of our frame; yet surely these affections ought to be regulated in such a manner that the idolatry of mortal attachments may not destroy the sense of our first and infinitely most important connection with Him "who lives for ever," who is continually present to our souls, and to whom their relation is eternal. On this supreme connection all the rest are founded. The excellences which claim our approbation, and the sympathies which engage our love to subordinate objects, and all the advantage and pleasure which we are formed to receive from them, ought to derive their highest value from the consideration that they are the gifts of our sovereign Benefactor; and every suspension of their effect should be cheerfully supported as his appointment, which, as it has bestowed the blessings of friendship so far as it is necessary for the exercise of our social dispositions, the mutual improvement of our talents and our virtues, and the alleviation of our most painful duties; has yet, by the various conditions of life, so circumscribed the benefits of human commerce as to prevent our relying too fondly on beings weak and imperfect as ourselves, whose operations are limited to time and place, and the innumerable impediments of external circumstances; and thus to recall our thoughts to their proper dependance for happiness on Him who alone has the original and uninterrupted power of bestowing

ing it. Pardon me, my dearest friend; these lessons are not more necessary to your heart than to my own: and I have been all this time preaching to myself at least as much as to you.

You call every argument for the continuation of our present attachments in a future state a mere exercise of imagination. I do not think this to be the case; but suppose it was; are we not, through every period of our existence, in the hand of that Being who gave us all our capacities of happiness, and who possesses all the treasures of eternity to gratify them? If it is not clearly revealed in what particular instances our enjoyments will consist, this very uncertainty should be thankfully received as a noble opportunity of exercising our faith, and proving our reliance upon unerring wisdom, inexhaustible goodness, and unlimited power; by resting contented with the general assurance, that all who endeavour to fulfil the circle of their present duties, will, when the task is over, be placed in a condition the most perfect of their nature, and the best adapted to their happiness.

There does not seem to be any intimation of such a self-sufficient state of the soul as is to exclude its communication with other beings: Heaven is always represented as a society, and the " spirits of the just made perfect" are a part of it. There are passages too in which departed souls are introduced as recollecting their past trials upon earth. After all, I think it can hardly be doubted, that those on whom the Divine goodness bestows a reward, must retain a consciousness of the actions and dispositions for which they are rewarded. Where-ever they have been assisted by the mutual improvements of friendship, that idea, it is probable, will for ever accompany them in the mind: so, my dear friend, let us make each other as good as we can; and it will certainly do us no hurt to conclude, that the connections of virtue will be immortal, as the spirits by which they are formed.

LETTER

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

I REALLY feel quite a painful impatience at the impossibility of my accompanying your contemplations on that assemblage of awful images which you have painted with such a force of Stygian colouring. One can scarcely figure a scene more striking than such a view of the ravages of desolating ages, shaded by the gloom of an extinguished sun. It must appear like the temporary repose of universal nature, after the toils of mortal existence. It is, I suppose, from this idea of rest, that the mind is usually soothed into such delightful tranquillity, from the contemplation of objects of ruin. Yet if all was to terminate here, the prospect would be unsufferably painful. But the soul quietly surveys a short suspension of the powers of motion, and of the arrangements of symmetry, while it is considered as a kind of preparation to a state of undecaying life, unwearied activity, and uninterrupted order.

Thus amidst the wastes of mortality, the havock of raging elements, and the dissolutions of consuming years, the thoughts look forward to a period of restoration, and anticipate the voice of the Archangel proclaiming to a renovated world "that time shall be no more."

After sinking my spirits by your reflection on your "moss covered grave stones," had you no better authority to cite for the consolation which you added to it, than *my* telling you so?

——ah non son' io!

Heaven fix your hopes on a better foundation!

I have heard some accounts of raising the forms of animals and plants from the ashes by a chymical process, and have found this circumstance introduced with more piety perhaps than judgement, as a proof of the resurrection. No such proof will ever convince those who do not believe the Gospel, and no such proof is necessary to those who do. You say, that "one should be glad to find revelation and the course of nature coincide." Revelation agrees with that part of nature which we best understand, our own: the dictates of unsophisticated reason, and the genuine feelings of the human heart. With the essence, and even with the properties, of matter we are so little acquainted, that most arguments deduced from thence will be liable to the objection of fallacy.

Non si dee giudicar la provideza
Con la temerità de' nostri sensi:
A noi basti, che amor, senno, e potenza
Reggon nostra ventura; e sono immensi.

It is enough to know that we shall have a body under happier circumstances than in its present state; and, I suppose, neither you nor I are so attached to our mortal feelings, as to find much concern at the thoughts of our being divested of spasms and apoplexies, our fluttering nerves, and aching heads.

In what corporeal indentity consists not all the solutions of chymistry, I suppose, will ever be able to unfold. The real essence of every individual body may perhaps be comprised in a single particle, of a texture so constituted, as to resist all the waste and impression of time and accidents, and capable of being expanded into all the proportions of an organized form. I know not whether this conjecture is my own, or whether I have met with it some where else; but it implies no contradiction, and seems to solve every difficulty. The microscope discovers the largest oak to be contained in the acorn, and the full ear in a grain of wheat: the very simile of which St. Paul makes use on this occasion: but I will venture no further on this subject.

Indeed, my dear friend, I grieve for what you call your melancholy fancies. Why will you suffer your imagination to fix itself on the dismal sound of the passing bell, and the dark chambers of the grave, instead of teaching it to wander through the regions of light and immortality, amidst the great community of happy spirits? You love society, take a view of that brilliant assembly described by an author (Heb. xii. 22, &c.) who gives such excellent rules for securing an admission to it: and when any painful ideas of separation deject you, let that comfort your heart.

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

A FRAGMENT.

At this solemn season, which commemorates an event so interesting to every Believer, the serious subjects which exclude from our thoughts the idle hurry and trifling pursuits of the world, give a higher refinement and delicacy to all the virtuous affections of the heart: and while they teach us a contempt of all the little earth-born interests and cares, whose duration is circumscribed by the narrow circle of time, increase our sense of the value of those, which, by a proper improvement, will continue to form part of our happiness through the unlimited ages of eternity.

To all who believe the Gospel it must give an inexpressible delight, that those sentiments of affection to which we owe our most exquisite pleasure, were sanctified by many instances in the history of Him whose whole conduct is proposed for our unerring example; who, amidst the sufferings of a violent and painful death, felt all the tenderest sensibilities of social love, and employed some of the latest moments of expiring life in expressing his concern for a parent, and his confidence in a friend.

There is no doubt but he, who had so often made use of a miraculous interposition in other cases, might have made use of the same instrument to render all mortal care unnecessary. But the exertions of his power, as the Son of God, could not have afforded so much use and consolation to his followers, as his giving in every possible instance an example of the virtues of the Son of Man.

Amidst all those delightful contemplations which the hopes of immortality inspire, it is impossible for a heart, devoted to particular attachments, not to feel the most exquisite pleasure in the prospect of improving and perpetuating these sentiments.

This, like every other blessing, must be incomplete in a world destined for the exercise, not the rewards, of virtue. Amidst the rough trials of probationary life, the fondest attachments must often be deprived of that pleasure which they are fitted to bestow. The various duties of different situations must often occasion tedious interruptions of all personal intercourse, which would be most severely felt if it was confined within the narrow space allotted between our capacity of forming a choice, and the final dissolution of every mortal tie. But were the commerce ever so uninterrupted, all human connections must partake of the imperfection of those beings between whom they are formed, under the most favourable circumstances; must consist in a participation of each others sufferings, and a mutual toleration of their defects.

THOUGHTS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.

As the Old Testament is distinguished from all other books by internal characters of a very singular nature, and as it lays claim to a very singular regard, it is surely worth the attention of all to whom it is communicated, to examine how far these internal characters contribute to establish the reality of that Divine authority to which it pretends.

One of the first peculiarities which must strike an attentive reader is, that these writings, from the creation, through a series of about 4000 years, form a continued account of the proceedings of God with man, and of his moral government of the world. Of such an account as this there are no traces to be found in any other records of antiquity. Profane histories furnish only some confused, imperfect anecdotes of the transactions of human creatures with each other: and if ever they introduce the Supreme Being, it is merely accidentally, and too often in a manner that contradicts every idea which uncorrupted reason would form of his nature, or his attributes.

In the Bible, on the contrary, Almighty God is upon every occasion placed before the mind in such a manner, that it is never suffered to lose sight of his perpetual and immediate agency. Without any restraint of that freedom of will which he has imparted to rational natures, his providence is represented as determining all the consequences of their actions, and conducting the whole complicated scheme of the universe with unerring wisdom to the purposes of infinite goodness.

A second most important peculiarity of the Bible is, that it contains a system of Divine worship invariably adapted to the perfections of God, and to the nature, to the obligations, and to the necessities of man. Under every change of indifferent external ceremonies, which the changing circumstances of human situations required, the character of the Deity, and the duties of his creatures are inviolably preserved. The first foundation of all true religion, the unity of God, is in the most express and explicit terms continually repeated and enforced; and the uniform practice of piety, and of all moral virtues, is every where, and at all times, throughout the whole Bible declared to be the only title to Divine favour.

Another distinguishing character of the Old Testament is an amazing series of prophecies from the creation of the world, through all succeeding ages. To mention only those relating to the fate of nations, how many do we see accomplished in a manner, which, to every attentive and unprejudiced observer, must prove, that nothing less than Divine inspiration could have pointed out the event, to such a degree of minute exactness, so many ages before it happened. The wandering descendants of Ishmael still preserve the same wild independant character, which, 3000 years ago, it was pronounced would be their condition. The wild beasts make their dens, and serpents hiss within the enclosures of Babylon; and to this day the fishers spread their nets over the desolated palaces of Tyre. Egypt, once the glory of the literary and political world, has undergone all its threatened changes; and at last is become, as it was predicted, a base kingdom. Sion has been literally ploughed like a field: and its inhabitants, for more than 1700 years, have been dispersed among all nations: and yet by such an unexampled destiny as no human sagacity could foresee, have subsisted a distinct and separate people, without a country, without a government, and without a place of worship.

The only method of eluding the force of the argument arising from the prophecies, is by supposing them to have been forged after the events. This cannot be the case with regard to those last mentioned; and as to the rest, there is every objection to such a supposition, both from internal and external evidence, which the nature of the subject will admit.

As to the internal evidence: let it be considered, that the prophecies are not a distinct and separate collection, but so mixed and interwoven with the other parts of the sacred writings, delivered at such different times, and by such different persons, and upon such various occasions, that they carry the strongest marks of their own authenticity: and there appears scarcely a possibility that they could be inserted at any after period. It should be remarked likewise, that though the prophecies appear perfectly clear when compared with their accomplishment, there was a degree of obscurity in them at the time of their delivery, which it is not conceivable any person could have counterfeited after the event.

But there is also an external evidence that helps to vindicate the Jews from any fraud with respect to the prophecies. In the time of Ptolomy Philadelphus, part of the Bible at least was translated into Greek, which was then the language of the whole civilized world. By this means the Bible became universally intelligible; many of the Heathen were made proselytes to the true God: and if the Jews had made any additions, or alterations, they were in danger of being immediately detected.

It is by no means within the compass of a paper like this to answer the objections raised against the Divine authority of the Jewish writings; yet there are some that appear so clearly confuted by the history itself, that it cannot be improper just to mention a few instances.

It has been urged as a strange partiality, and unbecoming the God and Father of all mankind, that he should have distinguished the Jews by such singular advantages as the Scriptures declare them to have enjoyed.

Now without insisting on the absolute right which Almighty God possesses of dispensing particular favours in the manner most agreeable to his own infinite wisdom, let it be fairly considered, whether, from the circumstances of the account, there may not be discovered to human understanding a very just cause for this dispensation.

When the disorders and irregularities of human passions had weakened the powers of reason, and obscured the light of original tradition, and the whole world had lost the fundamental article of true religion, the unity of God, it cannot surely be thought unbecoming his goodness to have afforded some supernatural assistance to restore mankind to a just sense of their duty towards him. If amidst the general corruption there was any one person whose errors in Divine worship proceeded rather from pitiable ignorance, wrong education, and the prevalence of example, than from any wilful depravity of heart, certainly such a person was the best intitled to particular degrees of illumination: he would be the best prepared to profit by them himself, and to extend the benefit to all who were dependent on his influence and example.

Now such a person was Abraham; the readiness with which he obeyed the significations of the Divine will, which commanded him to forsake his family and his country, sufficiently proved the right dispositions of his heart towards God. In his future conduct he discovered the noblest principles of faith and reliance upon Divine providence; and his general character was that of a truly great and good man. The instructions which had been communicated to himself he transmitted to his descendants, who were thus properly qualified to preserve the pure worship of the one true God. The Mosaic law was a confirmation of the patriarchal religion, which, by the great increase of the people, and consequently of the dangers of corruption, would probably have been lost, if it had not been guarded by such a system of worship as conveyed a constant memorial against Idolatry *.

A MORNING PRAYER †.

O God, my merciful Father, I humbly thank thee for preserving me in safety the past night, for refreshing me with quiet sleep, and raising me in health and peace to the enjoyment of a world which Thou hast made so beautiful, and in which Thou hast allotted me such innumerable mercies. I bless thee for all the comforts of my life; for health and plenty, good parents, kind relations, and kind friends. I beg of Thee to bless and reward them, and to make me dutiful and grateful to them.

Under a sense of my own weakness, I beg the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, to enable me to resist the dangerous temptations and bad examples of the world, the wrong dispositions of my own heart and temper, and the snares of Satan. I humbly beseech Thee to take my unexperienced youth under thy protection. Keep me, O Lord, from presumption and vanity; from idle dissipation, and extravagant expences. Impress on my soul a constant regard to that awful account of all my thoughts, words, and actions, which I must give to Thee at the dreadful day of judgment. Grant me a firm persuasion that all my peace of mind here, and my happiness hereafter, must depend on my improvement in piety, and in the duties

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* This, though perfect as far as it goes, is evidently an unfinished piece; and it is much to be lamented that Mrs. Carter never completed it.

† This Prayer is not selected from a great number of others upon account of any peculiar merit, but because it is one which Mrs. Carter wrote during her youth. It shews how early her habits of piety, Christian affection, and humility, began. She wrote many prayers both for private and family devotion, and concluded every year with one, written in the blank leaves of her p[illegible]ook.

of a Christian life. Teach me to rely with perfect dependance upon Thee, who alone knowest what is truly good for me, and dispose me to cheerful contentment in whatever condition Thou seest fit to place me.

I beseech Thee to guard me this day from all danger, particularly from the greatest of all evils, the doing any thing displeasing to Thee. I humbly offer up all my petitions in the name, and through the intercession, of my blessed Saviour, who has taught me, when I pray, to say,

Our Father, &c.

END OF LETTERS, &c.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

ARCHBISHOP SECKER'S NOTE,

MENTIONED IN THE MEMOIRS.

[*It is in Mrs. Carter's Hand-writing, and endorsed, "Copied from a Manuscript of Archbishop Secker."*]

ALL persons into whose hands my Manuscripts may fall, if they will do me justice, must not consider what I have written in them, excepting my Sermons, as my real and fixed opinion, even upon those very points upon which I have written. Much less must they draw consequences concerning my opinion about such other matters as they may think connected with these. The things they will meet with are chiefly hints and memorandums, generally suggested to me by authors whom I have read, sometimes by my own thoughts apter to furnish me upon every subject with difficulties than answers. And I have set them down to be further considered and examined, and many of them, I hope, to be confuted: all, indeed, which make against that Religion of which I am a Minister. Some such I am now able to answer, but have not leisure to draw up my answers, and set them down. Others I hope to see through more clearly in time; and those which I cannot confute in particular, I am well satisfied are sufficiently confuted in general by the superior evidence of the truth of Christianity. Let no one therefore impute to me any thing contrary to this declaration, how positively soever I may happen, often for shortness, to have expressed myself, and often intending not to write in my own person, but in that of an objector, or to mark down only that one point of view, in which the subject then presented itself. And let no one make use of these fragments either to unsettle his own mind, or other persons. Whatever may have this b[illegible]ect I purpose to destroy before

my death, if I have sufficient warning and ability. If not, I beg it may be done afterwards. And I fear what is of a better tendency will not be considerable enough to be worth preserving.

THOMAS OXFORD.

September 13, 1739.

The following are the ANECDOTES of Mrs. CARTER, published in Russia, referred to in the Memoirs.

ANECDOTES au Sujet d'une savante Fille en Angleterre; publiées dans le *Sotschinenie*, ou Melanges de Litterature, en Russe, pour le Moi de Mai 1759, p. 470 et suiv.

CE doit être un grand encouragement aux femmes, a s'appliquer à l'etude, lorsqu'elles voient qu'elles peuvent, sans beaucoup de peine, atteindre aux connoissances qui contribuent le plus à l'avantage et à l'agrément de la vie. En effet, il n'y a peut-être pas de genre d'erudition, et de litterature, que quelques-unes d'entre elles n'aient acquis, dans les differens ages du monde; et si le nombre en est assez petit, ce n'est pas faute de genie, mais parceque les occasions, ou la volonté de le cultiver leur ont manqué souvent; et que d'ailleurs, on a affecté de tourner en ridicule les *femmes savantes*, en supposant qu'elles sont toutes vaines, orgueilleuses, et pedantesques; caractere qui leur est purement accidental, aussi-bien qu'aux hommes.

Il faut avouer que la condition a laquelle la Providence semble les avoir generalement destinées, ne demande pas qu'elles possedent les sciences abstruses, ni qu'elles entendent les langues sçavantes. Mais cela n'empêche pas qu'elles ne doivent profiter de toutes les occasions possibles, pour eclairer et orner leur esprit, et pour corriger, de plus en plus, leur cœur.

Cette etude est d'une tres grande importance, et pour elles, et pour leurs familles; d'autant plus que la plupart des enfans reçoivent des femmes, et surtout des meres, les premieres impressions, dont souvent ils retiennent les traces tout le reste de leurs jours; et qu'outre cela, l'attachement qui n'est fondé qu[illegible] des agrémens superficiels, fragiles, et passagers, comme la beauté, la jeunesse, et la vivacité, se perd facilement: au lieu que le bons sens, soutenu et eclairé par des principes justes, et orné de connoissances agréables, est un charme qui plait à toute heure, et qui, bravant les années, ne finit qu'avec la vie.

C'est le caractêre d'une savante fille Angloise, Mademoiselle Elizabeth Carter, qui vient de donner au public (en 1758) une belle traduction en Anglois, de tous les ouvrages d'Epictête, faites d'apres l'original Grec; ce qui ajouta encore un nouveau lustre à la reputation qu'elle s'etoit déja acquise parmi les gens de lettres.

Elle est fille de ——— Carter, Docteur en Théologie, établi a Deal, ville maritime dans le comté de Kent. Cet ecclesiastique, homme de beaucoup de pieté et d'erudition, rémarquant dans sa fille de très heureuses dispositions dès son enfance, resolut de ne rien negliger de ce qui pourroit contribuer à son education. Pour cet effet, il lui enseigna lui-même *, les langues sçavantes, et lui donna des maitres, pour lui apprendre plusieurs langues modernes, avec les autres connoissances les plus utiles et les plus agréables. Mais craignant, avec raison, que ces avantages ne produisissent en elle une sotte vanité, il s'appliqua, avec un soin tout particulier, à lui inspirer, dès ses plus tendres années, des sentimens d'humanité et de modestie, et surtout une pieté eclairée et solide.

Le succes fut aussi grand qu'on pouvoit l'esperer d'un tel maitre, et d'une telle eléve. Les talens extraordinaires de cette demoiselle commencerent déja à paroître avec eclat; lorsqu'à l'age de dix-huit ans, elle écrivit une espéce d'hymne, ou d'ode très pieuse et très sensée, a l'occasion du jour de sa naissance.

Deux ou trois ans après, c'est a dire en 1739, elle donna au public une fort bonne traduction du *Neutonianismo per le Dame* du Comte Algarotti. Dans la suite, elle publia aussi, a differentes reprises, de petites piéces anonymes, en prose et en vers, qui se trouvent dispersées dans des differens récueils. Elle s'en faisoit plutot un amusement qu'une tâche, n'affectant point le titre d'auteur.

Sa principale occupation étoit, de prendre soin du ménage, d'etendre de plus en plus ses connoissances, et d'élever un de ses freres, qui profita tellement de ses leçons, que lorsqu'il fut envoié a l'université, on crut d'abord, qu'il avoit étudié dans une des plus fameuses écoles de l'Angleterre.

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* Mademoiselle Carter dit souvent, que tout ce qu'elle sçait, elle le doit a son pere, dont elle parle toujours dans des termes qui [illegible] la reconnoissance la plus vive, et le respect le plus profond.

Comme Mademoiselle Carter entendoit parfaitement bien le Grec, elle prit enfin la resolution de traduire en Anglois, non seulement le *Manuel d'Epictete*, mais aussi les *Dissertations d'Arrian*, son disciple ; ouvrage très difficile, et qui n'avoit pas encore paru dans cette langue. Elle y réussit même au delà de ses espérances. Les sçavans qui ont comparé cette traduction avec l'original, avouent qu'elle est très fidelle et très élegante, et les journalistes Anglois la comblent d'eloges. On admire, plus particuliérement, l'introduction, dont la lecture seule suffit pour donner une haute idée de celle qui en est l'auteur.

Le Docteur *Secker*, qui d'Evêque d'Oxford vient d'être fait Archevêque de Canterbury, Prelat très digne de cette grande elevation, voulant encourager un merite si distingué s'interessa au succés de cet ouvrage ; et ce fut principalement par ses généreux offices, que plus de 150 tant seigneurs et dames de la premiére qualité, qu'evêques, outre un beaucoup plus grand nombre de personnes de condition, y souscrivirent. Dans l'espace d'une année, les souscriptions, qui montoient jusqu'à mille, a une guinée chacune, furent toutes remplies ; de sorte qu'il ne s'est pas trouvé assez d'exemplaires pour tous ceux qui s'empressoient d'y souscrire ; et on dit qu'on en re'imprimera encore quelques centaines d'exemplaires.

Voici un Tableau qu'on a donné de cette sçavante et digne Fille ;
Tableau fort au dessous de l'original.

Mademoiselle Carter possède le Latin, le Grec, l'Anglois, le François, l'Italien, et l'Espagnol ; et elle lit l'Hebreu et l'Allemand. Elle s'est servie de ces langues pour cultiver son esprit, et pour l'orner des plus belles connoissances, et non pas pour en faire parade. Au contraire, elle est modeste à l'excés ; de sorte que des etrangers l'ont vuë des semaines entiéres, sans se douter qu'elle fut cette fille si célébre. On remarque aussi en elle un grand fond de bonté et de candeur, sans orgueil ni affectation. C'est par ce moyen, qu'elle émousse les traits de l'envie, et qu'elle est generalement aimée et estimée de tous ceux qui la connoissent, sans en excepter les plus malignes de son sexe, qui se font un plaisir et un honneur de rendre justice à son mérite. En un mot, les belles qualités du cœur, en elle, répondent parfaitement à celles de l'esprit; ce qui lui est un des plus beaux eloges, et l'egale au moins, a la celebre Donna Olympia Fulvia Morata [*], dont les grandes vertus meritoient un sort plus favorable.

Mademoiselle Carter seroit trop accomplie, si à tous ces qualités les plus estimables étoit joint un exterieur également parfait (quoiqu'elle soit assez agreâble) avec de plus grands avantages du coté de la fortune. Mais son temperament, son goût pour la simplicité, et enfin une philosophie soutenue et épurée par la religion, lui font presque regarder toutes ces choses d'un œil de Stoique.

30^{me} de Mai, 1758.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM

MISS ANNA MARIA CLARKE [†]

TO THE EDITOR,

SOON AFTER MRS. CARTER'S DEATH.

I WILL not resist the wish I feel to communicate to you a little anecdote relative to your dear aunt. There was, about fourteen years ago, a young Venetian nobleman recommended to us by a friend in Italy. This person was a scholar, an author, and of great merit; his title Marchese di Piudemonte, and he was a Knight of Malta. He was infinitely

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[*] Born at Ferrara in 1526; a woman equally virtuous, learned, and unfortunate. She died a Protestant in 1555. For the particulars of her life, see the Biographical Dictionary, article *Morata*, and Moreri's, article *Fulvia*. She is also mentioned with much commendation by De Thou. A short memoir of her life is appended to that of Mrs. Carter in the same Russian Journal called *le Sotschinenie*.

[†] This lady is one of the friends mentioned in Mrs. Carter's will, who had a great esteem for her.

flattered when I invited him to breakfast with our dear friend. He stood by her chair, talking to her, and listening to her delightful conversation, not sitting down to take his breakfast. She was pleased with his intelligence and manners; he spoke English fluently. Some time afterwards I met the chevalier at an assembly at Sir Robert Herries's; he thanked me for all the civilities he said I had shewn him, when he took leave of me. I said, "I do not know that I have had it in my power to shew you any attentions." "Oh yes, you have laid me under great obligations," he replied, "for you have introduced me to Mrs. Carter."

TO DONNA DOROTHEA RUFFO,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF H. E. PRINCE CASTELCICALA.

WITH MRS. E. CARTER'S POEMS, JAN. 1, 1805.

ELIZA once in youth and beauty gay,
By Wisdom nurtur'd sung the moral lay;
Nor only sung—she practis'd what she taught,
Her heart with truth, her mind with learning fraught.
Now hoary Time with lenient hand has shed
His silv'ry honours o'er her peaceful head;
Yet still she smiles—nor feels the pond'rous load,
But reaps the harvest which in youth she sow'd.
  Accept her song, my fair, my blooming friend!
And may each calm delight thy steps attend!
May virtue guard thee through this vale of tears,
And bliss await thee at Eliza's years.

IMPROMPTU,

IMPROMPTU*,

ADDRESSED TO THE MOST EASTERN OAK IN HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

GRACE of our Isle, and guardian of our coast,
Auspicious tree! our bulwark and our boast!
May no rude blast thy leafy brows deform,
Safe be thy honours from the raging storm!
Oh could I sing like Cecrops' sons of old,
In strains sublime thy glories should be told;
But ev'ry Muse will guard from fortune's stroke
Minerva's Olive and Eliza's Oak.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER,

FEB. 28, 1806.

WITHIN the silent chambers of the dead,
Her sacred clay lies wrapp'd in peaceful sleep,
With years and honour crown'd. Time gently led
Her steady footsteps down the giddy steep
Of human life; surrounded by the blaze
Of talents, fair desert, and high distinguish'd praise.

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[*] These and the preceding lines were written by Miss Cornelia Knight, author of Marcus Flaminius, Latium, and other classical and highly esteemed works. They were not designed for publication, but being found among Mrs. Carter's papers, Miss Knight has permitted the Editor, at his earnest request, to insert them. Mrs. Carter was much pleased with them, and valued this, and every proof of Miss Knight's friendship, as it deserved. Of the Oak some account is gi[illegible]he Memoirs.

In early youth, from pleasure's train retir'd,
Willing she trod stern Learning's rugged way;
By praise undazzl'd, humble, tho' admir'd,
She tun'd her lyre to Wisdom's moral lay;
Ev'n in that season, when the sportive pow'r
Of Fancy strews our path with many a blooming flow'r.

Mild in the even temper of her mind,
Benevolent to all; to merit just,
Still on the side of mercy most inclin'd,
Unwillingly she blam'd; where blame she must.
Pious as learned; and in faith sincere,
Her trust was fix'd on heav'n, her hope already there.

Oh Virtue! how divine thy form appears,
Adorn'd by genius, and with knowledge crown'd!
When smiles benign thy lovely aspect wears,
When gentle charities thy throne surround.
Such was the blessed spirit now at rest,
Releas'd from mortal cares to mingle with the bless'd*.

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* These lines were a "Tribute of Affection" from the elegant and well known pen of Mrs. Hunter, who has kindly allowed the Editor to oblige the public with them. There had been a long intimacy between this lady and Mrs. Carter.

ON THE
DEATH OF MRS. CARTER *,

APRIL 2, 1806.

WHEN ancient Greece her Socrates deplor'd,
  And godlike Plato taught her sons no more,
Surrounding nations still their name ador'd,
  As their bright precepts spread from shore to shore.

So Carter's genius rose to bless our isle,
  Pure spark divine of that refulgent ray,
That taught the Grecian sage in chains to smile,
  That soar'd with Plato to the realms of day.

No strains more sweet the Mantuan Bard could reach,
  Than flow'd mellifluous in her tuneful song,
Nought more divine could ancient Wisdom teach,
  Than pour'd in gentle accents from her tongue.

Accept, bless'd shade, whose intellectual eye
  No mists of prejudice can now impede,
The warmest tribute of affection's sigh,
  That lov'd thee living, and reveres thee dead.

---

* These lines were sent to the Editor by the post from London, accompanied by the following anonymous note:—

"Sir,

"The above humble tribute to departed excellence, to you I am sure cannot be unacceptable. Your's, the Author."

FINIS.

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